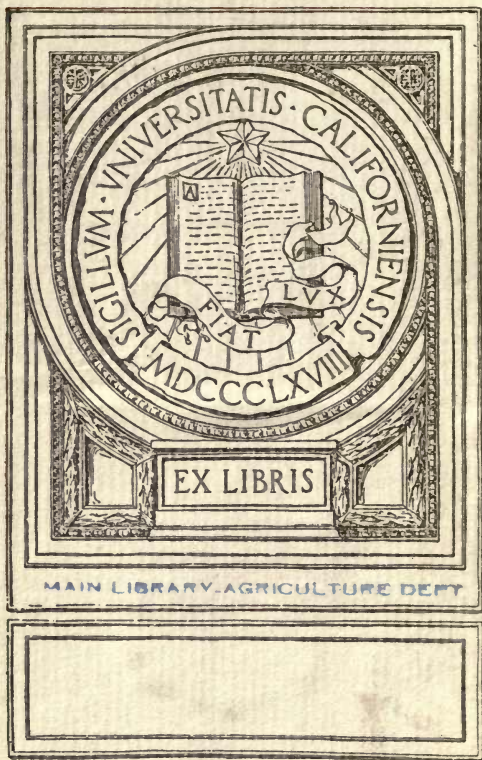


UC-NRLF



B 3 104 002





NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

CAREY & HART, PHILADELPHIA.

THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

AUTHOR OF "VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES."

FROM THE SECOND LONDON EDITION.

In one vol. 8vo.

Beautifully printed on superfine paper, with a finely engraved Frontispiece.

Life of the Aristocracy.—Pre-eminence of England as a place of Country residence.—The delightfulness of its country residences—with its Parks, Lawns, Woods and Gardens.—Pursuits and Pleasures afforded by Country Life to Ladies.—Routine of Country Sports.—Scientific Farming; its state, implements, and admirers.—Planting; its pleasures.—Gardens; pleasures of them.—The Roman Style of Gardens.—Gardens of Hampton Court.—Country Excitements.

Life of the Agricultural Population.—The English Farmer; his Character and Mode of Life.—Enviably Aspect of the Farmer's Abode.—The Intellectual Grade of the Farmer.—Farm Servants and their Modes of Life.—The Plodding Farmer and his Wife.—The Bondage System of the North of England.—Bondage Farms and Farm Yards.—Midsummer in the Fields.—True Wisdom of Izaak Walton.—Delicious Haunts of the Angler at this Season.—Summer Birds.

Picturesque and Moral Features of the Country.—Gipsies; their History and Present State.—Gipsy Adventure of Sir Roger de Coverley.—Gipsy Sketches, by Wordsworth, Cowper, Crabbe, and others.—Mrs. Southey's Account of the New Forest Gipsies.—Nooks of the World, or a Peep into the Back Settlements of England.—Beauty and Repose of such Places to the Eye.—Sketch of a Country Proprietor and his Family.—Dinner Scene at the Squire's.—Life in the Dales of Yorkshire and Lancashire.—Primitive Simplicity of the People.—Formerly much visited by George Fox.—A Friends' Meeting.—Rural Occupation and Vehicles.—Knitting Parties.—Old English Houses.—A Delightful Record of such Houses might be Written.—Hardwicke Hall.—Mary, Queen of Scots, imprisoned there.—Annesley Hall and Hucknall.—Abode of Mary Chaworth.—Fine Old Terrace.—Newstead Abbey.—Picturesque approach to it.—Characteristics of Park Scenery.

Love of the Sublime and Beautiful.—Development of the Love of Country greater in English than Continental Literature.—The Influence of the Writings of John Wilson in Blackwood's Magazine, &c. &c. &c.

The Forests of England.—Our Forests among our most Interesting Objects.—Scenery of England in the Feudal Ages.—Antiquity of our Fo-

rests.—New Forest.—Picturesque Style of the Cottages and Small Enclosures in its neighbourhood.—Gilpin Parsonage and School.—Sherwood Forest.—Celebrated as the Scene of Robin Hood's Exploits.—Present extent of the Forest.—Forest Enclosures.—Wild English Cattle.—The Author's Visit to Chillingham Park.

Habits, Amusements, and Condition of the People.—Cottage Life.—A Highland Hut.—The Beauty of English Cottages in some parts of England.—Popular Festivals and Festivities.—May-Day Festivities.—Formerly celebrated with more Gaiety than any others.—Easter Festivities.—Easter at Moscow, Jerusalem, Rome, and other places.—Whitsuntide Festivities.—Sole Religious Festival that continues a Popular One.—This Partly Owing to Friendly Societies.—Joyous Aspect of this Village Fete.—Christmas Festivities.—The Festival of the Fireside.—Christmas Visiting and Country Games.—Christmas Customs still kept up.—The Fairy Superstitions.—The Village Inn.—Its old Tree.—Popular Places of Resort.—Wakes, Statutes and Fairs.—The Rural Watering Place.—Sports and Pastimes of the People.—Wrestling.—Favourite Pursuit of English Cottagers and Workmen.—Pigeon Fanciers.—Lovers of Music.—Singing.—Sunday in the Country.—Trip to Richmond by the Steamer.—Social Pleasures of Sunday Evening.—Millions who Enjoy the Blessings of a Day of Rest.—Holy Influence of Sunday.—Evening Walk.—Cheap Pleasures of Country Life.—Splendid Picture presented by Nature.—Lingering Customs.—Rapid Disappearance of Old English Customs.—Education of the Rural Population.—Schools of Industry established by the Earl of Lovelace and Lady Noel Byron, &c., &c., &c.

"Admirable,—and to English readers indispensable volumes;—not merely a charming, but an ennobling work."—*Atlas*.

"It is no mean praise to say, that but one man in Great Britain could have treated the subject more amply and eloquently than Mr. Howitt; need we say that man is—or was—Professor Wilson."—*Metropolitan Conservative Journal*.

"It must, as it deserves to do, become very popular."—*Literary Gazette*.

"One of the most beautiful, vigorous, fresh, and English-spirited of Mr. Howitt's productions. It is a work for all classes, rich and poor. It is written with good sense and good feeling."—*Court Journal*.

"We know not in what part of the works of Washington Irving, or even of the ever-praised Charles Lamb, to look for pictures like these. They are just such as Goldsmith would have described, had he written of such places and their associations, in prose."—*United Service Journal*.

"The work contains many pleasant papers and sketches of scenery, of mountain and moorland, dingle and bushy dell, and bosky bourne, that are equal to Copley Fielding, and only inferior to Nature herself. English farmers, too, farm-servants, life in the dales of Lancashire and Yorkshire, scenes of wild and lonely cottage life in the Highlands, and the country pleasures and pursuits of our mechanics are all drawn and descanted on with singular happiness; in fact, every paper is good where Mr. Howitt describes what he has seen and felt."—*Athenæum*.

THE WORKS OF LORD BACON.

WITH A MEMOIR AND A TRANSLATION OF HIS LATIN WRITINGS.

BY BASIL MONTAGU, ESQ.

In three vols. 8vo.

LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron's Poetical Works.

SPLENDID EDITION,

In 8 vols. 12mo, beautifully printed on fine paper.

With a Portrait of the Author.

"This is the best edition of Lord Byron's works which has been published in this country. We do not wish our readers to credit the assertion without proof, and we, therefore, assign the following reasons:

"Imprimis. It is printed in eight large duodecimo volumes of nearly 500 pages, in large type, on beautiful paper, with neat and strong binding.

"Secondly. It comprises all his works in their most finished state, with the author's latest corrections.

"Thirdly. It is enriched with copious notes drawn from his memoirs, and his personal history, as otherwise disclosed, and with critical annotations of various able writers, many of which serve to trace the sources from which Lord Byron derived the materials of his compositions, and embody no small portion of the literary history of his times. We are not aware that these rich and invaluable notes are to be found in any other American edition of the works of the noble bard.

"Fourthly. The illustrative matter of this edition is evidently collated by the able, but unknown editor, in a spirit of perfect candour, without any overweening admiration of the author's genius, but with a full appreciation of his powers, and a clear understanding of his peculiar faults and foibles—in short, with a determination to do him ample justice as a poet and as a man."—*Messenger*.

"The edition reflects the highest credit upon the publishers, and is admirably suited, either for a public or a private library—we commend it cordially."—*Inquirer*.

"The style in which these eight volumes have been printed and bound, reflect credit upon the liberal publishers, who have made a liberal contribution to the public or private library."—*U. S. Gazette*.

THE MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS
OF
T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.

A new edition, complete in three volumes.

*Purchasers of the former edition in Two Volumes are
informed that an additional number of the
Third Volume have been printed
to complete their copies.*

“These charming volumes are made up of contributions of Mr. Macaulay to the ‘Edinburgh Review’ between the years 1825 and 1837,* with an appendix containing two beautiful specimens of his poetical powers. The subjects of the present essays are Milton, Machiavelli, Dryden, History and Historians, Hallam’s Constitutional History, Southey’s Colloquies on Society, Lord Byron, the Pilgrim’s Progress, Johnson and Boswell, Hampden, Lord Burghley, Mirabeau and the French Revolution, the War of the Succession in Spain, Walpole’s Letters to Sir Horace Mann, the Earl of Chatham and his Times, and the Life, Character, and Philosophy of Lord Bacon.

“Many of these subjects, it is obvious, have wider relations: all are treated with extraordinary sense, learning, force, wit, and eloquence.—Indeed we could not name the recent work, in which, within the same compass, is to be found an equal amount of entertainment and instruction. We remember, soon after the publication of the article upon Milton, upon reading it in a retired part of Europe, where we had no means of becoming acquainted with its authorship, to have remarked that the Edinburgh Review had obtained some new contributor, capable of sustaining, if not of increasing the fame of its palmiest days.”—*North American Review for October.*

“Here are three volumes of as valuable matter as are to be found in the English language. Mr. Macaulay has long been a contributor to the best English Reviews, and his papers are remarkable for their vigour and beauty of style, their deep erudition, and their completeness.”—*New World.*

“Mr. Macaulay is without doubt the most brilliant writer at present enlisted in English criticism; and his numerous contributions to the prominent periodicals of Great Britain have attained a popularity far greater than is usually vouchsafed to this class of literary productions. His style is classic, remarkably vigorous, and at times dignified.”—*New Yorker.*

* The third volume contains all Mr. Macaulay’s writings since that time.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.”

Complete in 1 vol. 8vo.

“We have more than once alluded to this remarkable story since the commencement of its publication in Blackwood's Magazine, as one of the most interesting and powerfully written fictions in the English language. It is by Samuel Warren, LL.D. author of ‘Passages from the Diary of a late Physician,’ and portions of it equal the best scenes in those celebrated sketches. The object of the writer is, apparently, to exhibit in the strongest possible light, the inherent superiority of the aristocrat to the plebeian; and for this purpose he translates his hero, Tittlebat Titmouse, from behind the counter of Dowlas, Tagrag & Co., shopkeepers in London, into the proprietorship of an estate, yielding ‘ten thousand a-year,’ where he enacts such extravagances as might be expected from an ignorant and base-born *millionaire*. Contrasted with Tittlebat Titmouse, is Mr. Aubrey, a man of honour, education, and refinement, who, in yielding to his successful adversary all his property, and the influence thereto pertaining, preserves his high character, and remains the ‘perfect pattern of a true gentleman.’ The characters are admirably drawn, and well supported, though some of them are doubtless caricatures of the classes they are said to represent.”—*New Yorker*.

“The grandest story of the age.”

“Whoever has within him a sympathy for the pure and good—whoever would feel his better nature elevated, and his belief in the generous and noble feelings of the human heart strengthened, let him read ‘Ten Thousand a-Year.’”

THE AMERICAN FLOWER-GARDEN DIRECTORY:

CONTAINING

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR THE CULTURE OF PLANTS IN THE
FLOWER-GARDEN, HOT-HOUSE, GREEN-HOUSE, ROOMS, OR PAR-
LOUR WINDOWS, FOR EVERY MONTH THROUGHOUT THE YEAR,
WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PLANTS MOST DESIRABLE IN
EACH, THE NATURE OF THE SOIL, &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

Full Directions for the Culture of the Grape Vine, with a Descriptive List of the most choice Varieties, and those best adapted for culture in the open air.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

BY ROBERT BUIST,

NURSERYMAN AND FLORIST.

In 1 vol. 8vo.

“This differs from most of the American works on gardening, in being an original composition from beginning to end. It is most judiciously adapted to the country in which it is published; and the author, R. Buist, of Philadelphia, is one of the best cultivators in the United States. There is no American work that we know of, at all to be compared with it in point of usefulness.”—*Loudon's Gardener's Magazine*.

THE HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS;

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

BY SHARON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "THE SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD."

In 2 vols. 8vo.

From the Preface to the Sixth Edition.

The increasing prosperity of the British nation, and the expansion of its empire by the new colonies which are issuing from it, and are forming, as they settle and enlarge, new branches of dominion to it in the distant regions of our globe, make its first rudiments and humble beginnings more interesting to us. To represent these faithfully, and to collect from the perishing or neglected memorials of former times every circumstance that could exhibit them, before it became impossible to do so from the disappearance of the ancient documents, and from the overwhelming flow of modern events, revolutions, and diversified knowledge, which have made the last fifty years so memorable, was the favourite object of the author, when in his youthful days he conceived the idea, and attempted to execute it in the following work.

That he should have lived to revise its *sixth* edition, was more than he expected; for it is now thirty-seven years since he published its first volume. This is pleasing: but it is a still greater gratification to observe, that so much of the attention of the public continues to be directed to the transactions, remains, and language of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and that so many able men still apply themselves to illustrate this truly national subject by various and valuable publications. It was one of his earnest wishes that men of talent and industry should be induced to do so, that what he could not but learn imperfectly on several points might be completed by subsequent research. This has been creditable to them-

selves, and just to our forefathers; and will now rescue our most important antiquities from future oblivion.

The Anglo-Saxons were deficient in the surprising improvement which their present descendants have attained; but unless they had acquired and exercised the valuable qualities, both mental and intellectual, which they progressively advanced to before their dynasty ceased, England would not have become that distinguished nation which, after the Norman graft on its original Saxon stock, it has since been gradually led to be.

"This splendid historical work is issued by the publishers in a typographical style befitting its importance. * * * * In a word, this work is a treasure in literature, and will most assuredly find a place in every well-selected library; as it dwells at length upon passages in the history of England, which it has been the custom of the general historian to slur over. The History of the Anglo-Saxons will form henceforth a necessary companion to the best volumes on English history."—*Brother Jonathan*.

"It is from the press of Carey & Hart, and affords another evidence, from the excellent style in which it is reprinted, that in the opinion of the publishers the American public will sustain their efforts in presenting works more valuable than the almost worthless fictions of the day. Mr. Turner begins with the history of the various nations which became possessed of Britain in the earliest ages, explains their manners and customs, religion and warfare, and shows the effect produced upon the Saxons by their intermixture with their predecessors. The government, laws, superstitions, and literature of the Heptarchy, are fully discussed in an able manner; and the appendix contains many interesting as well as instructive notices of other matters relating to the Saxons, as for instance, the strength and beauty of their language, and comparisons between the greatest English writers respecting their use of real Saxon words. It will be found that perhaps the most English work extant is the translation of the Bible now in use, and certainly no work could furnish a stronger argument of the capabilities of our vernacular. We commend this work as a valuable addition to popular knowledge.

"This edition is an exact reprint of the London edition, and contains all the Saxon language, the type of which was cast expressly for it. The *French* edition, of which a considerable number have been imported into this country, does not contain *a single word of Saxon*."—*Boston Morning Post*.

THE WORKS
OF
LORD BOLINGBROKE.
COMPLETE.

With a Life, prepared expressly for this Edition.

CONTAINING

RECENT INFORMATION RELATIVE TO HIS PERSONAL AND POLITICAL CHARACTER,

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

In Four Volumes 8vo., printed on large type and fine paper.

Lord Brougham's Remarks.

"Few men whose public life was so short, have filled a greater space in the eyes of the world during his own times, than Lord Bolingbroke, or left behind them a more brilliant reputation. Not more than fifteen years elapsed between his first coming into parliament and his attainder; during not more than ten of these years was he brought before the public in the course of its proceedings; and yet, as a statesman and an orator, his name ranks among the most famous in our history, independently of the brilliant literary reputation which places him among the best classics of our Augustan Age."

"Of all the public characters who have acted a prominent part in English history during the last two hundred years, there is probably no statesman who takes a stronger hold upon the imagination than Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. To those altogether ignorant of English politics, his name is still familiar by its connexion with English literature. The friend and correspondent of Pope and Swift—the writer of some of the finest essays in the English language—his name continually presents itself in the literature and literary history of Queen Anne's reign. * * * * With Bolingbroke as a writer, this age has principally to do. To the rare excellence of his style, there is abundant testimony from critics of all tastes. It is adorned and elegant, and rhetorically correct;—but this is its least merit. It is nervous and masculine, and flows onward like a river. There is a living and life-giving energy, which imparts interest to even old and uninteresting topics, and carries the reader majestically along the rushing tide of the author's thoughts. * * * * Messrs. Carey & Hart deserve the thanks of all lovers of good standard literature for their beautiful editions of Bolingbroke."—*Boston Notion*.

LIFE OF PETRARCH.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Handsomely printed in 1 vol. 8vo.

"It may be asserted with confidence, that there are very few, even among well-informed persons, who know any thing more of Petrarch than as a poet and as the adorer of Laura. They are not aware that this poet of love for all times and all nations was also a statesman, who lived and corresponded with the greatest men of his age, and who was intrusted with important diplomatic missions; and that literature owes him infinite obligations for the pains which he took to preserve the ancient classic writers, and to encourage a taste for the study of their works. Those who would wish to make themselves acquainted with Petrarch's history and merits will learn with interest that the celebrated author of 'The Pleasures of Hope' has just completed a life of him in which, with the feelings of a genuine poet, he has done full justice to the character of this eminent man in all its bearings. The fruit of mature reflection, for it has occupied the author some years, this work discusses the history and character of its celebrated subject, poetical, literary and moral, without partiality or prejudice, and in a tone of liberality that pervades all the works of his not less celebrated biographer."

Rural Sketches.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

"We have never met with any thing of a similar character to 'Home Revisited,' the opening paper, which has touched and delighted us so much."—*London Literary Gazette*.

"This volume is in its style 'as fresh as hawthorn buds.' It is a pleasant book, sans apology or qualification."—*Athenæum*.

A COMPLETE EDITION
OF
THE WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

COMPRISING

The Waverley Novels, complete—Poetical Works, including the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border—Lives of Swift and Dryden—Lives of the Novelists—History of Scotland—Tales of my Grandfather, four series—Life of Napoleon—Essays on Chivalry, Romance, &c.—Demonology and Witchcraft—Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk—Sermons, &c.

THE WHOLE REVISED AND CORRECTED BY HIMSELF.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE,

EDITED BY

J. G. LOCKHART.

Forming the only complete and uniform edition of the writings of the "Magician of the North," ever published in America.

The whole comprised in 10 vols. 8vo.

EMBELLISHED WITH TEN FINE ENGRAVINGS.

PRICE, ELEGANTLY BOUND IN EMBOSSED CLOTH, TWENTY DOLLARS.

THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

In one vol. 8vo.

THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
LADY BLESSINGTON.

In one vol. 8vo.

THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
MISS LANDON.

Romance and Reality.

Francesca Carrara.

Traits and Stories.

The Improvisatrice.

The Golden Violet.

The Troubadour.

Venetian Bracelet.

Voice of the Peacock.

Easter Gift.

&c. &c.

In one vol. 8vo.

"The praise of Miss Landon has been in all the literary circles, since the publication of the 'Improvisatrice,' in 1824. Her Poems placed her in the first rank of her contemporaries, and her Novels have fully sustained this enviable reputation. The publishers have done her full justice in this elegant edition of her works, which adds one more volume to their series of complete works of popular authors, making fifteen volumes in all; and comprehending the works of Bulwer, Marryat, D'Israeli, Lady Blessington, and Sir Walter Scott;—the last in ten volumes, royal octavo, to correspond with the others. What a library of light and solid reading! What an everlasting fund of entertainment for one who lives on his plantation, and has much spare time."—*Messenger*.

"One of the handsomest books of the day is that embracing the complete works of L. E. L., which has just been published by Carey and Hart. The admirers of that gifted lady—and she has them by thousands—will be pleased to possess this most various volume."—*Philad. Gazette*.

12

A TREATISE
ON THE
MANAGEMENT OF INFANCY.

BY ANDREW COMBE, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "A TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGY."

WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS BY JOHN BELL, M.D.

In one vol. 12mo.

"This work ought to be in the hands not only of every physician, but should also find a conspicuous place in every family library, and its pages be carefully studied by every one who is or who anticipates to be a parent. Were the precepts and principles it inculcates to be fully carried out by every mother, in the management of her offspring, not merely would their health and comfort be more effectually insured, during infancy, but even in after life they would escape the many infirmities, sufferings, and diseases, the seeds of which are sown in the nursery, when the system there pursued is, as too generally happens, one in direct opposition to the physiological laws of the infantile organism."—*American Medical Journal*.

A PHRENOLOGICAL TOUR
IN
THE UNITED STATES.

BY GEORGE COMBE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "A TREATISE ON PHRENOLOGY," &c.

VISITS
TO
REMARKABLE PLACES,

Old Walls, Battle-Fields,

AND

SCENES ILLUSTRATIVE OF STRIKING PASSAGES IN
ENGLISH POETRY AND HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

AUTHOR OF "THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND."

2 vols. 12mo.

THE
BOOK OF THE SEASONS;
OR, THE
CALENDAR OF NATURE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Every thing is beautiful in his season.

SOLOMON.

If one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the Phenomena of Nature, with a constant reference to a Supreme Intelligent Author.

PALEY.

FROM THE SIXTH LONDON EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY AND HART.

1842.

QH81

H6

1842

MAIN LIBRARY-AGRICULTURE SECT.

C. SHERMAN AND CO. PRINTERS,

19 St. James Street.

TO
MARY HOWITT,
AT HOME AND ABROAD,
IN THE FIELDS OF NATURE AND OF LITERATURE,
THE ONE TRUE COMPANION AND
FELLOW-LABOURER,
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED
BY HER AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND,
THE AUTHOR.

My plan has been to furnish an original article on the general appearances of Nature in each month, drawn entirely from my own regular observations through many seasons; and finally, to superadd a great variety of facts from the best sources, as well as such as occurred to myself after the principal article was written. To these, a complete table of the Migrations of Birds; a copious list of Garden Plants which come into flower in the month; a Botanical Calendar, including a select number of the most beautiful or interesting British plants, and an Entomological Catalogue of about three hundred of the most common or remarkable insects; a notice of Rural Occupations, and, finally, one of Angling, are added.

For assistance in drawing up the Botanical and Entomological Calendars, I am indebted to my brother, Dr. Godfrey Howitt.

Nottingham, December 15th, 1830.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.	xiii	
JANUARY.—Characteristics of the Season. Prevalence of Darkness.		
Snows. Intense Frost. Snow-storms in the Mountains. Pleasures of the British Fireside. Miseries of the Poor. Continued Frost. Immense destruction of Vermin, Birds, etc. at this season. Taking Larks at Dunstable. Bird-moping. Walking in frosty weather. Glazed Frost, its dangerous effects. The Hoar Frost, its beauty. Winter Flowers. Occasional intervals of mild weather, its effect. Remarkable change of the Winter Season. January, why so called by the Latins; its Saxon name. Physical defence of Plants from frost. The Throstle, the Nuthatch. Reappearance of Worms and Slugs. Hedge-sparrows, Thrush, and Blackbird sing. Hens lay. Early Lambs. Habits of various Birds. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. The Garden. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Entomological Calendar.		25
FEBRUARY.—Characteristics. Wet. Great Thaw. Damps. Winds. Storm on the Coast. Symptoms of Spring. February, its name. Habits of Birds, etc. Budding of Trees. Dissected Leaves. Moles, and Mole-catchers. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical and Entomological Calendars.		58
LAYS OF THE SEASONS, No. 1, <i>Spring</i>		72

MARCH. —Characteristics. Winds. Progress of Vernal appearances. Vernal sensations. Mornings in March. Rural objects. Snail-shells. Young Herbs. Rhubarb. March, its name. Awakening of dormant animals. Various appearances of animals and vegetables. The Primrose. Starlings. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical and Entomological Calendars.	74
APRIL. —Characteristics. Progress of Vegetation. Vernal Crocuses. Trees in blossom. Return of migratory Birds. Bird's nests and eggs. Their beauty and picturesque situations. April, its name. Description of Spring by Gawain Douglas. Leafing of Trees a directory for sowing. Habits of animals this month. Satanic footsteps. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical and Entomological Calendars.	90
MAY. —Characteristics. Flowers of woods, waters, and heaths. Beautiful appearance of Woods. Pleasant prospects at the end of the month. Fulness of Foliage. Depth and richness of Grass. Cottage Gardens. Hawthorns. The Nightingale. Flowers. The love of them natural to Children. Moral emblems with all nations. Use of them among the Greeks; the Hebrews. The beautiful illustration they afforded to Christ. Flowers in the Desert. The use of them in the East; in Italy. Present taste for the cultivation of Flowers. May, its name. The Wayfaring Tree. Benting-time of Pigeons. Leafing of Trees completed. Bees, their swarms. Popular customs regarding them. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical and Entomological Calendars.	125
LAYS OF THE SEASONS, No. 2, <i>Summer</i>.	157
JUNE. —Darkening hues of Foliage. Variety and beauty of Foliage. The Horse-chestnut. Beauty of June weather.	

Universal life, greenness and vigour. Cruel and wanton havoc made amongst young birds at this season. Gardens in their prime. Summer pleasures. Delicious evenings. Mowing. Green Fruits. Grasses in Flower. Hay-harvest commencing. Summer Floods. Sheep-shearing, its ancient festivities. Wild Flowers and their old names. Holy Flowers. June, its name. Midsummer Flowers. Fern Owl. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical and Entomological Calendars. 160

JULY.—Characteristics. Hay-harvest. Remarks on old sports. Progress of knowledge. Silence of Birds. Boys taking Wasps'-nests. Hornets. Twining Plants. Summer Flowers. The pleasantness and beauty, and the curious productions of Heaths. Woods. The Birdboy. Field-paths; their pleasant associations. Picturesque characters. Poets and Field-paths. Paths among the Mountains. Stiles and their varieties. The Domine and the Turnstile. Gradual disappearance of Field-paths. Encroachments of the rich upon the poor. July, its name. Periodical appearances, animal and vegetable. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical and Entomological Calendars. 199

AUGUST.—Characteristics. Corn-harvest. Pleasant scenes in the harvest-field. Picturesque features of Harvest as given in the Bible. Harvesters. Harvest-home. Harvest-moon. Second budding of Trees. Refreshed verdure and flowers of the Fields. Singular preservation of Seeds in the earth. Aquatic vegetation. Habits of the Water-rat. The Land-rail. Combat between a Rabbit and Weasel. Young Frogs. Mushrooms. Hedge-fruit. White Fogs. Sea-side Rambles. Field Sports. Remarkable appearance of clouds, August, 1827. August, its name. Periodical appearances in the month. Hop-gathering. Tusser's rules for Hop Grounds. Origin of Fairy Rings.

Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical and Entomological Calendars.	235
LAYS OF THE SEASONS, No. 3, <i>Autumn</i>	261
SEPTEMBER.—Sportsman's preparations, his pleasures, his unconscious love of Nature, his picturesque haunts. The Hunter, a poem. Mountains, their effect on the imagination, on the character of their inhabitants. On the liberty of Nations. Lonely and simple life among Mountains. The magnificence and variety in mountain scenery. Geometric Spider. Gossamer. Beauty of Autumnal landscape. The transparency of the Atmosphere. Swallows preparing for departure. Singing of young Birds. Nutting. <i>Villeggiatura</i> . Description of a Nutting excursion. Fungi, their beauty and variety. September, its name. Saffron. Apple-gathering. Sea-side. Beauty of submarine productions. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical and Entomological Calendars.	265
OCTOBER.—Characteristics. Autumnal glooms. Orchards cleared of fruit. Splendour of wood scenery. Delights of the Woods. Estimation of Woods among the Ancients. Poetical associations of Woods. Beauty of Trees, their effect upon the mind of certain great men. Trees, as mentioned in the Bible. Celebrated Trees of modern times. Devotional influence of Woods. Gorgeous appearance of Woods previous to the fall of the leaf. The Greenwood, a poem. October, its name. Dissemination of Plants, curious contrivances in seeds for that purpose. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Botanical Calendar.	291
NOVEMBER.—Gloom of November. Ossian. Storms and Mists. Introduction to complete Winter. Desolate aspect of Gardens. Influence of the Season on different minds. Arrival of Field-	

fares and Redwings. Occasional fine days. First appearance of Winter. Frost and Snow. Amusements in Snow. Fireside employments in farm-houses and cottages. Bird-catching. Singing Birds in cages, selfishness of the practice. Daily Wayfarers. November, its name. Moles retire to their nests. Salmon ascend the rivers. Attention requisite for Bees and Pigeons. Various animals seek their winter retreats. Birds' nests occupied by Mice. Rural Occupations. Angling. Migration of Birds. Calendar of Garden Flowers.	304
LAYS OF THE SEASONS, No. 4, <i>Winter</i>	326
DECEMBER.—Description of Winter by Gawain Douglas. Desolate aspect of Nature. Disappearance of many varieties of living things. Men resort to towns and to their houses. Families collected. The Author and his literary labours. Beauty of Winter. Moonlight and starry skies, they inspire solemn feelings and ideas. Concluding remarks. December, its name. Evergreens. Winter Fruit. Rural Occupations. Angling. Calendar of Garden Flowers. Migration of Birds. All Seasons welcome.	330

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

It ought to be the leading resolve, the great living and actuating desire of every man who has arrived at the maturity of his powers, of every man especially who has received the blessing of a good education, to do something which shall tend to the prosperity of his country and of his species—something beyond the mere routine of those duties which belong to the ordinary life of every good citizen, and which yet may be achieved without the neglect of those duties, or without forsaking that sphere in which Nature and Providence have cast his lot; something, however small, which shall advance, or at least aim to advance, the refinement and moral elevation of his race. This is the only mode by which we can discharge, greatly and fully, that debt of blessings which we receive from God, our parents, and the community in which we live; for mere thankfulness of heart, unseconded by deeds of beneficence and the virtuous exercise of an enlightened intellect, pays nothing, but leaves unsatisfied the highest claims of our nature, and that natural longing after the enjoyment and the diffusion of happiness which fills every healthful bosom.

Such a desire, I do not hesitate to confess, has

long haunted me ; has mingled itself with my cogitations, and, however trivial may appear the result, has been a principal cause of my putting together this work ; as it must be the desire of every enlightened mind to look round him and consider in what way he can best promote the national welfare. For my own part, reflecting how many are effectively making known the sublime truths of our religion, how many are gloriously labouring in the fair fields of literature, I am rather desirous to turn the eyes of those whose attention I may be so happy as to gain on the loveliness and influence of Nature ; believing, that in so doing, I am subserving religion and literature also. In truth, there is no spirit which it is more important to cherish in a commercial people, as we are, than a spirit of attachment to Nature. Were it not that it had been fostered by our inestimable literature—a literature which has caught its noble tone from the Christian faith—there can be no doubt that the calculating spirit of trade would long ago have quenched in the national heart those lofty sentiments which have borne it proudly in the eyes of an admiring world above all contamination ; and that we should have sunk into that sordid narrowness of soul which has regularly marked commercial states. It is a spirit which, however, as commerce advances, becomes more and more endangered by the very circumstance of our population being engulfed in great towns. Books can and do penetrate into every nook of our most extended and crowded cities ;

but every day these cities and towns enlarge their boundaries, and the sweet face of Nature is hidden from the inhabitants. We should, therefore, not only make our books breathe into the depth of every street, court, and alley, the natural aliment of human hearts—the love of Nature—but rouse them, like a trumpet, to get out at times, and renew that animating fellowship which God designed to be maintained between the soul of man and the beauty of the universe. It is a principle undoubtedly implanted in every breast;—it is one which cannot, perhaps, be utterly extinguished. We see it under the most unfavourable circumstances, after years of oppression and alienation, struggling through its barriers and exhibiting itself in some miserable specimens of plants in pots, in the little nooks of dreary and smoke-blighted gardens in the centre of the densest cities, and in the lowest habitations of poverty and ignorance. But it is a principle which requires, like all others, cultivation. Let it once be lit up, and it will never die! Let the mind in which it has once been excited, become enlightened and expanded with knowledge, and it “will grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength.” Thus it is that it has ever been found the most intense in the greatest minds; the poets especially (who are, if truly entitled to that glorious name, particularly accustomed to cherish in their spirits pure and lofty sentiments, liberal opinions, warm and generous emotions, that their writings being eminently imbued with those qualities may

diffuse them through society in counteraction of the deadening spirit of the world,) are found invariably ardent lovers of Nature. To them it is a passion and an appetite—their voice sounds from antiquity in

Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.

Need I advert to our older poets, who are full of it? To Chaucer, to Gawain Douglas, to the picturesque and Arcadian Spenser, to the universal Shakspeare, to the solemn majesty of Milton? What a beauty and a freshness mark the poetry of the last great man whenever he touches on Nature! We feel, as expressed in his own simile,

As one who long in populous cities pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms.

But the full extent of his love is only to be felt where he laments the loss of his sight. Speaking of light, he says,

Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran, vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled: yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,

That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit—

Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

PARADISE LOST, b. iii.

Thomson and Cowper powerfully promoted this spirit amongst their contemporaries ; but our own times furnish, perhaps, a more remarkable instance in Lord Byron. Unlike theirs, his soul had not been soothed into wisdom and nourished into power in the silence of retirement, and by the beam of the academic lamp,—but had been hurried through the agitating splendours of rank and fashion, the intoxication of unexampled popularity, the fascinations of love and beauty ; but he had made acquaintance with Nature in her solitude and sublimity in his boyhood ; and with what ardent sighs did he long after her !—with what contempt did he turn from all other allurements, and pour into her bosom the burning language of his devotion ! He may be said to have been her pilgrim into all lands in which she displays the sovereignty of her beauty and grandeur.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
All heaven and earth are still : from the high host
Of stars to the lulled lake and mountain coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, when we are least alone,
A truth which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self; it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty; 'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iii.

To particularize amongst our recent or living poets those who have displayed a deep sense of the beauty and power of Nature, would be to enumerate all who are by any means distinguished; but Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, and Rogers,

who were amongst the first to call back our poetry from Art to Nature, must not be passed in silence ; —Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, three noble poets, classed in the same school, yet each widely differing from the other, have greatly promoted her influence, the last in much beautiful prose ;—Bloomfield and Clare, Burns and Elliot, all strong and true sons of Nature,—and the last of whom is never more inspired and inspiring than when he climbs Stanedge, and rejoices in its dark majesty, amid the winds, and crags, and dashing streams of mountain moorlands, must each have his own appropriate niche ; the names of Mrs. Hemans, Miss Bowles, and Miss Mitford, amongst our female writers, claim in this, as in other respects, the highest honours ; and Wordsworth has so gazed upon Nature, not only with the eyes of love, but of philosophy—he has so completely retired to the perpetual contemplation of her charms and the communion with her spirit, and has so fully expressed all that I am anxious to testify of her moral influence, that I must make from him one quotation.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ! 'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy, for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of common life,

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all that we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after-years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure—when the mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my benedictions!

Such is the united testimony of our greatest poetical minds; and such is my firm faith, that God has not only implanted in the depths of our hearts a pure and quick moral sense of his goodness, and of the excellency of virtue, but has so constructed the world, that the same saving, purifying, and ennobling principles, are reflected upon us from every natural object. "Between the Poet and Nature," says Schlegel, "no less than between the poet and man, there is a sympathy of feeling. Not only in the song of the nightingale, or in the melodies to which all men listen, but even in the roar of the stream and the rushing of the forest, the poet thinks that he hears a kindred voice of sorrow or of gladness; as if spirits and feelings like our own were calling to us from afar, or seeking to sympathize and communicate with us from the utmost nearness to which their natures will

allow them to approach us. It is for the purpose of listening to these tones, and of holding mysterious converse with the soul of Nature, that every great poet is a lover of solitude!" Therefore

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The poets!

and not with the poets only, but with the greatest names in our philosophy; Newton, Bacon, Locke, and a host of others; nor less with a multitude of authors throughout every department of our literature, who have with one accord turned us for wisdom to the great book of Nature. Not a little has honest Izaak Walton contributed to spread his own love of quiet haunts and streams, his own tranquil and benevolent piety. And to our Naturalists, what do we not owe! Every one of them who assists to turn the attention of our youth to subjects which must lead them out to the country, be he but the merest plodder, the merest arranger of other men's knowledge, the merest cataloguer of names, does a good service: but such men as Gilbert White, Bewick, Evelyn, etc., who explore with enthusiastic and indefatigable delight every natural haunt, and cast round their labours the beaming halo of genius, attracting thousands to the objects of their admiration, must be classed amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race.

It is with unspeakable delight that I behold every

branch of Natural History now prosecuted amongst us with the keenest ardour and success; and that the many able minds engaged in it are becoming more and more aware that their favourite pursuits have a far higher claim to regard than even the direct knowledge which they bring, and the personal delight they afford; that they invigorate both mind and body, tranquillize the passions, and elevate the heart above all worldliness. The present tone of such works is admirable and animating.

And now, as I close these remarks, let me say, that if I could but arouse in other minds that ardent and ever-growing love of the beautiful works of God in the creation which I feel in myself,—if I could but make it in others what it has been to me,

The nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being;

if I could open to any the mental eye which can never be again closed, but which finds more and more clearly revealed before it, beauty, wisdom, and peace, in the splendours of the heavens, in the majesty of seas and mountains, in the freshness of winds, the ever-changing lights and shadows of fair landscapes, the solitude of heaths, the radiant face of bright lakes, and the solemn depths of woods; then indeed should I rejoice. Oh! that I could but touch a thousand bosoms with that melancholy

which often visits mine, when I behold little children endeavouring to extract amusement from the very dust, and straws, and pebbles of squalid alleys, shut out from the free and glorious countenance of Nature, and think how differently the children of the peasantry are passing the golden hours of childhood; wandering with bare heads and unshod feet perhaps, but singing a "childish wordless melody," through vernal lanes, or prying into a thousand sylvan, leafy nooks, by the liquid music of running waters, amidst the fragrant heath, or on the flowery lap of the meadow, occupied with winged wonders without end. Oh! that I could but baptize every heart with the sympathetic feeling of what the city pent child is condemned to lose; how blank, and poor, and joyless must be the images which fill its infant bosom to that of the country one, whose mind

Will be a mansion for all lovely forms,
His memory be a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies!

I feel, however, an animating assurance that Nature will exert a perpetually increasing influence, not only as a most fertile source of pure and substantial pleasures,—pleasures which, unlike many others, produce, instead of satiety, desire; but also as a great moral agent; and what effects I anticipate from this growing taste may be readily inferred, when I avow it as one of the most fearless articles of my creed, that it is scarcely possible for a man,

in whom its power is once firmly established, to become utterly debased in sentiment or abandoned in principle. His soul may be said to be brought into habitual union with the Author of Nature ;

Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind.

JANUARY.

By his commandment he maketh the snow to fall apace, and sendeth swiftly the lightnings of his judgment.

Through this the treasures are opened and clouds fly forth as fowls.

By his great power he maketh the clouds firm and the hailstones are broken small.

At his sight the mountains are shaken, and at his will the north wind bloweth.

The noise of the thunder maketh the earth to tremble, so doth the northern storm and the whirlwind; as birds flying he scattereth the snow, and the falling down thereof is as the lighting of grasshoppers.

The eye marvelleth at the beauty of the whiteness thereof, and the heart is astonished at the raining of it.

The hoar frost also as salt he poureth on the earth, and being congealed it lieth on the top of sharp stakes.

When the cold north wind bloweth, and the water is congealed into ice, it abideth upon every gathering together of water, and clotheth the water as with a breastplate.

It devoureth the mountains, and burneth the wilderness, and consumeth the grass as fire.

ECCLESIASTICUS, xliii. 13-21.

THE solar year commences in the very depth of winter; and I open my record of its various aspects under that of its unmitigated austerity. I speak now as I intend to speak, *generally*. I describe the season not as it may be in this, or another year, but as it is in the average. December may be, I think, very justly styled the gloomiest, January the seve-

rest, and February the most cheerless month of the year. In December the days become shorter and shorter; a dense mass of vapour floats above us, wrapping the world in a constant and depressing gloom; and

Murky night soon follows hazy noon.

BLOOMFIELD.

In January this mantle of brumal sadness somewhat dissipates, as if a new year had infused new hope and vigour into the earth; light is not only more plentifully diffused, but we soon perceive its longer daily abode with us; yet in the words of the common adage,

As the day lengthens,
The cold strengthens.

This is the month of abundant snows and all the intensity of frost. Yet winter, even in its severest forms, brings so many scenes and circumstances with it to interest the heart of the lover of Nature and of his fellow-creatures, that it never ceases to be a subject of delightful observation; and monotonous as it is frequently called, the very variety of the weather itself presents an almost endless source of novelty and beauty. There is first what is called

A GREAT STORM. Frost,—keen, biting frost, is in the ground; and in the air, a bitter, scythe-edged, perforating wind from the north,—or, what is worse, the northeast,—sweeps the descending

snow along, whirling it from the open fields, and driving it against whatever opposes its course. People who are obliged to be passing to and fro muffle up their faces, and bow their heads to the blast. There is no loitering, no street-gossiping, no stopping to make recognition of each other; they shuffle along, the most winterly objects of the scene, bearing on their fronts the tokens of the storm. Against every house, rock, or bank, the snow-drift accumulates. It curls over the tops of walls and hedges in fantastic wildness, forming often the most perfect curves, resembling the scrolls of Ionic capitals, and showing beneath romantic caves and canopies. Hollow lanes, pits, and bogs now become traps for unwary travellers; the snow filling them up, and levelling all to one deceitful plain. It is a dismal time for the traversers of wide and open heaths; and one of toil and danger to the shepherd in mountainous tracts. There the snows fall in amazing quantities in the course of a few hours, and, driven by the powerful winds of those lofty regions, soon fill up the dells and glens to a vast depth, burying the flocks and houses too, in a brief space. In some winters the sheep of extensive ranges of country, much cattle, and many of the inhabitants, have perished beneath the snow-drifts. At the moment in which I am writing, accounts from Scotland appear in the newspapers of a most tremendous snow-storm, which, leaving the country southward of Alnwick and Gretna-Green nearly free, has buried all north-

ward of that line, in a vast fall of snow, sweeping across the country even to the shores of the Irish Channel. The mails are stopped, the snow-drifts in many places are stated to be twenty-five feet deep, and great numbers of sheep have perished beneath them,—one farmer having dug out one hundred and fifty in one place, all dead. Hogg, the highly-gifted Ettrick Shepherd, one of the most splendid specimens of the peasant-poet, has given in his “Shepherd’s Calendar” some exceedingly interesting details of such events.

The delights of the social hearth on such evenings as these, when the wild winds are howling around our dwellings, dashing the snow, or hail, or splashing rain against our windows, are a favourite theme with poets, essayists, and writers on the Seasons. And truly it is an inspiring topic. All our ideas of comfort, of domestic affection, of social and literary enjoyment, are combined in the picture they draw of the winter fireside. How often have those lines of Cowper been quoted, commencing,

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
Which cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Such is the **BRITISH FIRESIDE!** and we love to hear our writers speaking of its pleasures in strains

of enthusiasm. But we may expand the picture. We may add to the zest of its personal, and almost too selfish enjoyments, touches of generous and philanthropic sentiment which will signally heighten its pleasures, and enlarge its power of improving the heart. How delightful, whilst sitting in the midst of our family, or friendly group, in actual possession of the pleasures just enumerated, not only to contemplate our own happiness, but to send our thoughts abroad over the whole land! To think what thousands of families in this noble country are at the same moment thus blessedly collected round the social flame. What hearths are lit up with all the charms of kindred affection; of mature wisdom and parental pride; of youthful gladness, gaiety and beauty! How many rural halls and city homes are shining, like stars in their own places, in unabated warmth and splendour, though hid beneath the broad veil of wintry darkness,—the lover's evening visit,—song, wine, the wild tale told to the listening circle, or the unfolded stores of polite literature, making each a little paradise! Then to turn from the bright side of the picture to the dark one. To

The huts where poor men lie,

where the elegances and amenities of life cast not their glow,

But frosty winds blow in the drift
Ben to the chimla lug,

upon shivering groups who have but little defence of fire or clothing from its bitterness. Where no light laugh rings through the room; no song is heard; no romantic tale or mirthful conversation circles amongst smiling faces and happy hearts, but the father,

Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretch'd on his straw himself lays down to sleep,
While through the rugged roof and chinky wall,
Chill on his slumbers piles the drift heap.

BURNS.

Where the mother sees not her rosy and laughing children snugly consigned to their warm soft beds; but contemplates with a heart deadened with the miseries of to-day, and the fears of to-morrow, a sad little squalid crew around her, who, instead of pleasures and pastimes, know only wants and evils which dwarf both body and soul. Where, perhaps, illness has superadded its aggravations, its pains, and languors, to a poverty which renders the comforts and indulgences of a sick room the most hopeless of all things. These are the speculations to enhance our fireside pleasures, and to make those pleasures fruitful; linking our sympathies to the joys and sorrows of our kind, and arousing us to a course of active benevolence.

To proceed, however, to the varieties of wintry weather, this month more than all others shows us

THE CONTINUED FROST—a frost that, day after day, and week after week, makes a steady abode

with us, till the beaten roads become dusty as in summer. It every day penetrates deeper into the earth, and farther into our houses; almost verifying the common saying, "January will freeze the pot upon the fire." Our windows in the morning are covered with a fine opaque frost-work, resembling the leaves and branches of forest-trees, and the water is frozen in the ewer. The fish in ponds, reservoirs, and shallow waters, now suffer from their being frozen over, and great numbers perish. In many places you may see them moving under the ice, seeking some access to air or food; in others, firmly embedded in the ice, their bright and silvery sides shining through it. In dikes and small streams, or pools, boys have great sport in breaking the ice and drawing out these poor frozen creatures. I have seen, on such occasions, eels and other fish of a considerable size taken out; and I have seen, too, fishes frozen up in solid ice, and apparently dead, on being gradually thawed recover their animation. The small birds are hopping, with half-erected feathers, upon our door-sills, driven to seek relief from creation's tyrants by the still more pressing tyranny of cold and famine. The destruction of birds, and of all the smaller animals, in a continued frost, is immense, particularly if it be accompanied by snow. Snow is a general informer, betraying the footsteps of every creature, great and small. The poacher and the gamekeeper are equally on the alert while it lies freshly upon the ground, the one to track game,

the other vermin; and thousands of polecats, weasels, stoats, rats, otters, badgers, and similar little nightly depredators, are traced to their hiding-places in old buildings, banks, and hollow trees, and marked for certain destruction. The poacher, particularly on moonlight nights, makes havoc with game. Partridges, nestled down in a heap on the stubble, are conspicuous objects; and hares, driven for food to gardens and turnip-fields, are destroyed by hundreds. Wood-pigeons are killed in great numbers on cabbage and turnip-fields by day; in the neighbourhood of large woods, where they abound, the farmers' boys set steel-traps for them in the snow, laying a cabbage-leaf on each trap, to which they fly eagerly, and are abundantly captured; and by moonlight they are shot in the trees where they roost. Larks frequent stubbles in vast flocks, and are destroyed by gun or net. Immense numbers of these delightful songsters are sent, during the winter months, from the neighbourhood of Dunstable to London, and may be seen by basketsfull at the poulterers'. When they have congregated in flocks on the approach of winter, they arrive in that neighbourhood lean and feeble; but they soon become strong and in good condition, being supposed to pick up fine particles of chalk with their food. They are in season from Michaelmas to February; and are not only served up at the inns in that town, by a secret process of cookery, in such a manner as to be regarded by travellers as a peculiar luxury, but are thence sent, by a particu-

lar contrivance of package, ready dressed to all parts of England. There is an account, illustrated by an engraving, in the second volume of Hone's "Every-Day Book," of a singular mode of killing larks, at this season, in some parts of France and England.

In France they use what is called a *miroir*, or twirler. This is a piece of mahogany highly polished, or a piece of common wood with bits of looking-glass fixed in it. It is fixed on an upright spindle, and twirled by pulling a string; and the larks, as they fly over, seeing the glitter of it, are irresistibly attracted by it, hover over it, and are shot in abundance. However frequently shot at, the survivors still are attracted by the twirler. Hone's correspondent says that a friend of his shot six dozen before breakfast, without a boy, as is the common plan, to pull the twirler for him; and that it is not only the great amusement of the gentlemen in France in winter, but that ladies on fine, dry, frosty mornings go out in numbers to watch this sport; and as many as ten or a dozen parties are, at one time, firing about five hundred yards apart, and yet the larks continue coming.

In England the Dunstable people have a similar invention, which is called a larking-glass, which is fixed on a pole and twirled, and the larks come darting down to it in great numbers, and a net is drawn over them. Besides great quantities being thus taken, and also morning and evening with trammelling nets, others in severe weather are

taken by laying a train of corn and chaff in the snow, and placing along it a line to which is fastened, at certain intervals, nooses of horse-hair, in which their feet are entangled.

As if the feathered race did not suffer enough from famine and the severity of the weather, every body seems now up in arms against them. The law, with a spirit of humanity honourable to the nation, is opposed to *tracking game in a snow*; yet this is a time of peculiar enjoyment to the sportsman. Waterfowl are driven from their secluded haunts in meres and marshes to open streams; snipes and woodcocks to springs and small runnels; where they become accessible, and easily found. In towns and villages, every mechanic and raw lad is seen marching forth with his gun to slay his quota of redwings, fieldfares, etc. which now become passive from cold and hunger. Let all good people, who value their persons, keep at a distance from suburban hedges; for such sportsman is sure to pop at every bird which comes before him, be it sparrow, tomtit, or robin-redbreast; nothing comes amiss to him, and nothing does he think of but his mark. Many an eye has been lost; many a cow, horse, and sheep, has felt the sharp salutation of his desperate shot, and shall do again; for if the public does not take warning, *he* will not. In farm-yards, trains of corn are laid, and scores of sparrows, finches, etc. are slaughtered at a shot. Even the schoolboy is bent upon their destruction. His trap, made of four bricks

and a few pegs, is to be seen in every garden, and under every rick; and with a sieve, a stick, and a string, drawn through a window or keyhole, he is standing ready to pounce upon them. Not even night, with its deepest shades, can protect them at this cruel time. They are roused from their slumbers in the sides of warm stacks by a sieve or a net, fixed upon a pole, being clapped before them. Those which roost in hedges and copses are aroused by beating the trees and bushes, at the same time that they are dazzled with the glare of a torch, and, flying instinctively towards the light, are knocked down and secured. This is called in some counties *bird-moping*; and in this manner are destroyed great numbers of pheasants, thrushes, blackbirds, besides innumerable small birds. With all these enemies, and these various modes of destruction, it is only surprising that the race is not extirpated.

One of the pleasures of frosty weather will be found in walking. The clear and bracing air invigorates the frame; exercise gives a delightful glow to the blood, and the mind is held in pleasing attention to the phenomena and features of the season. Every sound comes to the ear with a novel and surprising distinctness—the low of cattle; the rattle of far-off wheels; the hollow tread of approaching feet; and the merry voices of sliders and skaters, who are pursuing their healthful amusement upon every sheet of unruffled ice. In towns, however, walking is none of the safest. From time immemorial boys have used it as an especial privi-

lege of theirs to make slides upon every causeway, maugre the curses and menacing canes of old gentlemen, and the certain production of falls, bruises, and broken bones. Sometimes, too, rain freezing as it falls, or a sudden thaw, and as sudden a re-freezing, covers the whole ground with a sheet of the most glassy ice. Such a frost occurred in 1811, when great numbers of birds were caught, and amongst them several bustards, their wings being glazed to their sides, and their feet to the ground. But of all the phenomena of winter, none equals in beauty

THE HOAR FROST. A dense haze most commonly sets in over-night, which has vanished the next morning, and left a clear atmosphere, and a lofty arch of sky of the deepest and most diaphanous blue, beaming above a scene of enchanting beauty. Every tree, bush, twig, and blade of grass, from the utmost nakedness has put on a pure and feathery garniture, which appears the work of enchantment, and has all the air and romantic novelty of a fairy land. Silence and purity are thrown over the earth as a mantle. The hedges are clothed in a snowy foliage, thick as their summer array. The woods are filled with a silent splendour; the dark boles here and there contrasting strongly with the white and sparkling drapery of the boughs above, amongst which the wandering birds fly, scattering the rime around them in snowy showers. There is not a thicket but has assumed a momentary aspect of strange loveliness; and the mind is more affected by it from its

suddenness of creation, and the consciousness of its speedy departure:—for hoar frosts and gipsies are said never to remain nine days in a place,—the former, indeed, seldom continue three days.

In this most fierce and inhospitable of all months, besides the beautiful features we have already noted, we are ever and anon presented with momentary smiles and isolated instances of vegetable life, which come, as it were, to keep the heart from withering amidst the despondency of this season of deadness. The *Helleborus niger*, or Christmas Rose, expands its handsome white chalices, undaunted by the sharpest frosts, and blooms amidst overwhelming wreaths of snow long before that poetical and popular favourite, the *Snowdrop*, dares to emerge from its shrouding earth.

Mild and even sunny days sometimes break the sullen monotony of January, which the country people look upon less with a pleased than a foreboding eye, denominating them *weather-breeders*. Whilst they are present, however, whatever consequences they may be chargeable with, they are extremely grateful. Gnats will even be seen to issue from their secret dormitories, to dance in the long withheld rays of the sun. I have seen the leaves of the primrose shooting up vigorously beneath the warm hedges at such times; and moles, feeling the ground released from its frosty bondage, begin to burrow and throw up their heaps of fresh and crumbly mould.

It is well that I said that I do not attempt to

describe any particular season, but speak of them generally; for it is a subject of universal wonder that our old-fashioned winters, such as I have here depicted, are quite gone. With the exception of 1829 and 1830, we have not had a severe winter for many years. For the last twenty years the winters have been progressively getting milder and more open. We have not had those long-continued frosts—deep, lane-filling, hedge-burying snows, which we had formerly. Skates have almost become obsolete; snow-balling is quite traditional; and the stopping of the mails by the drifts, a wonderful occurrence. Old Mother Shipton's prophecy, that summer shall only be distinguished from winter by the leaves on the trees, seems fast coming upon us. Many are the speculations of the weather-wise on the causes of this: with one, it is the breaking-up of the ice in the polar regions—with another, the decrease of the American forests—with a third, the increased population and cultivation of Europe—with others, the approach of a comet; though John Evelyn tells us that a comet and the great frost in his time, when the Thames was frozen over and a fair held on it, came together. The fact is, the knowing ones are completely thrown out—they cannot tell how it happens; and ere long, we may probably find ourselves, with as little apparent reason, in the midst of the old winters again. Even while I am now writing, (January 7th, 1835,) the frost which set in on New-year's Day has continued with a rigour and an aspect that promises a tole-

nable continuance. So far in the last edition ; and the winters of 1836-7 and 1837-8 amply fulfilled the rigorous promises then given. The chill which is said to follow the appearance of a comet, certainly has followed the appearance of that of Halley in 1835. The winter of 1836-7, with its truly old-fashioned snows, will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. The stoppage of mails, and the burial of numbers of them for many days in different parts of the kingdom, excited too much interest to be readily forgotten. It was curious to see them coming into London, covered with frozen snow, and bearing every evidence of having been dug out of the drifts ; and to see the running of the eager crowds to learn the particulars. But if the winter of 1836-7 was excessively snowy, that of 1837-8 was fiercely cold and miserably long. The Thames, and the other principal rivers of England, once more presented the phenomenon of being frozen over. A wilder scene cannot be imagined than was shown on the Thames at the breaking up of this long frost, immense blocks of ice being driven one upon another above the bridges, and exhibiting a desolate and frozen chaos more consonant to our ideas of the polar regions than of the English climate. The suddenness of the setting in of this great frost, also, was as startling to our fancies and destructive to vegetable life. From Christmas to the opening of January, 1838, the weather was deliciously mild. It was like the opening of May rather than the depth of winter. The birds were singing ; the bees at

work ; many flowers were blowing in the gardens, as anemones, wall-flowers, primroses ; and the monthly roses thickly crimsoned the walls of our cottages. Birds' nests were found in various places, not only with eggs but with young ones, as that of a thrush at Cobham in Surrey. In one savage night (the 7th of January), all this delusive and unseasonable pride of nature was demolished by a tremendous frost. Every thing which the day before had worn a blossoming aspect, now hung down its head in death and ruin. The flowers stood dismal objects of blackness and deformity. When, after six weeks of unmitigated fury of frost, spring began to give tardy and timid intimations of return, it was only to discover the extent of vegetable devastation which had taken place. Never, perhaps, had so extensive a destruction of evergreens occurred. The warmth of the weather up to the very night of the frost setting in, by occasioning a free flow of sap, had made this destruction inevitable ; and in low and warm situations scarcely a laurel or a bay was left alive above ground. In higher and colder situations many escaped ; but for the most part it was necessary to cut down and clear away the whole evergreen growth of the last forty years. In our own shrubbery, bays, laurels, and arbutuses of that age were destroyed ; thus bearing testimony that for this period they had not experienced the same excessive and sudden change. What appeared singular at the time was, that branches of evergreen shrubs, which were cut off and lay under the snow, were not appa-

rently injured, while those on the trees themselves were killed. The same was the case with a quantity of rose-trees which were left by accident out of the ground in our own garden all that frost; they were not killed, but on being planted at spring grew again freely, while their fellows in the ground were utterly destroyed. The reason was, that in one case the flow of the sap had been gradually checked by their being taken up, while in the other it was in full activity at the moment of seizure by the frost. The fact of the branches of evergreens cut off and lying under the snow not being injured, while the trees themselves in the ground perished, would seem to contradict a statement in the succeeding page; but their preservation was owing to the covering of snow.

Our Saxon ancestors termed this month *Aefter-yula*, or After-Christmas. The Greeks called it Anthesterion, or, the Flowery, from the quantity of flowers used at the feast of Bacchus; but our present name is derived from the Latin, Janus, door-keeper of heaven, and god of peace;—the name, therefore, indicates that it is the gate of the year, and probably has reference to the earth in this month being in a state of quiet and inactivity.

One of the things which is most deserving of our observation at this season is, the wisdom of Providence displayed in the provision made for the preservation of all vegetable productions. Seeds are

secure in the earth, or in the care of man ; herba-
ceous plants have died down to the root, which,
secure in their underground retreat, are preparing
their fresh shoots, leaves, and flowers, in secret, to
burst forth at spring with renewed splendour. But
herbs and trees which are exposed to all the severity
of the open air are not the less safe ; their buds com-
pactly defended by a strong coat of resinous matter,
which may be abundantly seen in the horse-chestnut
at the time of its unfolding, and moreover, by that
vis vitæ which vegetables as well as animals possess.
This last wonderful power imparted to plants by our
beneficent Creator, has been most clearly shown by
an experiment of the simplest kind ; one which any
person may repeat. A bud cut off in a sharp frost,
and suspended from its parent tree during the night,
will be found to be completely frozen through ; while
its fellows, still upon the tree, will not be in the least
injured. This will be the case even if the severed
bud be enclosed in a glass, and perfectly defended
from the external atmosphere. This property, by
which buds, consisting of leaves firmly wrapped
together, and within them the flowers, in fact, all
the richness and glory of the coming year, are pre-
served, cannot be sufficiently admired.

Towards the end of the month, the throstle is
seen under sunny hedges and southern walls in pur-
suit of snails, which he destroys in abundance, par-
ticularly in hard winters ; he delights also in chrys-
alids and worms. Other birds now quit their retreats
in search of food. The nuthatch is heard, and larks

congregate and fly to the warm stubble for shelter. Sparrows, yellowhammers, and chaffinches crowd in farm-yards, and attend the barn-door to pick their scanty fare from the chaff and straw. The red-breast ventures into the house.

During the mild weather of winter, slugs are in constant motion, preying on plants and green wheat. Their coverings of slime prevent the escape of animal heat, and hence they are enabled to ravage when their brethren of the shell are compelled to lie dormant. Earth-worms likewise appear about this time; but let not the man of nice order be too precipitate in destroying *them*—they are the under-gardeners that loosen the sub-soil, and have their uses in conveying away superfluous moisture, and admitting a supply of air to the roots of plants.

The hedge-sparrow and the thrush now begin to sing. The wren also pipes her perennial lay, even among the flakes of snow. The golden-crested wren, from its diminutive size and solitary habits, is not often noticed, and may be easily overlooked; but it is very abundant where there are plantations of spruce-trees, to which they are extremely partial, hanging their nests to the under-surface of the lower branches. Though apparently of so delicate a nature, they remain with us all the winter, and appear to suffer less from cold than many even of our hard-billed species.

The blackbird whistles; the titmouse pulls straws out of the thatch, in search of insects; and linnets congregate. Pullets begin to lay; young lambs are

dropped now in southern counties, but the more common time of lambing is in March. The field-fares, redwings, skylarks, and titlarks resort to watered meadows for food, and are, in part, supported by the gnats which are on the snow near the water. The house-sparrow chirps, and the bat is now seen. As the cold grows more intense, various kinds of sea-fowl quit the bleak open shores, and come up the rivers, where they offer an unusual prey to the fowler.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

The most important business of the farmer this month, is to feed and comfort his dependent animals: his cattle in their stalls and straw-yards; his sheep in warm and sheltered enclosures; giving them hay, straw, turnips, etc.: looking well after his flocks that they be not lost in snows; and in forward districts, as in the neighbourhood of London, housing and carefully feeding young lambs and calves for the market. Bee-hives require to be examined, and, if necessary, food supplied. This may be done by cutting a shoot of the elder-tree of about ten inches long, and of the thickness of a finger, slicing off one side of it, and taking out the pith, so as to form a trough, the joints of the shoot being left to form each end. This must be filled with honey, or, in want of that, with sugar and beer, or sugar and water, of the same consistency as honey, and gently thrust into the mouth of the hive. The bees will

come down, and take it up ; and from time to time the trough must be filled afresh. Many persons are in the habit of laying honey in a plate near the mouth of the hive, that the bees, in some occasional hour of sunshine, coming out, may take it ; but this is not only a very inferior, but a very dangerous practice. The bees, feeble with winter cold, and voracious with abstinence, greedily rush into the plate, are easily entangled in the liquid, or upset by the slightest puff of air, and suffocated. If a plate of honey, or liquefied sugar, be ever placed by the hive, it should be covered with a piece of writing-paper snipped full of small holes, through which the bees may suck the honey without danger ; but the elder troughs are the safest and most effectual things.

In frosts, fish-ponds must have holes broken in the ice, to allow the fish the necessary air. It will require, too, some watchfulness in those whose ponds are well stocked, to prevent their being robbed ; for the fish will come up to the holes for air, and are easily taken in their benumbed state with the hand. This the race of poachers know to good purpose. I have seen a few grains thrown into these holes, and the fish come in such quantities crowding to them, that any number of the finest might be selected and taken in a very short time. Deer in parks also require the fostering care of man to supply them with hay, branches of trees, etc. ; and game in the woods demand frequently the same attention. Buck-wheat is sown in the corners and open spaces in

woods, as it bears very well the shade of trees, and is stacked in the ridings for game. In other places, corn and hempseed are given them in seasons of great severity. Thrashing is now a regular employment in some parts of the country, going on even by candle-light. Farming implements are repaired; drains, ditches, etc. kept open; manure is led out; and in particular situations in favourable weather, a little ploughing is done, and common spring-wheat sown. Fruit-trees are pruned and dug round; hop-grounds trenched, and orchards planted. Timber is felled, and stumps and roots cut up to burn. Timber-trees are planted, and tree-seeds sown.

ANGLING.

Most fresh-water fish are now in season, excepting trout; but being withdrawn to the deepest places, and the weather being generally intensely cold, the water, for the most part, frozen over, the angler in general lies by for better days. Keen sportsmen, however, will be on the watch at all times; and grayling, now reckoned excellent, are sometimes taken in the middle of a bright day, with a grub, or even with a small fly, two descriptions of which, Cotton says, may be taken, or imitated, the red-brown and bright dun.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

'The Stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the Crane, and the Turtle, and the Swallow, observe the time of their coming.

JEREMIAH viii. 7.

No living creatures which enliven our landscape by their presence, excite a stronger sympathy in the lovers of nature, than migratory birds. The full charm of change and variety is theirs. They make themselves felt by their occasional absence; and besides this, they interest the imagination by that peculiar instinct which is to them chart and compass, directing their flight over continents and oceans to that one small spot in the great world where Nature has prepared for their reception; which is pilot and captain, warning them away, calling them back, and conducting them safely on their passage; that degree of mystery, which yet hangs over their motions, notwithstanding the anxious perseverance with which naturalists have investigated the subject; and all the lively and beautiful associations of their cries, and forms, and habits, and resorts. When we think, for a moment, that the swallows, martins, and swifts, which sport in our summer skies, and become cohabitants of our houses, will presently be dwelling in the heart of regions which we long, in vain, to know, and whither our travellers toil, in vain, to penetrate,—that they will anon affix their nests to the Chinese pagoda, the Indian temple, or, beneath

the equator, to the palm-thatched eaves of the African hut; that the small birds which populate our summer hedges and fields will quickly spread themselves with the cuckoo, and its *avant-courier*, the wryneck, over the warm regions beyond the pillars of Hercules, and the wilds of the Levant, of Greece and Syria; the nightingale will be serenading in the chestnut groves of Italy, and the rose-gardens of Persia; that the thrush and the fieldfare, which share our winter, will pour out triumphant music in their native wastes, in the sudden summers of Scandinavia; that even some of the wild fowls which frequent our winter streams will return with the spring, to the far tracts of North America; and when we call to our imagination the desolate rocks in the lonely ocean, the craggy and misty isles of the Orkneys and Shetlands, where others congregate in myriads; or the wild-swan, which sometimes pays a visit to our largest and most secluded waters, re-winged its way through the lofty regions of the air to Iceland, and other arctic lands,—we cannot avoid feeling how much poetry is connected with these wanderers of the earth and air.

I have endeavoured to mark the arrivals and departures of this class of birds, in their respective months, in a more clear and complete manner than has hitherto been done.

No migratory birds arrive this month, if we except grosbeaks and silktails, which in this, as in the last, occasionally appear in very severe weather, as well as flocks of Norway spinks. According to

Gilbert White, large flocks of hen-chaffinches likewise appear in winter, which are supposed to come from the continent. This singular circumstance seems difficult of solution.

DEPARTURES.

Clangula glacialis, Long-tailed Pocher, goes Jan. 14, comes Dec. 20.

Haunts, lakes and shores.

Nycora fuligula, Tufted Pocher, goes Jan. 19, comes Dec. 15. Shores and fresh meres.

Mergus Serrator, Gray Goosander, goes Jan. 20, comes Dec. 28th. Pools and fens.

Coccothraustes vulgaris, Grosbeak, goes Jan. 20, comes Dec. 28. Hilly fields—*rare*.

Emberiza nivalis, Snowflake, goes Jan. 20, comes Dec. 28. Mountains and downs.

THE GARDEN.

Gardens are amongst the most delightful things which human art has prepared for our recreation and refreshment. To say nothing of the common-places, that a garden was first constructed by God himself,—that in the shades of a glorious garden our first parents were placed by him,—that our Saviour delighted to walk in a garden,—that in a garden he suffered his agony, and that in a garden he was buried; there are a thousand reasons why gardens should be highly valued, especially by those who are fond of the country. Lovers of nature cannot always stroll abroad to those beauties and delights which lie scattered far and wide; the physical impediments of time and space—the severities of win-

ter, the dews, the hasty storms, and the strong heats of summer, lie between them and their enjoyment, especially if they be of the delicate sex. But into a garden—a spot into which, by the magical power of science, taste, and adventurous enterprise, the sweetest and most beautiful vegetable productions, not only of our own country, but of the whole globe, are collected, they may step at all hours, and at all seasons; yes, even through the hours of night, when many glories of Nature are to be witnessed; her sweetest odours are poured out; her most impressive and balmy quiet is sent upon earth. There, fearless of any “pestilence that walks in darkness,” the gentlest and most timid creature may tread the smooth path of the garden, and behold all the calm pageantry of the glittering host of stars, of moonlight and of clouds. The bowers of a good modern garden invite us from the fierce heat of noon to the most delicious of oratories, in dry summer eves, to the most charming place of social enjoyment. A garden, with all its accompaniments of bowers, secluded seats, shrubberies, and hidden walks, is a concentration of a thousand pleasant objects, and the field of a multitude of animating pursuits. The rarest beauties of the vegetable world are not only there congregated, heightened in the richness and splendour of their charms, but there many of them are actually created.

The feeble invalid and feebler age, they who cannot lay hold on Nature in her amplitude, though they may anxiously and intensely thirst to renew,

on heath and mountain, the enchantments of past days, can there grasp a multitude of her delights at once. The sedentary man,

Secluded but not buried, and with song
Cheering his days,

there finds the most congenial relaxation, the most restorative exercise ever at hand. The lover of all bright hues and graceful forms, of all delicate and spicy aromas, of curious processes and wonderful phenomena, of all that is soothing to the mind, and pleasant to the vision and the taste, there walks in a fairy-land of his own creation. There the sun shines tempered by the coolness of whispering branches; the breeze blows softly, charged with fragrance; the dews fall to refresh and awaken sleeping odours, and birds bring from their wilder haunts their melodies. To the fair creature, who, like Eve, is a lover of flowers, what a perpetual source of affectionate interest, of hopes and fears, and speculations of delightful labours, cares, and watchings, is found in a garden! Poets have always delighted to describe their favourite heroines amid the amenities of gardens, as places peculiarly accordant with the grace and gentle nature of woman. How beautiful is that passing view which Chaucer gives us of Emilia, in Palemon and Arcite!

Emily ere day
Arose and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair;

A riband did the braided tresses bind,
 The rest was loose and wanton'd in the wind.
 Aurora had but newly chased the night,
 And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
 When to the garden walk she took her way,
 To sport and trip along in cool of day,
 And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
 At every turn she made a little stand,
 And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
 To draw the rose ; and every rose she drew,
 She shook its stalk, and brush'd away the dew ;
 Then party-colour flowers of white and red
 She wove, to make a garland for her head :
 This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,
 Then men and angels might rejoice to hear.

But how much more beautiful is Milton's picture of our first mother, pursuing her pleasant labours in the first garden, issuing from her bower at Adam's call,—

Awake ! the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us ; we lose the prime to mark how spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet :

or, to her sylvan home, as we see her

Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers :

or, in the midst of that anguish, when hearing pronounced her banishment from Eden, she exclaimed
 “ with audible lament,”

Oh, unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave

Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods ? where I had hoped to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?

But Milton, as in other respects, so he is unrivalled in his painting of garden scenery. One cannot but remark, how in that, as in every thing else, he outwent his own times. In those days of tortured trees, and stiff formal fences and garden-plots, what a magnificent but free, and naturally beautiful wilderness he has sketched in the 4th Book of *Paradise Lost* ! From him, and Lord Bacon, whose taste, however, was far inferior, we may date the regeneration of English pleasure-gardens ; and now such delightful spots have we scattered through the country, that the East from which we borrowed them can scarcely rival them. The imaginative mind cannot contemplate the assemblage, which, from all far-off lands, is there brought together, without being carried by them into their own fair regions ; nor the reflective one, without being struck with the innumerable benefits we have derived from art and commerce.

But what crowns all these advantages is, that, though our towns shut us out from the country, by our gardens we can bring the country, in some de-

gree, after us into the town. We have them at our doors; we contemplate them at our quietest windows; in some happier instances, they surround, on all sides, our habitations, and make us almost forget that we live

In the dim and treeless town.

With the theory or economy of gardening my work has nothing to do. Its business is only with those amenities of Nature which the Seasons present, ready arrayed to our view. For this purpose I have given, each month, under the head of "The Calendar of the Flower Garden," a list of plants which come into bloom in that month; and as many plants bloom more than one month, (some, many months,) a figure at the end of the English name will denote the latest month in which each particular plant is in flower. This last will be found so copious, that there are few gardens which contain the whole: but one will possess some; another, others; and the Linnæan class and order being given, many persons will be able to form a more intimate acquaintance with the ornaments of their gardens than they before had done.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER GARDEN.

- Cyclamen Coum*, Class V. Order 1. Round-headed *Cyclamen*. 3.
Galanthus nivalis, VI. 1. Snowdrop. 3.
Hydrangea hortensis, X. 2. Changeable-flowered *Hydrangea*. 9.
Helleborus niger, XIII. 7. Christmas Rose. 3.
Eranthus hyemalis. Winter Aconite. 4.
Tussilago alba, XIX. 2. White-leaved Coltsfoot. 3.

ENTOMOLOGY.

The time is past when the study of the names and natures of insects required an apology. To assert that they are things too insignificant for the notice of human beings, is to confess an ignorance of himself, of the world in which he lives, and of the God who made both him and it, that no one now will suffer himself, for a moment, to be suspected of. What the great God has condescended to make, can it be a degradation for "man, who is but a worm," to know and consider? Arguments drawn from the mere bulk of objects, go only to prove that giants, mammoths, and elephants are the most estimable and important things in the world, and that man himself is comparatively of little moment. These reasonings, therefore, which at one time furnished the witling with much merriment at the expense of the naturalist, have vanished, as they were sure to do: but, much as Entomology is now esteemed, it requires no prophet to see that it must become more and more so. To say nothing of the benefits or inconveniences we experience from insects; there are in their minute shapes such wonderful instincts, powers, and I may add, passions, comprised; their habits are so curious, extraordinary, and varied—their forms so splendid and beautiful—some in their silken robes, some in their blue and burnished armour, some with their glowing and gorgeous wings, transparent as crystal, or feathered.

like the peacock ; they effect such vast designs with such small means, and they so haunt all corners of the habitable globe, that I can conceive no portion of all God's wonderful creatures more capable of at once fascinating the attention, charming the fancy, or exciting the highest admiration in the most intelligent minds.

I regret that out of upwards of ten thousand indigenous insects, my catalogue must be confined to a very few—the most splendid, the most conspicuous, the most curious, and the most popular—such, in fact, as the general lover of nature will be most likely to meet with in his walks, without much seeking after.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

NOTE.—*The Insects of this and all the following lists are named from the Systematic Catalogue of Stephens.*

Cychrus rostratus. Localities, under dead leaves and in rotten trees during the winter ; pathways in summer.

Carabus catenulatus. Under gorse or heaths.

Carabus cancellatus. Rotten willows in the winter ; under stones and in pathways in summer.

Helobia brevicollis. Very common.

Sphodrus leucophthalmus. Cellars, etc.

Calathus cisteloides. Common in damp situations.

Colymbetes bipunctatus.

Colymbetes bipustulatus.

Acilius sulcatus.

Dyticus marginalis.

Dyticus circumflexus.

Dyticus punctulatus.

Hydrous piceus.

Ptinus Fur. In museums, etc.

} Ponds and ditches.

Coccinella 7-punctata, Seven-spotted	}	Under bark in winter; on plants in summer, devouring Aphides.
Lady bird.		
Coccinella 2-punctata, Two-Spotted	}	
Lady-bird.		
Acheta domestica, House Cricket.		
Notonecta furcata, Furcate mark'd Boat-fly.	}	Ponds and ditches.
Notonecta glauca, Common Boat-fly.		
Cheimatobia vulgaris, The Winter Moth.		Hedges.
Cheimatobia rupicapraría, Early Moth.		Pales and houses.
Peronea spadiceana, The Bay-shouldered Button.		Woods.

Most of the insects included in the list for this month, may be found the greater part of the year. They hibernate copiously beneath moss and the bark of trees. Aquatic beetles, being less subject to atmospheric changes, may be observed and caught at all seasons, but are more active during the summer months, when their food (the small aquatic larvæ) is more abundant. Being amphibious, and well provided with wings, they can, when their store of food is exhausted, fly from one pool to another; thus avoiding death, either from starvation or the drying up of the water in summer. Equipped with wings, and having a voracious appetite, they tend materially to keep in check a myriad of noxious insects, and to purify our ditches and stagnant pools, which would otherwise become unfit for cattle.

FEBRUARY.

He giveth snow like wool ; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels ; who can stand before his cold ?
He sendeth out his word and melteth them ; he causeth his winds to
blow, and the waters flow.

PSALM cxlvii. 16-18.

As I have already observed, I regard this as the most cheerless month in the year. There may be pleasant varieties of it ; the latter end may, and frequently is, much more agreeable than the commencement ; but, as a whole, it is as I have characterized it. It is at once damp and foggy. Besides the earth being saturated with a whole winter's moisture, there is generally abundance of rain during this month, so much so as to have acquired for it the cognomen of "February fill-dike." The frosts and snows which have been locking up and burying the earth for weeks and months, are now giving way, and what is so cheerless and chilly as

A GREAT THAW ? There is a lack of comfort felt every where. In real winter weather the clear frosty air sharply saluted the face by day, and revealed to the eye at night a scene of pure and sublime splendour of the lofty and intensely blue sky

glittering with congregated stars, or irradiated with the placid moon. There was a sense of vigour, of elasticity, of freshness about you, which made it welcome : but now, most commonly, by day or by night, the sky is hidden in impenetrable vapour ; the earth is sodden and splashy with wet ; and even the very fireside does not escape the comfortless sense of humidity. Every thing presents to the eye, accustomed so long to the brightness of clear frosts, and the pure whiteness of snow, a dingy and soiled aspect. All things are dripping with wet : it hangs upon the walls like a heavy dew ; it penetrates into the drawers and wardrobes of your warmest chambers ; and you are surprised at the unusual dampness of your clothes, linen, books, and papers ; and, in short, almost every thing you have occasion to examine. Brick and stone floors are now dangerous things for delicate and thinly-shod people to stand upon. To this source, and, in fact, to the damps of this month operating in various ways, may be attributed not a few of the colds, coughs, and consumptions so prevalent in England. Pavements are frequently so much elevated by the expansion of the moisture beneath, as to obstruct the opening and shutting of doors and gates : and your gravel-walks resemble saturated sponges. Abroad, the streets are flooded with muddy water, and slippery with patches of half-thawed ice and snow, which strike through your shoes in a moment. The houses, and all objects whatever, have a dirty and disconsolate aspect ; and clouds of dim and smoky

haze hover over the whole dispiriting scene. In the country, the prospect is not much better : the roads are full of mire. In the woods and copses you hear a continual dripping and pattering of wet ; while the fieldfares, instead of flying across the country with a pleasant chattering, sit solitarily amongst the comfortless trees, uttering their plaintive cry of “cock-shute, cock-shute ;” and the very rooks peer about after worms in the fields with a drooping air. Instead of the enchantments of hoar frost, you have naked hedges, sallow and decaying weeds beneath them, brown and wet pastures, and sheets of ice, but recently affording so much fine exercise to skaters and sliders, half submerged in water, full of great cracks, scattered with straws and dirty patches, and stones half liberated by the thaw :—such are the miserable features of the time.

Let us felicitate ourselves that such joyless period is seldom of long duration. The winds of March speedily come piping their jovial strains, clearing the face of the blessed heavens from their sullen veil of clouds, and sweeping away the superabundant moisture from earth and air. Oh ! blithe and animating is the breath of March ! It is like a cool but spirit-stirring draught of some ancient vintage ; elating but not enervating the heart ; deadening the memory of past evil, and expanding it to the delicious hope of future delights. So precious a boon, however, is not exclusively permitted to March : February is often allowed to be a liberal partaker

ere its close, and we have known the winds lift up their voices this month with all their triumphant and sonorous energy. Nothing can perhaps illustrate so livingly our idea of a spirit, as a mighty wind—present in its amazing power and sublimity, yet seen only in its effects. We are whirled along with its careering torrent with irresistible power; we are driven before it, as Miss Mitford says, as by a steam-engine. How it comes rushing and roaring over the house, like the billows of a mighty ocean! Then for the banging of doors, the screaming and creaking of signs, the clatter of falling shutters in the street! Then for the crash of chimneys, the down-topling of crazy gables, the showering of tiles upon the pavement, as if the bomb-shells of a besieging army were demolishing the roofs, and rendering it even death to walk the streets! Then for a scene of awful grandeur upon the glorious ocean! That which, but an hour before, was calm and sun-bright, a variety of vessels lying at anchor, or sailing to and fro in serene beauty, *then* is a scene of sublime and chaotic uproar!—the waves rolling and foaming, and dashing their spray over rocks, pier-heads, houses, and even over the loftiest towers and churches too, as I have seen it, to an amazing extent, till the water ran down the walls like rain, and the windows, at a great distance from the beach, were covered with a salt incrustation—the vessels meanwhile labouring amidst the riotous billows as for life, and tugging at their cables as if

mad for their escape. Many a beautiful, many a wild, many an animating spectacle is to be witnessed on the shores of our happy isle in such moments. What anxious groups are collected on the quays of populous ports! What lonely peril is encountered on distant strands, where the solitary fisherman picks up a troubled and precarious livelihood!

Then too for the most animated scene which the inland country can exhibit in all the twelve months, a scene mixed with no slight touches of the grotesque. Wherever you go, the people, perhaps suddenly aroused from the tranquil fireside of a Sunday afternoon, are swarming upon the roofs of their houses, like bees startled from their cells by the unexpected appearance of some formidable intruder, toiling to resist the outrageous attack of the storm upon the thatch; which is, here and there, torn clean from the rafters, and in other places heaves and pants as if impatient to try a flight into the next fields, or garden. There is an universal erection of ladders, a bustling, anxious laying-on of logs, rails, harrows, or whatsoever may come to hand to keep down the mutinous roof. Old wives, with spectacled noses, and kerchiefs incontinently tied over their mob-caps, are seen reconnoitring pig-sties, hen-roosts, etc. lest they be blown down, or something be blown down upon them. What a solemn and sublime roar too there is in the woods—a sound as of tempestuous seas! What poetical spirit can hear

it without being influenced by incommunicable ideas of power, majesty, and the stupendous energies of the elements !

Oh storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong !

What picturesque ruin is there scattered around you ! Trees overwhelmed, immense branches torn down, small boughs broken, and dry leaves whirled along, or quivering in the air like birds. What a harvest of decayed sticks for the Goody Blakes, who, with their checked-aprons held up, will not fail to discover it ! What a harvest too for the newspapers, which will be filled for a season with calamitous accounts of accidents and deaths by falling of chimneys, shipwrecks, and so forth !

Towards the end of the month, we are gladdened with symptoms of approaching spring. On warm banks the commencement of vegetation is perceptible ; the sap is stirring in the trees, swelling and feeding the buds : in gardens a variety of green things are peeping from the earth, and snowdrops, hepaticas, etc. are actually in bloom.

In towns it is a cheering sight, even while all without is frosty and wintry, to see, as we pass, in cottage windows, tufts of crocuses and snowdrops flowering in pots ; and in those of wealthier dwellings, hyacinths, narcissi, etc. in glasses, displaying their bulbs and long fibrous roots in the clear water below, and the verdure and flowery freshness of summer above. It is a sight truly English. It is

in accordance with our ideas of home-comfort and elegance. If we are to believe travellers, in no country is the domestic culture of flowers so much attended to as in this. I trust this will always be a prevailing taste with us. There is something pure and refreshing in the appearance of plants in a room; and watched and waited on, as they are generally, by the gentler sex, they are links in many pleasant associations. They are the cherished favourites of our mothers, wives, sisters, and friends not less dear; and connect themselves in our mind with their feminine delicacy, loveliness, and affectionate habits and sentiments.

February is so called from the Roman custom of burning expiatory sacrifices, *Februalia*: the Saxons called it *Sprout-kele*, because the kale, or cabbage, began to sprout; and also *Sol-monath*, or pancake-month, because cakes were offered to the sun.

Various signs of returning spring occur at different times in February. The wood-lark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, often begins his note at the very entrance of the month. The thrush now commences his song, and tomtits are seen hanging on the eaves of barns and thatched out-houses, particularly if the weather be snowy and severe. Rooks now revisit their breeding-trees, and arrange the stations of their future nests. The harsh, loud voice of the missel-thrush is now heard towards the end of the month; and, if the weather

be mild, the hedge-sparrow renews its chirping note. Turkey-cocks now strut and gobble; partridges begin to pair; the house-pigeon has young; field-cricket open their holes; and wood-owls hoot: gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges; the stone-curlew clamours; and frogs croak. By the end of February, the raven has generally laid its eggs, and begun to sit. About this time the green woodpecker is heard in the woods making a loud noise. The elder-tree discloses its flower-buds. The catkins of the hazel become very conspicuous in the hedges. Young leaves are budding on the gooseberries and currants about the end of the month.

What are called Dissected Leaves,—*i. e.* leaves of which the cuticle and cellular membranes have been decomposed by the active influence of wintry rains, winds and frosts, leaving only a curious network of the veiny fibres,—are, about this season, found blowing about in our path, particularly in woods, and strongly attract the attention of young people, who frequently attempt imitations of them by the application of vinegar or other acids to leaves yet undecomposed.

Moles go to work in throwing up their hillocks as soon as the earth is softened. Under some of the largest, a little below the surface of the earth, they make their nests of moss, in which four or five young are found at a time. These animals live on worms, insects, and the roots of plants. They do much mischief in gardens, by loosening and devour-

ing flower-roots ; but in the fields they seem to do no other harm than rendering the surface of the ground unequal by their hillocks, which obstruct the scythe in mowing. They are said also to pierce the sides of dams and canals, and let out the water. Of this latter charge we should be doubtful. Their instinct, it is very probable, will preserve them from letting off water which would drown them, and the approach to which they must perceive by the moisture of the soil.

A *Mole-catcher*, Miss Mitford has said, "is of the earth, earthy;" but he is of the green fields, of the solitary woodlands. We observe him, especially in the spring and the autumn, a silent and picturesque object, poring under hedges and along the skirts of the forest, or the margin of a stream, for traces of

The little black-a-moor pioneer
Grubbing his way in darkness drear.

We have met him in copses and hazel-shaded lanes, cutting springs for his traps ; and we not only love him, and look upon him as one of the legitimate objects of rural scenery, but have often found him a quiet but shrewd observer of nature, and capable of enriching us with many fragments of knowledge. In the winter by his fire he makes his traps. These are very simple machines, which almost any one may construct. We have made and set many a one ourselves, and have been up by the earliest dawn of day to discover their success. Many moles may be caught in one place, if the trap be

judiciously set in a main burrow. It is better near a hedge, or in a plantation, than in the middle of a field, where it is liable to be disturbed by cattle. A strong hazel stick for the spring, two pieces of brass wire, a little string, a few hooked pegs, and a top made of the half of a piece of willow pole, about six inches long and three in diameter, hollowed out, are all the requisites for a mole-trap.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Thrashing, tending cattle, early lambs, calves, etc. continue, as in last month, to occupy the thoughts and the hands of the husbandman. Manures too are carried to grass lands. Ploughing is on the increase; and spring wheat, beans, peas, oats, and tares are sown. In mild weather, hedges are planted; overgrown fences are cut, or plashed. Ponds and drains are made. Timber is felled, and tree-seeds are sown. Copsewood is cut, and plantations are thinned. In the garden, various operations of pruning, digging, sowing, etc. are going on.

ANGLING.

Almost every fresh-water fish is in season, excepting chub, during the latter half of the month, and trout, which continues so till April. Roach and dace are deemed to be this month in prime. They frequent rivers, and must be sought for at this season in deep, shaded holes, in clear waters with

gravelly bottoms; dace, particularly amongst weeds, and under the foam caused by eddies. The best baits for them now are paste, gentles, or larvæ of beetles, got by digging up the roots of plants. The flies of this month are plain hackle, great dun, great blue dun, and dark dun.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

ARRIVALS—NONE.

DEPARTURES.

Anas strepera, Gadwell, goes Feb. comes Dec. *Haunts*, Coasts in severe winters.

Anas acuta, Pintailed Duck, comes Dec. Lakes and shores.

Anser Brenta, Wild-goose, Brent, goes Feb. 3, comes Dec. 18. Lakes and marshes.

Anser palustris, Wild-goose, Gray Lagg, goes Feb. 10, comes Oct. 6. Fens.

Anser erythropus, Laughing Goose, comes Dec. Northern and Western coasts.

Anser bernicla, Bernacle Goose, comes Dec. Northern and Western coasts.

Bombycilla garrula, Silk-tail, Waxen-chatterer, comes Nov. Near ivy and hawthorns.

Calidris arenaria, Sanderling, comes Aug. 28. English beach.

Charadrius pluvialis, Golden Plover, goes Feb. 6, comes Nov. 5. Heathy mountains.

Clangula vulgaris, Golden-eyed Pocher, comes Nov. 29. Shores and fresh meres.

Columba œnas, Stock Dove, comes Nov. Woods.

Colymbus arcticus, Black-throated Diver, comes Dec. Sea-shore.

Colymbus septentrionalis, Red-throated Diver, comes Dec. Sea-shore.

Curruca provincialis, Dartford Warbler, comes Oct. About London.

Cygnus ferus, Wild Swan, goes Feb. comes Sept. 4. Northern Lakes—The Trent.

Fringilla montifringilla, Mountain Finch, comes Aug. Mountains.

Fringilla spinus, Siskin, comes Aug. South. About London.

- Limosa ægocephala*, Godwit, comes Aug. Marshes.
Limosa rufa, Bar-tailed Godwit, comes Aug. Sea-shore.
Mergus Merganser, Goosander, goes Feb. 4, comes Dec. 18. Pools and fens.
Mergus Albellus, White-headed Smew, comes Dec. 18. Sea-shore.
Numenius arquata, Sea Curlew, goes Feb. 6, comes Sept. 4. Moors in summer.
Nyroca Marila, Scaup Duck, comes Dec. Coasts in severe winters.
Oidemia fusca, Velvet Duck, comes Dec. Sea-shore.
Oidemia nigra, Black Duck or Diver, comes Dec. Coasts in severe winters.
Podiceps minor, Lesser Guillemot, comes Oct. Sea-shore.
Somateria mollissima, Eider Duck, comes Dec. Tarn Island, Northumberland,
Totanus Glottis, Green-shanked Godwit, comes Aug. Sea-shore.
Tringa Canutus, Knot, goes Feb. 3, comes Aug. 28. Sea-shore.
Tringa Alpina, Purre, comes Aug. 28. Sea-shore.

These, it will be seen at a glance, are birds of more northern climates, which have merely sought to escape the wintry rigours of their native regions, and are now returning to prepare for the cares and enjoyments of the summer in the Orkneys, Shetlands, Iceland, Greenland, and about Hudson's Bay, etc. Several of them, however, only partially migrate, as the godwit, purre, sanderling, sea-curlew, etc.; resorting to the fens and moors in the interior in summer, and returning to the coast in winter.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

- Crocus vernus*, *Class III. Order 1.* Spring crocus. 3.
Cornus mascula, IV. 1. Cornelian Cherry. 3.
Bulbocodium verum. Spring Bulbocodium. 3.
Andromeda angustifolia, X. 1. Narrow-leaved *Andromeda*. 4.
Cydonia Japonica (*Pyrus Japonica*), XII. 2. Japan Quince. 10.
Helleborus lividus, XIII. 7. Spot-leaved Hellebore.
Tussilago fragrans, XIX. 2. Fragrant Coltsfoot. 3.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

- Galanthus nivalis*, Class VI. Order 1. Snowdrop. *Locality*, about ruins. *Duration*, 3.
Helleborus fœtidus, XIII. 3. Stinking Bearsfoot. Waste grounds. 3.
Lamium amplexicaule, XIV. 1. Great Henbit. 8.
Draba verna, XV. 1. Common Whitlow grass. Old walls and sandy places. 4.
Ulex Europæus, XVII. 3. Gorse or Whin. Heaths, etc. 12.
Senecio vulgaris, XIX. 2. Groundsel. Gardens. 12.
Taxus baccata, XXII. 8. Common Yew. Mountainous woods. 3.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

- Pristonychus terricola*. *Haunts*, Cellars and caverns. To 9.
Hydrophilus caraboides. Ditches near London. To 10.
Berosus luridus. Ponds. To 9.
Silpha opaca. Sandy places. To 7.
Dermestes lardarius. Houses, etc. To 10.
Coccinella 7-punctata, 7-spotted Lady bird. Various plants. To 10.
Tenebrio molitor, Mealworm Beetle. Houses, flour-mills. To 10.
Eriogaster lanestris, Small Egger. Hedges and thickets. To 6.
Zanthia croceago, Orange Upper-wing. Amongst dry leaves. To 6.
Aplocera cœsiata, The February Carpet. Skirts of woods.

Pristonychus Terricola. I have in this instance deviated from the plan of naming the insects in the above lists from Mr. Stephens's Catalogue, where its generic name is *Sphodrus*, and adopted that given in his "Nomenclature of British Insects," as established by De Jean. It is distinguished from *Sphodrus leucophthalmus* by its smaller size and the absence of wings.

Hydrophilus caraboides. This species, which is so common in the south of England, (particularly near London,) is rarely met with in the north. In Nottinghamshire I have never heard of its being

taken: the Nottingham district, including Sherwood Forest, is however very productive, although some species are extremely local. The first British specimens of *Saperda ferrea* were taken by myself in the county.

Berosus luridus. The insects of this beautiful genus are frequently confounded. I would, therefore, advise the young entomologist to examine them with care; they delight in pools having a clayey bottom, and haunt the roots and stems of aquatic plants near the margin.

Silpha opaca. This rare species is sometimes taken in the vicinity of Nottingham, in this and the two following months.

Coccinella septem-punctata, or Lady-bird, is associated with the remembrance of almost every country ramble, and is welcomed with rapture by every child who has heard the nursery air of

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home:

Thy house is on fire, and thy children will burn! etc.

It is an insect that deserves the protection of every gardener and lover of plants; its food being the various species of aphides, those destroyers and disfigurers of our hothouses and gardens. The whole genus is subject to great variation; so much so, that it is impossible to determine the species without carefully collecting couples.

Tenebrio molitor. The larvæ (commonly called meal-worms) of this domestic beetle form the favourite food of the nightingale when in confinement.

LAYS OF THE SEASONS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

SPRING.

THE Spring—she is a blessed thing !
She is the mother of the flowers ;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the wither'd leaves among,
To find the earliest, fragrant thing,
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth ;
The skies are blue, the air is warm,
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field ;
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers ;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret and care that lours.

She comes with more than present good—
With joys to store for future years,
From which in striving crowds apart,
The bow'd in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up!—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air :
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has open'd to the bee,
And health, and love, and peace are there!

MARCH.

And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds, but the wind passeth by and cleanseth them.

Fair weather cometh out of the north.

JOB xxxvii. 21, 22.

EVERY month, like a good servant, brings its own character with it. This is a circumstance which, the more I have studied the Seasons, the more I have been led to admire. Artificial as the division of the months may be deemed by some, it is so much founded in nature, that no sooner comes in a new one than we generally have a new species of weather, and that instantaneously. This curious fact is more particularly conspicuous in the earlier months, there being greater contrast in them. In comes January,—and let the weather be what it might before, immediately sets in severe cold and frost: in February, wet—wet—wet; which, the moment March enters, ceases—and lo! instead—even on the very first day of the month, there is a dry chill air, with breaks of sunshine stealing here and there over the landscape. The clouds above fly about with a brisker motion, and the paths under

our feet, which yesterday were intolerably miry, become at once solid and dry. The change is surprising. Twelve hours of March air will dry the surface of the earth almost to dustiness, even though no sunshine should be seen; and "a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," says the old proverb, which we may suppose means, that the drying property of March is invaluable, removing the superabundant humidity, and enabling the husbandman to get in his seeds—the hope of summer produce. So speedily does the mire of winter vanish in this month, that country people, who connect their adages, which though significant are not literally true, with something which makes them partially so, say, "The rooks have picked up all the dirt," because the rooks are now busily employed in building their nests, and use mire to line them, as do magpies too at this period; who place their thorny halls on the tops of the yet leafless trees, objects conspicuous but secure.

March is a rude, and sometimes boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter; yet awakening sensations perhaps more delicious than the two following spring months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring. What can equal the delight of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first springing of buds and green herbs! It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness, a burst of freshness and luxury of feeling, possesses us: and let fifty springs have broken upon us, *this* joy, unlike

many joys of the time, is not an atom impaired. Are we not young? Are we not boys? Do we not break, by the power of awakened thoughts, into all the rapturous scenes of our happier years? There is something in the freshness of the soil—in the mossy bank—the balmy air—the voices of birds—the early and delicious flowers, that we have seen and felt *only* in *childhood* and *spring*.

There are frequently mornings in March, when a lover of nature may enjoy, in a stroll, sensations not to be exceeded, or perhaps equalled, by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken :—mornings which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of its return, out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with, now and then, a cool gush by no means unpleasant, but on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling which we experience only in spring. The sky is clear; the sun flings abroad not only a gladdening splendour, but an almost summer glow. The world seems suddenly aroused to hope and enjoyment. The fields are assuming a vernal greenness—the buds are swelling in the hedges—the banks are displaying, amidst the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this. There are arums, ground-ivy, chervil, the glaucous leaves and burnished flowers of the pilewort,

The first gilt thing

That wears the trembling pearls of spring;

and many other fresh and early bursts of greenery.

All unexpectedly, too, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odour of violets, those sweetest of Flora's children, which have furnished so many pretty allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted: they are like true friends, we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness: and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful. Now, however, they are to be seen in all their glory—blue and white—modestly peering through their thick, clustering leaves. The lark is carolling in the blue fields of air; the wood-lark sings rejoicingly; the blackbird and thrush are again shouting and replying to each other, from the tops of the highest trees. As you pass the cottages, they have caught the happy infection: there are windows thrown open, and doors standing ajar. The inhabitants are in their gardens, some clearing away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh-smelling soil amongst the tufts of snowdrops and rows of bright yellow crocuses, which every where abound; and the children, ten to one, are peeping into the first birds' nest of the season—the hedge-sparrow's with its four sea-green eggs, snugly but unwisely built in the pile of old pea-rods.

In the fields labourers are plashing and trimming the hedges, and in all directions are teams at plough. You smell the wholesome, and, I may truly say, aromatic soil, as it is turned up to the sun, brown and rich, the whole country over. It is delightful, as you pass along deep hollow lanes, or are hidden

in copses, to hear the tinkling gears of the horses, and the clear voices of the lads calling to them. It is not less pleasant to catch the busy caw of the rookery, and the first meek cry of the young lambs. The hares are hopping about the fields, the excitement of the season overcoming their habitual timidity. The bees are revelling in the yellow catkins of the sallow. The harmless English snake is seen again curling up like a little coil of rope, with its head in the centre, on sunny green banks. The woods, though yet unadorned with their leafy garniture, are beautiful to look on;—they seem flushed with life. Their boughs are of a clear and glossy lead colour, and the tree-tops are rich with the vigorous hues of brown, red, and purple; and, if you plunge into their solitudes, there are symptoms of revivification under your feet—the springing mercury and green blades of the blue-bells—and perhaps above you the early nest of the missel-thrush, perched between the boughs of a young oak, to tinge your thoughts with the anticipation of summer. These are mornings not to be neglected by the lover of Nature, and if not neglected, then not forgotten; for they will stir the springs of memory, and make us live over again, times and seasons that we cannot, for the pleasure and purity of our spirits, live over too much.

In March the shells of snails, which have perished during the winter, will be seen in great numbers, thrown out upon the banks by the crumbling down of the mould, rendered light by winter-frosts, and

now loosened by the dry penetrating air. Where the larger species of snails abound, their broken shells will also be found in heaps under the hedges, wherever there is a stone, the throstles digging them out and laying them on the stone, the more readily to fracture them;—a fact but recently noticed by naturalists, but familiar to the peasantry. Cottagers now gather the tender-springing tops of nettles to make pottage, considered by them a great purifier of the blood. They also boil them instead of spinach, as they do the tops of the wild hop, as a substitute for asparagus. But of all vegetables that are cultivated, next to the potato, rhubarb has become, perhaps, the most valuable to the poor, and pleasant to all. Of late its growth has rapidly increased; and people who, some years ago, never saw such an article exposed in our markets, are now astonished at the quantities brought there, and disposed of with the greatest readiness. As a most wholesome and agreeable vegetable, coming in early and supplying a delightful acidulous material for pies and puddings, till gooseberries are ready, it is invaluable, and seems destined to acquire universal estimation.

March, which was the first month in antiquity, was named so after Mars, the god of war, because he was the father of their first prince. This, at least, is the reason given by Ovid. The Saxons called it *Lenct-monath*, because the days now began

in length to exceed the nights. *Lenct* also means *spring*; therefore it was their spring month. It was called, too, by them *Rhed-monath*, from Rheda, one of their deities, to whom sacrifices were offered in March, and from *raed*, council, March being the month wherein wars or expeditions were undertaken by the Gothic tribes. They also called it *Hlyd-monath*, or the *Stormy month*.

Bats and reptiles break up their winter sleep; the little smelts or sparlings run up the softened rivers to spawn; the fieldfare and woodcock return to their northern quarters; the rooks are all in motion with building, and it is said by gentlemen who have observed them for many successive years, that the commencement of their building is so exactly timed, that it is often on the same day of each returning spring; hens sit; geese and ducks lay; pheasants crow; the ring-dove coos; young lambs appear; the throstle sings; and lastly, the bee issues forth with his vernal trumpet to tell us news of sunshine and flowers.

In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

Frogs, which during winter lay in a torpid state at the bottom of ponds and ditches, early in this month rise to the surface of the water in vast swarms. The linnet, the goldfinch, the golden-crested wren, and the greenfinch are in song; the blackbird and the turkey lay; house-pigeons sit; and the viper uncoils itself from its winter sleep. The wheatear, or English ortolan, (*saxicola ænan-*

the,) again pays its annual visit, leaving England in September. The gannets, or Soland geese, resort in March to the Hebrides and other rocky islands of North Britain, to make their nests and lay their eggs. In March and April, before pairing-time, starlings may be seen in the fields, in large dense flocks, circling about in their remarkable wheeling kind of flight; and, ever and anon, settling upon some tree, which they cover to blackness, and making a cheerful warbling chorus, much in the same manner as the red-winged thrushes before they take their departure for the north. In this month black ants are observed; trouts begin to rise; and blood-worms appear in the water. The clay hair-worm is found at the bottom of drains and ditches, and the water-flea may be seen gliding about on the surface of sheltered pools. Black beetles may now be observed flying about in the evening. Roach and dace float near the surface of the water, and sport about in pursuit of insects. Peas appear above ground; the sea-kale (*crambe maritima*) now begins to sprout. The male blossoms of the yew-tree expand and discharge their farina. Besides the catkins of the hazel and the sallow, the alder-trees are now covered with a kind of black bunches, which are male and female flowers. The leaves of honeysuckles are nearly expanded, violets white and blue appear, and daffodils,

Which come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Cattle still require feeding in the yard. Ploughing and sowing are now going on vigorously, while the dry March air favours the operation; and spring-wheat, rye, barley, beans, peas, etc. are got in. The principal fall of lambs takes place now, and the shepherds are full of cares. Night and day they must be on the watch to assist the ewes, to cherish weakly lambs with warm milk, to restore others that appear dead by administering a little spirit; to counteract the unnatural disposition of some mothers that refuse their offspring; or to find foster-mothers for poor orphans, which is often done by clothing them in the skins of the dead lambs of those ewes to which they are consigned. Others for which no foster-mothers can be found, or which cannot suck on account of their being wry-necked, are reared generally by the assistance of a tea-pot with cow's milk, and are called *cades* or *pets*. In hilly or more northern counties, where the cold is greater, and the grass not so early, lambs are later also, even till far in May. On the contrary, in the southern counties, especially wherever the Southdown breed of sheep prevails, the fall of lambs is much earlier, many of them appearing in December, and in February lamb is pretty common on the table in London. Many of these lambs are house-lambs. All require great attention. The shepherds of large flocks

have a house built in a quadrangle, round which there are sheds where the ewes and their lambs can be sheltered and fed ; and a fire is kept up day and night in the shepherd's lodge, to which any perishing or weakly lambs may be brought. Their contrivances also in the fields are various and interesting. The sheep are kept upon turnips, so as to maintain their strength, and afford sufficient nourishment to the lambs; screens of hurdles, or straw, or fern, are raised to keep off the wind, and troughs with corn, and linseed-cake, are placed here and there in the fields where they feed, also furnished with screens of wood, hurdle, or other material, at once to protect the sheep as they feed and prevent the corn being blown out by the winds.

Planting and plashing of hedges should now be finished, if not done before ; so also the pruning and grafting of fruit-trees, and the planting of deciduous trees. Timber is felled, coppice-wood cut, and plantations thinned, if not done in February. Hop-plantations are formed, and the old hills are cut and dressed. Osiers are now cut, preparatory to peeling : when cut, they are set on end in sheaves, in standing water, a few inches deep, till, by the ascension of the sap in May, they will readily peel. Birch-trees are tapped in this month, and birch-wine made : some trees will run twenty-four gallons in as many hours. There are many operations in the garden this month ; digging, planting, and sowing. Water meadows are closed for the first crop.

ANGLING.

The fresh-water fish which are about spawning, or are more or less out of season, are trout, salmon, chub, pike, and perch: roach is now excellent, and may be found and baited for as in last month.

As fine days come out, the angler becomes anxious to renew his acquaintance with his old haunts; and therefore, having his tackle all in good order for the campaign, he issues from his winter-quarters. His sport is, however, a good deal confined to bottom-fishing, principally with the worm, the warmth not having yet sufficiently rendered the fish alert.

Fly baits. This month the same flies and tackle as in the last, but made less: also the wheeling dun, or bright brown, a whitish dun, the thorn-tree fly, the blue dun, the black gnat.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

ARRIVALS.

Emberiza Miliaria, Bunting, comes March 3, goes Aug. *Haunts*, Grassy fields.

Emberiza Schœniclus, Reed Sparrow, goes Sept. *Marshes*, reedy streams.

Larus ridibundus, Red-legged Sea-mew, comes March 4, goes Aug. 12. *The beach*.

Oidicnemus Bellonii, Stone Curlew, goes Sept. *Upland fields*, sheep-walks.

Regulus Hippolais, Least Willow Wren, Chiff-chaff, comes March 23, goes Sept. *Woods*.

Saxicola Cœnanthe, Wheatear, goes Sept. *Ploughed fields*, heaths.

DEPARTURES.

Anas Crecca, Teal, goes March 6, comes Oct. 20. *Haunts*, Lakes and streams.

Anas Penelope, Widgeon, comes Nov. *Lakes and streams.*

Corvus Cornix, Roystan, or Hooded Crow, goes March 22, comes Oct. 3. *Downs.*

Falco Æsalon, Merlin, comes Oct. 3. *Woods.*

Nyroca ferina, Red-headed Pocher, goes March 3, comes Nov. 19. *Fens.*

Scolopax Gallinago, Common Snipe, goes March 6, comes Sept. 1. *English marshes.*

Scolopax Gallinula, Jack Snipe, comes Sept. 10. *English marshes.*

Scolopax Rusticola, Woodcock, comes Oct. Dec. *North of Europe, copses.*

Streptilas interpres, Common Turnstone, comes Aug. *Sea-shore. Builds in Zetland.*

Sula Bassana, Ganet, or Solon Goose, comes Sept. Nov. *Scotch isles, innumerable.*

Turdus Iliacus, Redwing Thrush, comes Sept. Nov. *Fields generally.*

Turdus pilaris, Fieldfare, comes Sept. Nov. *Fields generally.*

The greater part of our winter birds have now left us, and the earliest of the summer ones have arrived. Some of the snipes remain all the year. The bunting and reed-sparrow are said to remain in the southern counties through the winter. Of this class of partially migratory birds we have a considerable number.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

Class III. Order 1. Iris Susiana, Chalcedonian Iris. 4.

Iris tuberosa, Snake's-head Iris. 4.

Iris Persica, Persian Iris.

V. 1. Lonicera nigra, Black-leaved Honeysuckle. 4.

Pulmonaria Virginica, Virginian Lungwort. 4.

- Borago orientalis*, Perennial Borage. 5.
Allium inodorum, Scentless garlic.
Viola calcarata, Alpine Violet. 6.
VI. 1. *Narcissus major*, Large Daffodil.
Narcissus pseudo-narcissus, Common Daffodil. 4.
Fritillaria Imperialis, Crown Imperial. 4.
Erythronium Dens-canis, Dog-tooth Violet.
Scilla bifolia, Two-leaved Squill.
Scilla Amœna, Early flowering Squill. 4.
Hyacinthus orientalis, Garden Hyacinth.
Leucojum vernum, Snow-flake.
VIII. 1. *Erica Mediterranea*, Mediterranean Heath. 5.
Erica australis, Spanish Heath. 7.
Daphne Mezereum, Mezereon.
X. 1. *Ledum buxifolium*, Box-leaved Ledum. 4.
Rhododendron Dauricum, Dauric Rhododendron.
Andromeda caliculata, Globe-flowered Andromeda. 4.
Arbutus Andrachne, Eastern Arbutus. 4.
X. 2. *Saxifraga crassifolia*, Thick-leaved Saxifrage. 5.
Saxifraga cordifolia, Heart-leaved Saxifrage. 5.
Saxifraga ovata, Great Saxifrage. 4.
XII. 1. *Amygdalus nana*, Rough-leaved Almond. 4.
Amygdalus communis, Common Almond. 4.
Amygdalus Siberica, Siberian Almond. 4.
Prunus Armeniaca, Apricot-tree.
XII. 5. *Rosa semperflorens*, Red China Rose. 10.
XIII. 1. *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, Canada Puccoon. 4.
XIII. 7. *Anemone Hepatica*, Common Hepatica.
Adonis vernalis, Spring Adonis-flower. 4.
Clematis cirrhosa, Evergreen Virgin's Bower. 4.
XIV. 2. *Erinus Alpinus*, Alpine Erinus. 4.
XV. 1. *Draba azoides*, Hairy-leaved Whitlow Grass.
XV. 2. *Cardamine trifolia*, Three-leaved Cardamine. 4.
Arabis Alpina, Alpine Wallcress. 5.
XVII. 2. *Fumaria cava*, Hollow Fumitory.
XIX. 2. *Tussilago paradoxa*, Downy-leaved Coltsfoot. 4.
XXI. 3. *Comptonia asplenifolia*, Fern-leaved Gale. 4.
XXII. 7. *Populus balsamifera*, Tacamahac Poplar.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

Class III. Order 1. Crocus vernus, Purple Spring Crocus. Locality, Meadows. Duration, 4.

Crocus reticulatus, Net-rooted Crocus. Pastures—Suffolk. 4.

Triconema Bulbocodium, Channel-leaved Triconema. Guernsey. 4.

Eriophorum vaginatum, Horse-tailed Cotton Grass. Bogs. 4.

V. 1. Viola odorata, Sweet-scented Violet. Banks and woods. 5.

V. 2. Ulmus campestris, cum aliis. Small-leaved Elm, with others. Hedges. 4.

VI. 1. Narcissus pseudo-narcissus, Common Daffodil. Woods and pastures. 4.

Ornithogalum luteum, Yellow Star of Bethlehem. Woods. 4.

Scilla bifolia, Two-leaved Squill. Woods, rare. 4.

VIII. 1. Daphne Mezereum, Mezereon. Woods, rare. 4.

Daphne Lauriola, Spurge Laurel. Woods and Hedges. 4.

XII. 1. Prunus spinosa, Sloe, or Blackthorn. Hedges. 4.

XII. 3. Potentilla Fragariastrum, Barren Strawberry. Banks. 6.

XIII. 3. Anemone Pulsatilla, Pasque Flower. Chalky pastures. 5.

Ranunculus Ficaria, Lesser Celandine. Banks. 5.

Caltha palustris, Marsh Marigold. Wet places. 5.

XIV. 1. Glechoma hederacea, Ground Ivy. Banks. 6.

XV. 2. Cardamine hirsuta, Hairy Cardamine. Moist shady places. 6.

XIX. 2. Tussilago Farfara, Coltsfoot. Moist shady places. 4.

Bellis perennis, Daisy. Pastures. 10.

XXI. 1. Euphorbia amygdaloides, Wood Spurge. Woods. 4.

XXI. 3. Alnus glutinosa, Common Alder. River sides. 4.

XXI. 5. Corylus Avellana, Hazel Nut. Woods. 4.

XXII. 1. Salix purpurea, cum aliis. Bitter purple Willow, with others. Meadows. 4.

XXII. 2. Ruscus aculeatus, Butcher's Broom. Heaths and woods. 4.

XXII. 6. Populus alba, cum aliis. White Poplar, with others. Moist woods. 4.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

Cicindela campestris. Haunts, sandy fields. To 7.

Leistus spinibarbis. Sandy situations. To 5.

Leistus fulvibarbis. Under stones; damp places. To 9.

- Pæcilus dymidiatus*. Dry banks, basking in the sunshine. To 5.
Pæcilus cupreus. Pathways. To 7.
Pæcilus rufifemoratus. Pathways in the north. To 7.
Stomis pumicatus. Moist places. To 7.
Gyrinus natator. Surface of the water. To 10.
Gyrinus æneus. Surface of the water. To 9.
Necrophorus Mortuorum. Dead animals in woods. To 10.
Byrrhus pilula. Pathways in sandy places. To 8.
Necrophorus Vespillo, Sexton Beetle. Dead animals in woods. To 10.
Dorcus parallelipedus, Lesser Stag Beetle. Rotten Ash-trees. To 8.
Opilus mollis. Rotten trees; in woods. To 7.
Pogonocerus hispidus. Decayed trees. To 7.
Chrysomela Litura. Broom. To 6.
Timarcha coriaria. Heaths. To 8.
Coccinella 22-punctata, 22-Spotted Lady-bird. Weedy banks. To 9.
Pedinus femoralis. Sandy sea-coast. To 4.
Proscarabæus vulgaris. Sunny banks. To 5.
Corixa Geoffroyi. Ponds and ditches. To 10.
Macroglossa Stellatarum, Humming Bird. Gardens. To 3, 6, and 9.
Brepha Parthenias, Orange Underwing. Willow blossoms. To 3, 6, and 9.
Brepha notha, Light Orange Underwing. Willow blossoms. York. To 3, 6, and 9.
Anisopteryx Æscularia, March Moth. Willow blossoms. York. To 3, 6, and 9.

Mr. Stephens has mentioned, on the authority of several Continental entomologists, some of the peculiarities of the larvæ of the genus *Cicindela*. The depth of their cylindric retreat (eighteen or nineteen inches) appears to be much greater on the Continent than with us. I have examined in all the stages of the larvæ more than thirty holes, inhabited by the *Cicindela campestris*, and have never found one exceeding six inches, the majority not more than four or five. It is worth inquiry whether this difference depends on climate, or whether each species is peculiar in this respect.

Pæcilus rufifemoratus. This insect, which appears to be not uncommon in the north, is sparingly taken in the sand district of Nottinghamshire. With the exception of the *Pedinus femoralis*, the whole of the Coleoptera of the above list are more or less common in this neighbourhood. Mr. Bunting, of Mansfield, informs me that *Necrophorus Mortuorum* is frequently found on the *Phallus impudicus*.

Necrophorus Vespillo. Most writers on entomology have noticed the fact that this species is in the habit of burying moles or birds a considerable depth in the ground, in order to deposit its eggs in them. In this neighbourhood both the *Vespillo* and *Sepultor*, and also the *Necrodes littoralis*, pursue the same plan; and I should imagine most of our large *Necrophaga* do the same.

APRIL.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks, and the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing.

PSALMS lxxv. 9-13.

THE month of April is proverbial for its fickleness; for its intermingling showers, and flitting gleams of sunshine; for all species of weather in one day; for a wild mixture of clear and cloudy skies, greenness and nakedness, flying hail and abounding blossoms. But to the lover of nature, it is not the less characterized by the spirit of expectation with which it imbues the mind. We are irresistibly led to look forward, to anticipate, with a delightful enthusiasm, the progress of the season. It is one of the excellent laws of Providence, that our minds shall be insensibly moulded to a sympathy with that season which is passing,

and become deprived, in a certain degree, of the power of recalling the images of those which are gone by; whence we reap the double advantage of not being disgusted with the deadness of the wintry landscape, from a comparison with the hilarity of spring; and when spring itself appears, it comes with a freshness of beauty which charms us at once with novelty, and a recognition of old delights. Symptoms of spring now crowd thickly upon us: however regular may be our walks, we are daily surprised at the rapid march of vegetation, at the sudden increase of freshness, greenness, and beauty; one old friend after another starts up before us in the shape of a flower. The violets which came out in March in little delicate groups, now spread in myriads along the hedge-rows, and fill secluded lanes with their fragrance. In some springs, however, though most abundant, yet, perhaps owing to the dryness of the weather, they are almost scentless. The pilewort, or lesser celandine, too, is now truly beautiful, opening thousands and tens of thousands of its splendidly gilt and starry flowers along banks, and at the feet of sheltered thickets; so that, whoever sees them in their perfection, will cease to wonder at the admiration which Wordsworth has poured out upon them in two or three separate pieces of poetry. Anemones blush and tremble in copses and pastures; the wild cherry enlivens the woods; and in the neighbourhood of Nottingham the vernal crocus presents a unique and most beautiful appearance, covering

many acres of meadow with its bloom ; rivalling whatever has been sung of the fields of Enna ; gleaming at a distance like a perfect flood of lilac, and tempting very many little hearts, and many graver ones too, to go out and gather.

The blossom of fruit-trees presents a splendid scene in the early part of the month, gardens and orchards being covered with a snowy profusion of plum-bloom ; and the blackthorn and wild plum wreath their sprays with such pure clustering flowers, that they gleam in the shadowy depths of woods as if their boughs radiated with sunshine. In the latter part of the month, the sweet and blushing blossom of apples and the wilding fill up the succession, harmonizing delightfully with the tender green of the expanding leaves, and continuing through part of May.

The catkins or pendulous flowers of many of the trees are now peculiarly beautiful ; those of the birch hang like golden tassels, and especially where these elegant trees abound, as they do in the romantic defiles of the Trosachs ; ranging themselves stem above silvery stem up the rocky heights, they present a lovely aspect. Those of the Tacamahac hang large and abundant, and with the young unfolding leaves diffuse a fine aromatic odour. The ash-trees are quite black with their large conglomerated buds, which gradually unfold themselves into tufts of fibres, whence the keys afterwards depend. The alder too is covered, as in the end of last month, with its dark bunches ; and the elm is per-

fectly shrouded in its hop-like blossoms till the end of May. The flowering of this tree, so striking and beautiful, yet so little noticed by poets, has been introduced into some beautiful lines referring to this season—

When daisies blush, and windflowers wet with dew;
When shady lanes with hyacinths are blue;
When the elm blossoms o'er the brooding bird,
And wild and wide the plover's wail is heard;
When melts the mist on mountains far away,
Till morn is kindled into brightest day.

Author of "Corn Law Rhymes."

But perhaps the most delightful of all the features of this month are the return of migratory birds, and the commencement of building their nests. Not only the swallow tribe, the cuckoo, and the nightingale, whose arrival is noticed by almost every body, but scores of other old acquaintances suddenly salute you in your walks with their well-remembered aspects and notes. White-throats, whinchats, reed-sparrows, etc. perched on their old haunts, and following their diversified habits, seem as little fatigued, or strange, as if they had worn invisible jackets all winter, and had never left the spot. The sweet voice of the turtle-dove is again heard in the woods of the southern counties. There is something truly delightful to the naturalist in the beauty of birds' nests, and the endless variety of colours, spots, and hieroglyphic scrolls, on their eggs; the picturesque places in which they are fixed, from the lapwing's

on the naked fallow, to that of the eagle in its lofty and inaccessible eyrie; in the different degrees of art displayed, from the rude raft of a few sticks, made by the wood-pigeon, to the exquisite little dome of the golden-crested wren, or the long-tailed titmouse (*parus caudatus*), a perfect oval stuck between the branches of a tree, having a small hole on one side for entrance; the interior lined with the most downy feathers, enriched with sixteen or seventeen eggs, like small oval pearls; and the exterior most tastefully decorated with a profusion of spangles of silvery lichen on dark-green moss.

Boys are completely absorbed in their admiration of birds' nests. In vain do parents scold about torn clothes, scratched hands, shoes spoiled with dew; every field and wood is traversed, every bush explored: no tree is too high, no rock too dangerous to climb; sticks split at the end are thrust into every hollow in wall, eaves, or tree-trunk, to twist out the hidden nest; and I myself recollect being held by the heels over an old coal-pit sixty yards deep, to reach a blackbird's nest built in a hole two or three feet below the surface of the ground.

But it is not boys merely who are struck with the beauty of birds' nests and eggs, and with the picturesque situations in which they are placed; there are few people of taste residing in the country who do not see them with a lively pleasure. Let us take a survey of these interesting objects. Let us suppose that we are in an old farm-house. The chimney is inhabited by the swallow, and the eaves

by the martin, who have there fixed there mud nests, lined them with feathers, and laid in them their five or six white eggs spotted with red; and so strongly are these little creatures attached to the places of their birth, that it is well known that they return to them after flight across the ocean and abode in some distant land. A lady of my acquaintance had a nest of martins above her chamber window, which, by some accident, fell when the young were about half-fledged. She had them, four in number, laid in a basket lined with feathers in the chamber window, where the old birds fed them till they were able to fly. The following spring four martins flew in at this window, which happened to stand open, flew round and round the room uttering the most joyful warblings imaginable, then flew out again and proceeded to build their nests just over the window. There can be little doubt that these were the four identical birds of the basket, the old ones either having probably perished, or having taken a disgust to the spot where they had been alarmed by the fall of their nest.

The sparrows have found a crevice in the eaves, or the roof, or, if it be of thatch, have scooped themselves a large hole, and therein made their nests of hay, lined them with feathers, and laid, each pair, five black-spotted eggs. In defect of a good situation in the house, they disdain not to fix their nest, like a wisp of hay, in a tree near it. They delight, too, to build amongst the sticks of rook-nests, particularly under the mud bottom, which forms a

brave roof and defence against rain for them. In windy weather, however, the rook-nests are frequently blown down; and the sparrows, in great numbers, share their fate. The spotted fly-catcher has found a square hole in the wall, or a branch of a tree trained against it, where its nest and red-spotted eggs are deposited. If it be a half-timbered house, it is ten to one but that the redstart has found a hole too, in one of the upright timbers, in which its nest and sea-green eggs are deposited; or the little tomtit has occupied that post. This active little bird, which we see in the shrubbery swinging about at the ends of slender boughs in pursuit of caterpillars, etc. will sometimes become so tenacious of its dwelling, that I have known one build within the window-frame of a sitting-room, which, when any of the family knocked on the wood close to its nest, would immediately reply by several smart raps with its bill. This answer was never omitted during the period of incubation by the bird, which built there for several successive years. This, and most other birds which build about the habitations of men, very commonly depart from that regularity of instinct which prompts them to employ only material of a certain kind in their nests, and gather up pieces of cotton, shreds of cloth, and even needles and thread, which have been found worked up into these curious motley fabrics. I have, indeed, a blackbird's nest which I found in the meadows very near Nottingham. It was built in a hedge just by a water-course, from which a great quantity of flags had been cut;

and of these dried flags it had constructed the base and exterior of its nest of such a size, owing to this bulky material, and so interwoven it with large pieces of paper with which its vicinity to the town had supplied it, as to form one of the strangest sights imaginable. The same departure from the uniformity of material may be observed in situations where the article commonly used is not to be found ; otherwise, in selection of materials, in the degree of ingenuity displayed in putting them together, in choice of situation, every bird adheres exactly to the practice of its species and ancestry, and that without instruction. This is one of the marvels of instinct.

In the barn there is the owl ; and amongst the old crooked trees of the orchard, a great variety of bird habitations. In one hollow tree the wry-neck has built ; in another, the ox-eye ; in a third, the starling. The missel-thrush has constructed a nest large as a man's head, of hay and wool, which often hang in large waving locks, in the pear-tree. Its eggs, like those of the water-hen and the crake, are marked with large pink spots. The wren has inserted its oval nest of green moss, leaving only a small side-entrance, into the roof of a shed, or into the stump of an old ivied thorn ; and so sensitive is this little creature, that if her nest be only touched with a finger, she will very seldom enter it again. The chaffinch delights to build its beautiful nest, spangled with silvery lichens, and lined with soft cow-hair, in the apple-tree ; the goldfinch, on the

very topmost bough of the pear; and the small brown linnet (*fringilla linaria*) often builds too in the latter situation. Its nest is of the most beautiful description, fabricated of a mixture of moss and wool, and lined with the pure white down of the willow catkin; the whole interior not much exceeding in size the hollow half of a hen's egg. Its eggs, five in number, are of a delicate bluish-gray, brown spotted.

In the orchard hedge too is commonly found the nest of the hedge-sparrow,—called often too the foolish sparrow, because it, perhaps more than any other bird, has the trouble of hatching the cuckoo's egg, and rearing its young at the expense of its own, imposed upon it. Whether the cuckoo is guilty of sucking the eggs of small birds, at least to the extent commonly supposed, is to me doubtful. That vast quantities are sucked, is certain. I have found abundance of nests with the shells in them newly emptied; but it is probable that snakes, mice, and more especially weasels, are more frequently the delinquents. I have myself seen snakes climbing in the hedges in a very suspicious manner; and weasels and stoats, we know, will visit the farm-yard, and make vast havoc with the eggs of all sorts of tame fowl. The principal food of the cuckoo consists certainly of caterpillars; having, to ascertain this point, shot one while uttering its note, and found its crop distended with caterpillars of various kinds. But for some, no doubt very sufficient reason, the small birds do consider the cuckoo their enemy, and

pursue it with angry cries. Some naturalists imagine that they mistake it for a hawk ; but I take them to be better judges, and to know a cuckoo from a hawk rather better than the acutest naturalist of them all. They have doubtless good reasons for their enmity, if we could hear them ; and for these reasons they pursue them often in a crowd, and mob them till they sometimes completely confound them. In this situation I saw one, one summer day, on Bulwell Common in Nottinghamshire, and ran up to it, and clapped my hat upon it ; its little enemies sitting round it so blinded by their rage, that, had I had another hat, I verily believe I could have caught some of them too. However, when they flew away, I liberated the poor cuckoo, who flew upon a neighbouring tree, and soon recovered sufficient composure to resume his favourite cry. I say, favourite cry ; for they have another strange, quaint, bubbling cry, very little noticed by naturalists.—But again to our eggs.

If we step into the field, we find in the grass at our feet the nests of various species of lark, with their dark brown speckled eggs ; the whinchat's, with its eggs of sea-green ; and the partridge's, with perhaps fifteen eggs of a deep cream colour. So closely does the partridge sit during incubation, that the mower often unawares cuts off its head with his scythe. In the banks, now luxuriant with green herbs, the yellow-hammer builds a nest of grass, and lines it with fine fibrous roots and horse-hair ; and lays five eggs of a palish purple, orna-

mented with deep purple flourishes of a hieroglyphic-like appearance. The robin too builds in the bank, and his nest may be immediately known by the brown withered leaves collected at its door, so to speak, as if he always bore them in his escutcheon, in memory of his meritorious behaviour to "the Babes in the Wood." The fame of that good deed is his perpetual defence. None but the most hardened and graceless lads will rob a wren or a robin, for, says their legend—

Robinets and Jenny Wrens
Are God Almighty's Cocks and Hens.

And it is likewise a tradition amongst them, that if you rob either of these the cows will give bloody milk. On the banks too, or in the outskirts of a thicket, or where some thorns have been laid and the tall grass has grown up amongst them, the little willow-wren builds an oval nest after the fashion of the common wren and the feather-poke, and lays a great number of eggs in a mass of warm feathers. The eggs of all these birds are much alike in colour; of a pale delicate bloom with red spots. The white-throat builds in almost every wild rose-bush a thin gauzy nest of the dry stalks of the ladies'-bed-straw, or suspends it amongst the fresh-growing nettles, and lays five eggs of a tawny colour, brown spotted. Very similar to these are the nest and eggs of the black-cap, or common warbler, as the bird itself, excepting its black head, is similar to the white-throat in shape, colour, and habit. Its nest, however, is more

densely built, and is often placed in a shrub or bush in the garden, and its eggs are larger and more strongly coloured. Under hollow banks, amongst the "old fantastic roots" of trees, especially overhanging a brook, the blackbird delights to build its nest of dry bents, daubed internally with mud, and lined with soft dry grass. Its eggs, in common with those of the rook, crow, and magpie, are pale sea-green, and brown spotted. In such situations the wren too loves to build, and the thrush. But the thrush, above all things, likes to place its nest by the side of a young fir-tree in a plantation. In young larch and spruce woods they may be found by hundreds; the nest uncommonly deep, lined only with mud, or mud and cow-dung. Its eggs are of a bright sea-green, with large circular black spots. They are very beautiful.

In the woods the nest of the jay may be found, in the lower trees, particularly the wilding,—a large nest of moss, with eggs coloured like those of the missel-thrush. The wood-pigeon builds on lofty fir-trees, or trees covered with ivy. The nest is a mere layer of sticks, through which the two white eggs may be often seen from the ground. The hawk chooses the tops of the loftiest trees; and the magpie's nest may be seen in early spring in the tops of the leafless trees,—a large cone of thorns, which is daubed internally with mud, and lined with fine fibrous roots. It sometimes also builds in tall hawthorn hedges. Wherever it be, wild or tame, it is the monkey of birds, full of mischief and

mimicry. A gentleman told me, that one he kept, having stolen various articles, was watched by him narrowly; and at length was seen by him busy in the garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a line-post. After dropping each stone, it cried "carack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. Making himself sure that he had found the objects of his search, the gentleman went to the place and found in the hole a poor toad which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

One of the most interesting birds is the lapwing. Its plaintive cry belongs to solitary places. On the barren pasture, or bare fallow, it lays its eggs in a little hollow in the naked earth. They are of a pale, dull ochre colour, darkly spotted, large, very broad at one end, and very narrow at the other. The curious appearance of these birds, the anxiety of their cries as they wheel about you, their stratagems to decoy you from their nests, or young ones, neither of which are readily found, interest you strongly in their favour. The instinct of their young is wonderful. Like those of the partridge, they have scarcely emerged from the shell when they begin to run from the nest, and by squandering themselves in the fallow, or the turf of the pasture, are not so readily observed as if they lay in a group. The moment they hear the cry of alarm of their parents in the air, they lie close to the ground, and may easily be mistaken for little brown lumps

of earth. If you discover and take them up, they continue motionless. If you lay them down, they retain the posture you may happen to place them in; and although you hide yourself from their view, they will rigidly maintain the same inanimate attitude while the old birds continue their soaring aloft, and their cries, though it were for a day. The moment the parent birds alight, they lift up their heads and run cheerfully about.

Here I must stop: were I to proceed to the lake and the reedy marsh, to the large flaggy nests of the water-hen, the coot, the wild duck and goose, the snipe, the plover, etc., I might write a volume: yet all and each, in material, in curious construction, in colour of the eggs, in picturesqueness of situation, have distinguishing characteristics, strongly marked by that hand of varied and exhaustless beauty which has constructed so wonderfully the whole world, and to all the myriads of living creatures has given so peculiar a difference of figure, habits, and disposition.

April is so called from the Latin *Aprilis*, which is derived from *Aperire*, to open. The allusion is obvious. The Saxons called it *Oster* or *Easter-monath*, from the feast of the goddess *Eastre*.

The following description of this season of the year is by Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, as modernized by Dr. Warton:—

“ Fresh Aurora, the wife of Tithonus, issued from

her saffron bed and ivory house. She was clothed in a robe of crimson and violet colour; the cape vermillion, and the border purple. She opened the windows of her handsome hall, overshadowed with roses and filled with balm or nard. At the same time the crystal gates of heaven were thrown open to illumine the world. It was glorious to see the winds appeased, the sea becalmed, the soft season, the serene firmament, the still air, and the beauty of the watery scene. The silver-scaled fishes, on the gravel gliding hastily, as it were from the heat, or seen through clear streams, with fins shining brown as cinnabar, and chisel-tails, darted here and there. The new lustre, enlightening all the land, beamed on the small pebbles on the sides of rivers, and on the strands, which looked like beryl, while the reflection of the rays played on the banks in variegated gleams. The bladed soil was embroidered with various hues. Both wood and forest were darkened with boughs, which reflected from the ground gave a shadowy lustre to the red rocks. Towns, turrets, battlements, and high pinnacles of churches, castles, and of every fair city, seemed to be painted; and, together with every bastion and story, expressed their own shapes on the plains. The glebe, fearless of the northern blasts, spread her broad bosom. The corn crops and the new-sprung barley reclothed the earth with a gladsome garment. The variegated vesture of the valley clothed the cloven furrow, and the barley-lands were diversified with flowery weeds. The meadow was besprinkled with rivulets, and the

fresh moisture of the dewy night restored the herbage which the cattle had cropped in the day. The blossoms in the blowing garden trusted their heads to the protection of the young sun. Rank ivy leaves overspread the walls of the rampart. The blooming hawthorn clothed all the thorns in flowers. The budding clusters of the tender grapes hung end-long by their tendrils from the trellises. The germs of the trees unlocking, expanded themselves into the foliage of Nature's tapestry. There was a soft verdure after balmy showers. The flowers smiled in various colours on the bending stalks; some red, others watchet, like the blue and wavy sea, speckled with red and white, or bright as gold. The daisy embraided her little coronet. The grass stood embattled with banewort; the seeded down flew from the dandelion. Young weeds appeared among the leaves of the strawberries and gay gilliflowers. The rose-buds, putting forth, offered their red vernal lips to be kissed, and diffused fragrance from the crisp scarlet that surrounded their golden seeds. Lilies, with white curling tops, showed their crests open. The odorous vapour moistened the silver webs that hung from the leaves. The plain was powdered with round dewy pearls. From every bud, scion, herb, and flower bathed in liquid fragrance, the bee sucked sweet honey. The swans clamoured amid the rustling reeds, and searched all the lakes and gray rivers where to build their nests. The red bird of the sun lifted his coral crest, crowing clear among the plants and bushes, picking his food from every

path, and attended by his wives, Toppa and Partlet. The painted peacock with gaudy plumes unfolded his tail like a bright wheel, enshrouded in his silver feathers, resembling the marks of the hundred eyes of Argus. Among the boughs of the twisted olive, the small birds framed the artful nest, or along the thick hedges, or rejoiced with their merry mates in the tall oaks. In the secret nook, or in the clear windows of glass, the spider full busily wove her sly net to ensnare the gnat or fly. Under the boughs that screen the valley, or within the pale-enclosed park, the nimble deer trooped in ranks, the harts wandered through the thick wood shaws, and the young fawns followed the dappled does. Kids slipped through the briers after the roes, and in the pastures and leas the lambs bleated to their dams. The ringdove coos in the tall copse, the starling whistles her varied descant; the sparrow chirps in the clefted wall; the goldfinch and linnet fill the skies; the cuckoo cries, the quail twitters; while rivers, shaws, and every dale resound; and the tender branches tremble on the trees, at the song of the birds and the buzzing of the bees."

LEAFING OF TREES. In Sweden the budding and leafing of the birch-tree is considered as a directory for sowing barley; and as there is something extremely sublime and harmonious in that idea, I flatter myself an account of it will be acceptable.

Mr. Harold Barek, in his ingenious dissertation upon the foliation of trees, published in the *Amœn. Acad.* vol. iii., informs us that the illustrious Linnæus

had, in the most earnest manner, exhorted his countrymen to observe, with all care and diligence, at what time each tree unfolds its buds and expands its leaves; imagining, and not without reason, that his country would at some time or other reap some new and perhaps unexpected benefit from observations of this kind made in different places.

As one of the apparent advantages, he advises the prudent husbandman to watch, with the greatest care, the proper time for sowing; because this, with Divine assistance, produces plenty of provision, and lays the foundation of the public welfare of the state, and of the private happiness of the people. The ignorant farmer, tenacious of the ways and customs of his ancestors, fixes his sowing-season generally to a month, and sometimes to a particular week, without considering whether the earth be in a proper state to receive the seed; from whence it generally happens that what the sower sowed with sweat, the reaper reaps with sorrow. The wise economist should, therefore, endeavour to fix upon certain signs whereby to judge of the proper time for sowing. We see trees open their buds and expand their leaves, from whence we conclude that spring approaches, and experience supports us in the conclusion; but nobody has, as yet, been able to show us what trees Providence has intended should be our calendar, so that we might know on what day the countryman ought to sow his grain. No one can deny but that the same power which brings forth the leaves of trees, will also make the grain vege-

tate; nor can any one assert that a premature sowing will always, and in every place, accelerate a ripe harvest. Perhaps, therefore, we cannot promise ourselves a happy success by any means so likely, as by taking our rule for sowing from the leafing of the trees. We must, for that end, observe in what order every tree puts forth its leaves. To these most ingenious remarks Mr. Barck has added the order of the leafing of trees in Sweden. Mr. Stillingfleet is the only person that has made correct observations upon the foliation of the trees and shrubs of this kingdom. The following is his calendar, made in Norfolk, 1765:—

1. Honeysuckle . . . Jan. 15	19. Marsh Elder . . . April 11
2. Gooseberry . . . Mar. 11	20. Wych Elm . . . " 12
3. Currant " 11	21. Quicken Tree . . . " 13
4. Elder " 11	22. Hornbeam " 13
5. Birch April 1	23. Apple Tree " 14
6. Weeping Willow . . . " 1	24. Abele " 16
7. Raspberry " 3	25. Chestnut " 16
8. Bramble " 3	26. Willow " 17
9. Brier " 4	27. Oak " 18
10. Plum " 6	28. Lime " 19
11. Apricot " 6	29. Maple " 21
12. Peach " 6	30. Walnut " 21
13. Filbert " 7	31. Plane " 21
14. Sallow " 7	32. Black Poplar " 21
15. Alder " 7	33. Beach " 21
16. Sycamore " 9	34. Acacia Robinia " 21
17. Elm " 10	35. Ash " 22
18. Quince " 10	36. Carolina Poplar " 22

In different years, and in different soils and expositions, these trees and shrubs vary as to their leafing, but they are invariable as to their succession,

being bound down to it by Nature herself: a farmer, therefore, who would use this sublime idea of Linnæus, should diligently mark the time of budding, leafing, and flowering of different plants. He should also put down the days on which his respective grains were sown; and, by comparing these two tables for a number of years, he will be enabled to form an exact calendar for his spring corn. An attention to the discolouring and falling of the leaves of plants will assist him in sowing his winter corn, and teach him to guess at the approach of winter. Towards the end of September, which is the best season for sowing wheat, he will find the leaves of the

Plane Tree, tawny.

Oak, yellowish green.

Hazel, yellow.

Sycamore, dirty brown.

Maple, pale yellow.

Ash, fine lemon.

Elm, orange.

Hawthorn, tawny yellow.

Cherry, red.

Hornbeam, bright yellow.

Appearances of this sublime nature may be compared to the writing on the wall, which was seen by many but understood by few. They seem to constitute a kind of harmonious intercourse between God and man. They are the silent language of the Deity.

Mr. Young has endeavoured to ascertain the time of sowing by another method; but the temperature of the season, with respect to heat and cold, drought and rain, differs in every year. Experiments made this year cannot determine for the next. The hints of Linnæus constitute an universal rule for the whole

world ; because trees, shrubs, and herbs, bud, leaf, and flower, and shed their leaves in every country according to the different seasons.—Hunter's edition of Evelyn's *Sylva*.

The kite now approaches farm-houses and villages in search of food and materials to construct his nest ; at all other times he carefully avoids the haunts of man. In April, or early in the next month, the lapwing, or peewit, (*vanellus cristatus*,) lays her eggs and sits, for she makes no rest. The beech, the larch, and the elm are now in full leaf. The larch also exhibits its red tufts of flowers, which soon expand into cones ; and the fir tribe show their cones also. The yellow Star of Bethlehem blooms in woods and by small streams. Also the vernal squill among maritime rocks, and the wood-sorrel on banks and in shady places.

There is a singular appearance often observed in spring, which has excited many a superstitious terror in the minds of the simple country people, and in reality is very striking. It is the print of footsteps across the grass of the fields, as though they had been footsteps of fire. The grass is burnt black in the footprints, presenting a startling contrast with the vivid green of that around. The common people have consequently concluded these to be the traces of the nocturnal perambulations of Satan ; whereas they are those of some one of themselves who has crossed the fields while the night-frost was on the grass, which at this season is very tender, and is as effectually destroyed by the pressure of a

foot, in its frosty brittleness, as by fire, and with much the same appearance.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Feeding cattle in the yard still continues, from deficiency of grass. Fields intended for mowing are cleared of stones, bush-harrowed, and shut up ; all ditching, hedging, and draining, better done last month, but if unfinished, to be concluded. Water-meadows, which have been eaten, closed at the end of the month. Sowing still continues of spring corn, peas, tares, sainfoin, lucerne, and grasses ; also the sowing and planting of woad, madder, flax, hemp, mustard, rape, poppy, rhubarb, and other medicinal plants ; at the end of the month planting mangel-wurzel, carrots, and Swedish turnips. Early potatoes are planted. Hops are poled, and the ground between the rows dressed. Evergreens are planted, as holly, yew, and the fir tribes. Poultry broods are now numerously hatched, and demand much of the good housewife's care. The anxieties attending the raising of young poultry are far from inconsiderable. Watching for, and discovering the nests, particularly of ducks, turkeys, and guinea-fowls, which are fond of laying away in hedge-bottoms and beds of nettles ; securing and preserving eggs, setting them, and observing, from time to time, that they are not broken, or addle ; sprinkling them with water as they approach the time of hatching ; supplying the sitting fowls daily with food and water ;

assisting the chicks occasionally to escape from the shell, and removing them, as they appear, to the house, till the whole brood is hatched. In farm-kitchens, in spring, we perpetually hear a chirping of chickens, ducklings, goslings, etc. and see a basket set near the fire, covered with a flannel; or a worsted stocking rolling about the hearth, like a great snake, with here and there the head of a chicken peeping through a hole. They have next to be placed under a coop, which confines the hen till they are strong enough to follow her, and are fed with those various compounds which good housewives prepare. It is a common practice to give each young turkey a peppercorn the first thing; but good judges disapprove of it, and prefer to feed them with chopped docks and oatmeal. It is also very requisite that young turkeys should be supplied with good sharp gravel. Soft or friable sand will not do. The most successful rearers of turkey broods assure me that they found it impossible to keep them from dying in great numbers till they gave them pounded glass, or what is better, pounded pebbles, since which they seldom lose any. Many broods of young poultry, and especially turkeys, which, as they are the hardiest of birds when grown, are certainly the most tender at first, must have a careful lad to tend them, and to see that the hen does not weary them by her wanderings, or tread upon them, which she is very apt to do; that they are not overtaken by rain, or get into other dangers, not the least of which is being carried off by weasels, or

polecats, which often lurk about farm-yards for the purpose of seizing eggs and young poultry. A white terrier of mine, on one occasion, drew from its burrow, which it had made under some wood in a stable, a large polecat, and fifteen young ducklings which it had carried off from the adjoining farm-yard within the course of a day or two, to the great marvel of the farmer's wife, who missed the ducklings one after another, but could not perceive how they went.—Such are the cares of hatching-time.

ANGLING.

Grayling, perch, dace, are not in best season, nor chub, till the middle of the month : nor barbel during the latter half of it. Salmon is improving ; and trout comes in, and may be sought in his beautiful clear streams with a minnow, or palmer-worm, or with the fly. The chub takes the worm, and the pike the lobworm, minnow, or other small fish. The tench is a lively prey this month, bating with a good worm. Cotton says the grayling is never out of season, and reckons him yet a winter fish. Walton declares him to be “ a pleasant fish and a jolly in mid April and May, and in the hot months.” Flies : —all those of March ; also small bright brown ; dark brown ; from the 6th to the 10th, the violet fly ; about the 12th, the little wheeling dun, yellow dun, little brown ; about the 20th, the horse-fly to the end of the month.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

ARRIVALS.

Charadrius Hiaticula, Ring Dottrel, comes April, goes August.
Haunts, Sea-shore.

Columba Turtur, Turtle Dove, goes Sept. Woods in Kent, Surrey, etc.

Coturnix vulgaris, Quail, goes Aug. Sept. Grassy fields.

Cuculus canorus, Cuckoo, comes early in April, goes July, Aug. Fields, generally.

Curruca luscinia, Nightingale, comes April 15, goes Aug. Woods and copses.

Curruca sylvia, Whitethroat, goes Sept. Hedges and bushes.

Curruca sylvia, Lesser Whitethroat, goes Sept. Hedges and bushes.

Curruca atricapilla, Black-cap, comes April 13, goes September. Gardens.

Curruca locustella, Grasshopper Lark, goes Sept. Brakes and bushes.

Curruca hortensis, Pettychaps, goes Sept. Shrubberies in Southern counties.

Curruca sibilatrix, Wood Wren, goes Sept. Beech and oak woods.

Cypselus Apus, Swift, comes April 24, goes Aug. 15. Eaves and towers.

Fratercula arctica, Puffin, goes Aug. North coasts.

Hirundo rustica, Swallow, comes April 13, goes Sept. Nov. Chimneys.

Hirundo riparia, Sand Martin, goes Oct. Sandcliffs near water.

Hirundo urbica, Martin, goes Oct. Eaves.

Motacilla flava, Yellow Wagtail, goes Sept. Green corn.

Muscicapa atricapilla, Pied Flycatcher, goes Sept. Woods.

Rallus aquaticus, Water Rail, goes Oct. Sedgy waters.

Saxicola rubetra, Whinchat, comes April 13, goes Sept. Grassy meadows.

Sterna Hirundo, Common Tern, goes Sept. Sea-shores.

Sterna minuta, Lesser Tern, goes Sept. Sea-shores.

Sterna Boysii, Sandwich Tern, goes Sept. Sea-shores of Suffolk and Kent.

Sterna Dugalli, Roseate Tern, goes Sept. Scottish sea-shores.

Sterna nigra, Black Tern, goes Sept. Fens, lakes, and rivers.

Sylvia Phœnicurus, Redstart, goes Oct. Orchards and old walls.

Totanus calidris, Redshank, comes April 10, goes Oct. 29. Salt marshes.

Totanus Hypoleucos, Common Sandpiper, goes Oct. Pebbly margins of streams.

Tringa pugnax, Ruff, goes Sept. Fens.

Turdus torquatus, Ring Ousel, goes Sept. Mountainous parts.

Vanellus cristatus, Lapwing, goes Aug. Barren fields and heaths.

Yunx Torquilla, Wryneck, comes early in April, goes June, Aug. Orchards and hollow trees.

DEPARTURES.

Larus nævius, Grey Gull, goes April 10, comes Aug. 4. *Haunts*, Beach.

Larus argentatus, Blue, or Herring Gull, goes April 10, comes Aug. Beach.

Loxia curvirostra, Crossbill, comes Aug. Orchards.

Otus brachyotus, Short-eared Owl, comes Oct. Woods and hilly tracts.

Spathulea clypeata, Common Shoveller, comes Oct. Fresh-water lakes.

Totanus fuscus, Cambridge Godwit, comes Aug. Sea-shore.

Totanus ochropus, Green Sandpiper, comes Sept. Sea-shore.

Totanus striata, Purple Sandpiper, comes Aug. Sea-shore.

MIGRATION OF SWALLOWS.

The subject of the migration of the swallow tribe has been agitated by naturalists from remote antiquity. Many foolish notions upon it have been advanced, which are now very properly abandoned; and the inquiry may be said to be set at rest. One would wonder, indeed, when we consider that, by the lightness of their bodies, and their length and speed of wing, they are, of all birds, the best calculated for migration, how a doubt could have arisen

on the subject. But they come, it is said, with great secrecy, and go with great secrecy! So does the heavy woodcock;—and yet no one ever doubted of the migration of that plethoric bird, whose usual flight is not many hundred yards. A few are sometimes seen after the rest have departed, on the breaking out of a few fine days; and a few, which in spring appear first, as suddenly disappear on the return of cold. Can this be any wonder in birds of such velocity? Some however have been found in a dormant state here. This is a fact:—but a fact *only* of a few, and of rare occurrence; and proves no more than that, when accident prevents their departure, Nature has given them the power of so existing. But of all the absurd hypotheses broached on this head, that of their remaining at the bottom of pools and marshes under water, during the winter, is the most preposterous. Dissection has proved that they have no organic provision for such a state, and could not live half an hour in submersion; so that we are obliged to sacrifice our love of the marvellous and mysterious, and let the poor birds go, as Nature has given them power, to the southern lands of summer.

The whinchat and yellow wagtail are said to remain in the southern counties through the winter but they disappear from the northern and midland ones. The ring-ousel merely passes through this country on its spring and autumnal journeys, staying a few days in some particular spots. In the

north of England and Scotland, they too remain all the year.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

- Class II. Order 1. Syringa vulgaris*, Blue Lilac. 5.
- III. 1. *Iris pumilla*, Dwarf Iris.
- IV. 1. *Cornus florida*, Great flowering Dogwood. 5.
- V. 1. *Lonicera Tartarica*, Tartarian Honeysuckle. 5.
- Rhamnus Alaternus*, cum var. Common Alaternus, with varieties. 6.
- Pulmonaria angustifolia*, Narrow-leaved Lungwort.
- Polemonium reptans*, Creeping Greek Valerian. 5.
- Primula villosa*, Hairy Primula. 5.
- Primula nivea*, Snowy Primula. 5.
- Primula marginata*, Margined Primula. 5.
- Primula Auricula*, cum aliis. Common Yellow Auricula, with others. 5.
- Dodecatheon media*, American Cowslip. 6.
- Soldanella Alpina*, Alpine Soldanella.
- Cyclamen Europæum*, European Cyclamen.
- Phlox subulata*, Awl-leaved Lychnidea. 5.
- Phlox setacea*, Bristly Lychnidea. 5.
- Nemophila insignis*, Blue Nemophila. 8.
- Viola*, mult. Violets, various. 5.
- Vinca major*, Greater Periwinkle. 7.
- Vinca minor*, Lesser Periwinkle. 7.
- V. 2. *Gentiana acaulis*, Gentianella. 5.
- Gentiana verna*, Spring Gentian.
- V. 3. *Staphylea pinnata*, Fine-leaved Bladdernut. 6.
- VI. 1. *Fritillaria Meleagris*, Chequered Fritillary.
- Fritillaria latifolia*, Broad-leaved Fritillary.
- Fritillaria Persica*, Persian Fritillary.
- Berberes*, mult. Barberries, various.
- Narcissus majalis*, Large-flowered Narcissus. 5.
- Narcissus incomparabilis*, Peerless Daffodil. 5.
- Narcissus Jonquilla*, Jonquil. 5.
- Narcissus Hispanicus*, cum aliis. Spanish White Narcissus, with others. 5.
- Tulipa sylvestris*, Italian yellow Tulip. 5.
- Tulipa Gesneriana*, Common Garden Tulip. 5.
- Ornithogalum nutans*, Nodding Star of Bethlehem. 5.
- Ornithogalum umbellatum*, Umbellate Star of Bethlehem. 5.

- Scilla Italica, Italian Squill. 7.
 Hyacinthus muscari, Musk Hyacinth. 5.
 VI. 1. Hyacinthus comosus, Purple Grape Hyacinth.
 Hyacinthus racemosus, Starch Hyacinth.
 Amaryllis lutea, Yellow Amaryllis.
 VIII. 1. Erica arborea, Tree Heath. 6.
 IX. 1. Laurus nobilis, Sweet Bay. 5.
 X. 1. Kalmia glauca, Glaucus Kalmia.
 Ledum palustre, Marsh Rosemary. 5.
 Ledum v. *decumbens*, Dwarf Marsh Rosemary. 5.
 X. 2. Saxifraga granoides, Crane's-bill-leaved Saxifrage. 5.
 Saxifraga hypnoides, Mossy Saxifrage. 5.
 X. 4. Lychnis quadridentata, Small-flowering Lychnis.
 XII. 1. Amygdalus Persica, Peach Tree. 5.
 Amygdalus v. *nectaria*, Nectarine. 5.
 Prunus Lauro-ceratus, Common Laurel. 5.
 Prunus Lauro-ceratus, v. *flore pleno*, Double-flowered Laurel.
 Prunus Cerasus, v. *flore pleno*, Double flowered Cherry.
 XII. 2. Cratægus coccinea, American Hawthorn. 3.
 XII. 4. Spiræa Hypericifolia, Hypericum-leaved Spiræa. 5.
 Spiræa crenata, Crenated Spiræa. 5.
 Spiræa sorbifolia, Mountain-ash-leaved Spiræa.
 XII. 5. Rosa cinnamomea, *flore pleno*, Double Cinnamon Rose. 5.
 XIII. 5. Aquilegia Canadensis, Canadian Columbine. 5.
 XIII. 7. Magnolia obovata, Purple Chinese Magnolia. 5.
 Clematis florida, Large-flowered Virgin's Bower. 9.
 Clematis v. *flore pleno*, Double Virgin's Bower.
 Ranunculus amplexicaulis, Plantain-leaved Ranunculus.
 Anemone coronaria, Common Garden Anemone. 5.
 Anemone nemoralis, *flore pleno*, Double Anemone. 5.
 Anemone Pulsatilla, Pasque Flower. 5.
 Anemone vernalis, Spring Anemone.
 XIV. 1. Iberis sempervirens, Evergreen Candy-tuft. 6.
 Alyssum saxatile, Shrubby Madwort. 5.
 XIV. 2. Hesperis tristis, Night-smelling Rocket. 6.
 XV. 2. Cheiranthus fruticosus, Wallflower. 11.
 XVI. 5. Geranium reflexum, Reflex-flowered Crane's-bill. 6.
 Coronilla Emeris, Scorpion Senna. 6.
 XIX. 2. Bellis perennis, Common Daisy. 8.
 XXI. 7. Arum tenifolium, Slender-leaved Arum. 6.
 Arum Arisarum, Friar's Cowl Arum. 6.
 XXI. 8. Cupressus Thyoides, Arbor-vitæ-leaved Cypress. 5.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

- Class I. Order 1. Chara flexilis*, Smooth Chara. *Locality*, Ditches and ponds. *Duration*, 8.
- II. 1. *Fraxinus excelsior*, Common Ash Tree. Woods and hedges. 5.
Veronica verna, cum aliis. Vernal Speedwell, with others. Barren sand.
- III. 1. *Fedia olitoria*, Lamb's Lettuce. Corn-fields. 6.
Eriophorum angustifolium, Common Cotton Grass. In bogs.
- V. 1. *Myosotis versicolor*, Yellow and Blue Scorpion Grass. Dry shady places. 6.
Primula vulgaris, Primrose. Woods and banks. 5.
Primula elatior, Oxlip. Banks and pastures. 5.
Primula veris, Cowslip. Pastures. 5.
Cyclamen hederifolium, Common Cyclamen. Woods, *rare*. 5.
Viola hirta, Hairy Violet. Banks. 6.
Viola palustris, Marsh Violet. Bogs. 6.
Viola canina, Dog's Violet. Woods, 8.
Ribes Grossularia, Wild Gooseberry. Woods and hedges.
Ribes petraeum, Wild Currant
- V. 2. *Gentiana verna*, Spring Gentian. Mountains.
- VI. 1. *Narcissus biflorus*, Pale Narcissus. Sandy fields. 5.
Fritillaria Meleagris, Fritillary. Meadows. 5.
Tulipa sylvestris, Wild. Chalk hills and meadows. 5.
Ornithogalum umbellatum, Common Star of Bethlehem. Meadows. 6.
Ornithogalum nutans, Drooping Star of Bethlehem. Meadows. 5.
Scilla verna, Vernal Squill. Rocks by the sea.
- VIII. 3. *Adoxa moschatellina*, Tuberous Moschatel. Damp hedges. 5.
- X. 2. *Chrysosplenium alternifolium*, Alternate-leaved Golden Saxifrage. Wet places. 5.
Chrysosplenium oppositifolium, Opposite-leaved Golden Saxifrage. Wet places. 5.
Saxifraga oppositifolia, Purple Saxifrage. Alpine rocks. 6.
Saxifraga granulata, White Meadow Saxifrage. Meadows. 6.
Saxifraga trydactylites, Rue-leaved Saxifrage. Walls and ruins.
- X. 4. *Oxalis Acetosella*, Wood Sorrel. Damp Woods. 5.
- XII. 3. *Potentilla verna*, Spring Cinquefoil. Mountainous rocks. 6.
- XIII. 3. *Anemone nemorosa*, Wood Anemone. Woods. 5.
Anemone Apennina, Blue Mountain Anemone. Groves, *rare*. 5.

- Anemone ranunculoides*, Yellow Wood Anemone. Groves, *rare*.
Ranunculus auricomus, Goldilocks. Woods. 6.
 XIV. 1. *Lamium album*, White Dead Nettle. Road-sides. 10.
 XIV. 2. *Lathræa squamaria*, Great Toothwort. A parasite on the roots of the Nut and Elm. 5.
 XV. 2. *Cardamine pratensis*, Cuckoo Flower. Meadows. 6.
Cardamine amara, Bitter Cardamine. Moist places. 5.
Barbarea vulgaris, Common Cress Rocket. Banks and streams. 8.
Cheiranthus fruticulosus, Wild Wallflower. Ruins. 5.
 XVI. 2. *Geranium molle*, Dove's foot Crane's bill. Way-sides. 8.
 XVII. 1. *Fumaria solida*, Bulbous Fumitory. Thickets. 5.
 XIX. 1. *Leontodon Taraxacum*, Dandelion. Road-sides. 6.
 XIX. 2. *Tussilago Petasites*, Butter-bur. Wet meadows. 5.
 XX. 1. *Orchis mascula*, Early Purple Orchis. Pastures and woods. 5.
Ophrys aranifera. Early Spider Orchis. Chalk pastures.
 XXI. 2. *Carex riparia*, cum aliis. Great River Carex, with others. Banks of rivers. 5.
 XXI. 5. *Quercus Robur*, Common Oak. Woods and hedges.
Quercus sessiflora, Sessile-fruited Oak. Woods and hedges. 5.
Fagus sylvatica, Common Beech. Woods. 5.
Betula alba, Common Birch. Mountainous woods. 5.
 XXII. 1. *Salix Russelliana*, cum mult. aliis. Bedford Willow, with many others. Hedges. 5.
 XXII. 7. *Mercurialis perennis*, Perennial Mercury. Banks. 5.
 XXIV. 1. *Equisetum sylvaticum*, Branched Wood Horse-tail. Moist woods. 6.
Equisetum fluviatile. Great Water Horsetail. Moist Woods. 6.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

- Cicindela riparia*. *Localities*, Coast of Lancashire, etc. *Months*, to 5.
Cicindela aprica. Coast of Lancashire, etc. To 5.
Clivina Fossor. Moist places. To 10.
Carabus hortensis. Gardens and sandy pathways. To 8.
Carabus clathratus. Coast of Ireland, and in Scotland on the mountains. To 6.
Leistus refescens. Woods amongst moss. To 6.
Chlenius nigricornis. Moist banks. And 9.
Platynus angusticollis. Under bark and at the roots of trees. And 6.
Broschus cephalotes. On the coast, under rejectamenta. And 5.
Abax striola. Under stones in woods. And 8.
Elaphrus riparius. Banks of rivers and ponds. And 8.

- Blethisa multipunctata*. Moist banks in the south. And 5.
Helophorus aquaticus. Weeds in ponds. And 10.
Hydrobius picipes. } In stagnant pools. And 9.
Hydrobius fuscipes. }
Silpha obscura. Pathways. And 8.
Phosphuga atrata. Pathways and woods. And 7.
Attagenus Pellio. Houses and sandy places. And 10.
Hister unicolor. Horse and cow-dung, and dead animals. And 9.
Sinodendron cylindricum. Rotten trees. And 6.
Copris lunaris. }
Onthophagus Tauris. } Under dung in sandy places. { And 5.
Onthophagus Cœnobita. } { And 6.
Onthophagus nuchicornis. } { And 6.
Onthophagus nutans. } { And 5.
Onthophagus ovatus. } { And 5.
Typhœus vulgaris, the Bull-comber. Under dung on heaths. And 5.
Geotrupes vernalis, Vernal Dor-beetle. Under dung on hearths.
 And 9.
Anobium tessellatum, Death watch. Old houses and rotten trees.
 And 5.
Rynchites Bacchus. On the Sloe and Whitethorn. And 5.
Chrysomela sanguinolenta. Weedy banks. To 5.
Timarcha tenebricosa. Bloody-nosed Beetle. Heaths, etc. To 8.
Opatrum sabulosum. Sandy places. To 8.
Melandrya caraboides. Decayed trees. To 6.
Proscarabæus violaceus. Sunny banks. To 6.
Staphylinus æneocephalus. Pathways. To 6.
Gryllotalpa vulgaris, Mole-cricket. Moist ground. To 5.
Pontia Chariclea, the early White Butterfly. Gardens, etc. And 6.
Pontia Rapæ, Small White Butterfly. Gardens, etc. And 7 to 8.
Pontia Metra, Mr. Howard's White Butterfly. Hertford and Ripley.
 And 6 to 7.
Pontia Daplidice, Green-chequered White Butterfly. South of Eng-
 land. And 5 to 8.
Hipparchia Ægeria, Speckled Wood White Butterfly. Woods. And
 to 9.
Hipparchia Megæra. The Wall Butterfly. Woods and lanes. And
 6 to 7.
Lycæna Phlæas, Common Copper Butterfly. Heaths and Marshes.
 And to 9.
Saturnia Pavonia, Emperor Moth. Woods and heaths. And 5.
Semiophora Gothica, Hebrew Character. Trees and hedges. And 5.
Miselia Aprilina, Marvel du Jour. Woods. And 10.

Phlogophora meticulosa, Angleshades. Heaths and Woods. And 8.
Plusia Gamma, Silver Y-Moth. Gardens and fields, And 6 & 9.
Alucita hexadactyla, Six-cleft Plume Moth. Houses, etc. And 5 & 9.

Clivina fossor is, in the early spring and summer months, extremely abundant in the vale of Trent, and subject to great variation in colour, from the common piceous, to brunneous and light testaceous. I mention this because the light varieties are generally considered scarce, or might be confounded with *collaris*; but, on examination, they are readily distinguished by the colour of the thorax being as light as the elytra, and also by the size.

Sinodendron cylindricum, with us, not only inhabits the ash, but also the maple (*Acer campestre*) and several species of willow, in a state of decay. It would be well if entomologists generally paid more attention to the plants on which insects are usually found, as it would very much facilitate their collection, and likewise throw much light on their habits and peculiarities.

Geotrupes vernalis (vernal Dor-beetle). The species of this beautiful genus appear to be so closely allied as to render it a work of difficulty to separate them accurately from each other, if we may judge from the dissimilar opinions of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Stephens: the former makes five, the latter ten British species. There are four species in this country; the *stercorarius*, the *lævis*, the *vernalis*, and one which I suspect to be the *sylvaticus*. The *lævis* and *vernalis*, are very nearly allied; they agree in the colour of the antennæ, in

the minutely and entirely punctured thorax, and the smoothness of the elytra, but differ in size and colour. The *lævis* is inferior in size, generally of a deep black on the upper surface, but sometimes tinged with green, or olivaceous; the under side mostly inclines to green of various shades. The elytra and thorax of the *vernalis* are almost always blue or violet, and underneath the breast, abdomen, and legs are splendidly tinged with violet, puce, and blue. Mr. Curtis, in his description of the *lævis*, in a recent number of his excellent work on "British Entomology," mentions, I suppose as a specific character, the denticulated margin of the posterior femora: this, in all probability, will only prove a sexual distinction, as I have this spring captured about seventy specimens, and found it to exist in only thirty. It is also not confined to this species, for in thirty-four specimens of the *vernalis*, taken but a few days ago on Sherwood Forest, it exists in fourteen.

Anobium tessellatum, (Death-watch.) The peculiar noise which this little beetle makes by beating its head in rapid succession against the wood it inhabits, has been regarded amongst the superstitious as an omen of death. It is generally in April and May when its knockings are most frequent; and it is now generally understood to be a signal by which they are enabled to find each other in their dark labyrinths. If two of them are placed in separate pill-boxes at a short distance, they will frequently answer each other for a considerable

time. They infest houses where there is much old timber, and trees in a state of decay, and are exceedingly destructive.

Gryllotalpa vulgaris. The mole-cricket, an insect of very peculiar construction, is an inhabitant of moist gardens and the banks of small streams, where it throws up small ridges in its subterranean progress. When it is abundant, it does incredible mischief to the horticulturist by destroying the roots of vegetables. It seldom comes abroad except in evenings during the spring, when, as Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," says, "They begin to solace themselves with a low, dull, jarring note, continued for a long time without interruption." It appears to be confined to the southern portion of Britain. Report, however, says they are to be found on Oxton bogs, in this county; but I have not yet acquired a specimen.

M A Y.

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

SONG OF SOLOMON, ii. 11, 12.

HOWEVER the festivities with which our ancestors hailed the opening of this month may have sunk into neglect, Nature has not forsaken her festivities. She still scatters flowers, and revels in dews, she still loves her leafy garniture, and the bursts of unoppressive sunshine; for, though we moderns may abandon the customs of our forefathers, and may even deny to May those joyous attributes with which they delighted to invest her; though we complain of cold winds, dull days, and frosty nights, cutting down flower and leaf, and have them too, yet May is a gladsome month withal. Vegetation has made a proud progress, it has become deep, lavish, and luxuriant; and nothing can be more delightful than the tender green of the young hawthorn leaves. Primroses still scatter their million of pale stars over shady banks, and among the mossy roots of hazels; and, once more,

amid the thickly springing verdure of the meadow we hail the golden and spotted cowslip. In woods there is a bright azure gleam of *Myosotis sylvatica*, a species of forget-me-not, and of those truly vernal flowers called by botanists *Scilla nutans*, by poets Blue bells, and by country folk Cuckoo's stockings. The ferns are pushing forth their russet scrolls amongst the forest moss and dead leaves. In pools—and none of our indigenous plants can rival our aquatic ones in elegance and delicate beauty—are this month found the lovely water-violet (*Hottonia palustris*) and the buck-bean, originally *bog-bane* or bog-plant, from its place of growth (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), like a fringed hyacinth. The gorse and broom are glorious on heaths and in lanes.

In the early part of this month, if we walk into woods, we shall be much struck with their peculiar beauty. Woods are never more agreeable objects than when they have only half assumed their green array. Beautiful and refreshing is the sight of the young leaves bursting forth from the gray boughs, some trees at one degree of advance, some at another. The assemblage of the giants of the wood is seen, each in its own character and figure; neither disguised nor hidden in the dense mass of foliage which obscures them in summer;—you behold the scattered and majestic trunks; the branches stretching high and wide; the dark drapery of ivy which envelopes some of them, and the crimson flush that glows in the world of living twigs above. If the contrast of gray and mossy branches, and of the

delicate richness of young leaves gushing out of them in a thousand places be inexpressibly delightful to behold, that of one tree with another is not the less so. One is nearly full clothed,—another is mottled with gray and green, struggling as it were which should have the predominance, and another is still perfectly naked. The wild cherry stands like an apparition in the woods, white with its profusion of blossom, and the wilding begins to exhibit its rich and blushing countenance. The pines look dim and dusky amid the lively hues of spring. The abeles are covered with their clusters of albescent and powdery leaves and withering catkins; and beneath them the pale spathes of the arum, fully expanded and displaying their crimson clubs, presenting a sylvan and unique air. And who does not love “the wood-notes wild?” We again recognise the speech of many a little creature who, since we last heard it, has traversed seas and sojourned in places we wot not of. The landscape derives a great portion of its vernal cheerfulness not merely from the *songs* of birds, but from their cries. Each has a variety of cries indicative of its different moods of mind, so to speak, which are heard only in spring and summer, and are both familiar and dear to a lover of Nature. Who ever heard the *weet-weet* and *pink-pink* of the chaffinch, or the *winkle-winkle* of the blackbird as it flies out of the hedge, and skims along before you to a short distance, repeatedly on a summer evening about sunset,—at any other time? In spring mornings by three or four o’clock the fields are filled with

a perfect clamour of bird-voices, but at noon the wood is their oratory. There the woodpecker's laugh still rings from a distance—the solemn coo of the wood-pigeon is still deep and rich as ever—the little chill-chall sounds his two notes blithely on the top of the tallest trees; and the voice of the long-tailed titmouse, ever and anon, sounds like a sweet and clear-toned little bell. Nests are now woven to every bough and into every hollow stump.

As the month advances, our walks begin to be haunted with the richness of beauty. There are splendid evenings, clear, serene, and balmy, tempting us to continue our stroll till after sunset. We see around us fields golden with crowfoot, and cattle basking in plenty. We hear the sonorous streams chiming into the milk-pail in the nooks of crofts, and on the other side of hedges.

Towards the close of the month, the mind, which has been continually led onward by the expansion of days, leaves, and flowers, seems to repose on the fulness of nature. Every thing is clothed. The *spring* actually seems past. We are surrounded by all that beauty, sunshine, and melody which mingle in our ideas of *summer*. The hawthorn is in full flower; the leafy hedges appear half-buried in the lofty grass. Butterflies take their wavering flight from flower to flower; and dragonflies on the banks of rivers. There is the cheerful hum of bees amongst the flowers; and the cockchafer, which has delighted us all in our boyhood, is hovering about the green leaves of the sycamore. Sheep-washing is begun in

many places. The mowing-grass presents a mosaic of the most gorgeous and inimitable hues, or is white with waving umbels. A passing gale awakens a scene of lively animation. The massy foliage of trees swings heavily, the boughs of the hawthorn wave with all their loads of fragrant bloom, and snowy umbelliferous plants toss on the lea like foam on the stormy ocean. Now, sweet Poesy,

Let thy happy votary roam,
For the green earth is his home,
When the tree-tops are besnowed
With the blossoms' gorgeous load,
And the forest's verdant pall
Shrouds the missel in her hall;
In the hawthorn's pleasant boughs,
Where a thousand blithe birds house.
When the meadows are brimful
Of all flowers that children pull,—
Saxifrages, cardamines,
Kingcup which in deep gold shines;
Dandelion with globe of down,
The schoolboy's clock in every town,
Which the truant puffs amain
To conjure lost hours back again.
Then, 'tis then I love to meet
Thy true son's wayfaring feet,
As I have, ere now, descried
By the thundrous falls of Clyde;
Or where bright Loch Katrine fills
Such a space between such hills,
As no lake beside it may,
Since Eden's waters passed away.

W. H.

Cottage gardens are now perfect paradises; and,

after gazing on their sunny quietude, their lilachs, peonies, wall-flowers, tulips, anemones and corcoruses with their yellow tufts of flowers, now becoming as common at the doors of cottages as the rosemary and rue once were—one cannot help regretting that more of our labouring classes do not enjoy the freshness of earth, and the pure breeze of heaven, in these little rural retreats, instead of being buried in close and sombre alleys. A man who can, in addition to a tolerable remuneration for the labour of his hands, enjoy a clean cottage and a garden amidst the common but precious offerings of Nature, the grateful shade of trees and the flow of waters, a pure atmosphere and a riant sky, can scarcely be called *poor*.

If Burns had been asked what was the greatest luxury of May, I suppose he would have quoted from his “Cotter’s Saturday Night,”

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other’s arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

At which Gilpin would quote, from his “Forest Scenery,” a passage proving the poets to be very foolish for their admiration of so insignificant and inelegant a bush. We, however, shall take part with Burns, only we would conjure a nightingale into his hawthorn, and the hawthorn into a forest; for of all May delights, listening to the nightingale is the

greatest, and when heard at still midnight, the moon and stars above you, filling with lustre the clear blue sky; the trees lifting up their young and varied foliage to the silvery light; the deer quietly resting in their thickest shadows; and the night-breeze, ever and anon, wafting through the air "Sabean odours;" then, if you feel neither love nor poetry, depend upon it you are neither lover nor poet. As, however, in this country, nightingales are as capricious as the climate, a good *singing gentleman* is no bad substitute, as a friend of ours convinced us on such an occasion, making the woods echo with the "Pibroch of Donnel Dhu."

FLOWERS. The return of May again brings over us a living sense of the loveliness and delightfulness of flowers. Of all the minor creations of God they seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace, and joy. Of all the natural objects which surround us they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly, they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With

what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers ! As they become older they would live for ever amongst them. They bound about in the flowery meadows like young fawns ; they gather all they come near ; they collect heaps ; they sit among them, and sort them, and sing over them, and caress them, till they perish in their grasp.

This sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers.

WORDSWORTH.

We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields by the treasures they have gathered and have left behind, lured on by others still brighter. As they grow up to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They become invested by a multitude of associations with innumerable spells of power over the human heart ; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers ; they are, to all nations, the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity.

The ancient Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathized with the spirit of grace and beauty in every thing, were enthusiastic in their love, and

lavish in their use, of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples, they were offered on the altars of some of their deities ; they were strewed in the conqueror's path ; on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands.

It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veiled, in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song.

KEATS.

The guests at banquets were crowned with them :

Garlands of every green, and every scent,
From vales deflowered, or forest-trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought,
High as the handles heaped, to suit the thought
Of every guest, that each as he did please
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his ease.

KEATS.

The bowl was wreathed with them, and wherever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine, they cast flowers.

Something of the same spirit seems to have prevailed amongst the Hebrews. "Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and ointments ; and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered." But amongst that solemn and poetical people they were commonly regarded in another

and higher sense, they were the favourite symbols of the beauty and the fragility of life. Man is compared to the flower of the field; and it is added, "the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." But of all the poetry ever drawn from flowers, none is so beautiful, none is so sublime, none is so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made, as that of Christ. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" The sentiment built upon this, entire dependence on the goodness of the Creator, is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ; but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing that it delights to enliven and adorn with these riant creatures of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them by myriads over the very desert "where no man is; on the wilderness where there is no man;" sending rain, "to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."

In our confined notions, we are often led to wonder why

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air;

why beauty, and flowers, and fruit, should be scattered so exuberantly where there are none to enjoy them. But the thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts. *He* sees them; he doubtlessly delights to behold the beauty of his handiworks, and rejoices in that tide of glory which he has caused to flow wide through the universe. We know not, either, what spiritual eyes besides may behold them; for pleasant is the belief that

Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth.

And how often does the gladness of uninhabited lands refresh the heart of the solitary traveller! When the distant and sea-tired voyager suddenly descries the blue mountain-tops, and the lofty crest of the palm-tree, and makes some green and pleasant island, where the verdant and blossoming forest-boughs wave in the spicy gale; where the living waters leap from the rocks, and millions of new and resplendent flowers brighten the fresh sward; what then is the joy of his heart! To Omnipotence creation costs not an effort; but to the desolate and the weary, how immense is the happiness thus prepared in the wilderness! Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? A magnificent lily, which, growing on the banks of a river, filled the air far around with its delicious fragrance, and, as he observes, had been respected by all the animals of the district, and seemed defended even by its

beauty. The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage continent, by Mungo Park, is familiar to every one.

In the East, flowers are made to speak the language of sentiment. The custom of embellishing houses and garnishing tables with them is unquestionably eastern. Perhaps the warmer countries of Europe are less in the use of them than they were formerly. Boccaccio talks of them being disposed even in bed-chambers: "*E nelle camere i letti fatti, e ogni cosa di fiori, quali nella stagione si potevanto avere, piena:*" and at the table of the narrators of the Decameron stories, as "*Ogni cosa di fiori di ginestra coperta.*" In England they are much less used than on the Continent, and much less than they were by our ancestors. On May-day, at Whitsuntide, and on other holiday occasions, the houses were profusely decorated with them, and they were strewn before the door. Over the extinction of many popular customs I cannot bring myself to grieve; but there is something so pure and beautiful in the plentiful use of flowers, that I cannot but lament the decay of these. Perhaps the most touching of our popular uses of flowers is that of strewing the dead with them, designating the age, sex, or other particular circumstances, by different flowers. How expressive in the hand of a fair young girl, cut off in her early spring, are a few pure and drooping snow-drops, an image exquisitely employed by Chantrey

in his celebrated piece of sculpture—the two Children at Lichfield. Let the pensile lily of the valley for ever speak of the gentle maid that has been stricken down in her May; and the fair white lily of the youth shorn in his unsullied strength; and let those who have passed through the vanities of time have

Flowers of all hues, and with its thorn the rose.

But even this tender custom is on the decline, from a needless notion that they generate insects, and tend to destroy the body they adorn. In reality, however, the love of flowers never was stronger in any age or nation than in ours. We have, perhaps, less love of showy festivity than our ancestors; but we have more poetry and sentiment amongst the people at large. We have conveyed from every region its most curious and splendid plants; and such is the poetical perception of natural beauty in the general mind, that wherever our wild flowers spring up, in the grass, on the overhanging banks of the wild brook, or in the mossy shade of the forest, there are admiring eyes to behold them.

May is so called from the goddess Maia, a name under which the earth was worshipped at this dædal season of the year. The Saxons termed it *Trimilki*, because they began to milk their cows three times a-day in this month.

The flowers of the chestnut-tree begin to unfold ; the tulip-tree has its leaves quite out ; and the flowers of the Scotch fir, the beech, the oak, and the honeysuckle, climbing round its neighbour for support, are now in full bloom. The mulberry-tree puts forth its leaves ; the walnut-tree is in flower ; so too are the lilach, the barberry, and the maple. Towards the end of the month, that magnificent and beautiful tree, the horse-chestnut ; and the hawthorn-flower, the mountain-ash, the laburnum, the guelder-rose, the alder, the elm and the wayfaring tree.

Wayfaring tree ! what ancient claim
Hast thou to that right pleasant name ?
Was it that some faint pilgrim came
Unhopedly to thee,
In the brown desert's dreary way,
Mid toil and thirst's consuming sway,
And there, as 'neath thy shade he lay,
Blest the wayfaring tree ?

Or is it that thou lovest to show
Thy coronals of fragrant snow,
Like life's spontaneous joys that flow
In paths by thousands beat ?
Whate'er it be, I love it well ;
A name, methinks, that surely fell
From poet, in some evening dell,
Wandering with fancies sweet.

A name given in those olden days,
When, mid the wild-wood's vernal sprays,
The merle and mavis pour'd their lays
In the lone list'ner's ear,

Like songs of an enchanted land,
Sung sweetly to some fairy band,
Listening with doff'd helms in each hand
In some green hollow near.

W. H.

Rye is in ear at the end of the month. This too is the *benting time* of pigeons. After the spring-corn has vegetated, until the harvest, they are driven to immature seeds and green panicles of the grasses for subsistence, and are seen in large flocks in pasture-fields, where they pick up so bare a living as to have occasioned an old couplet, often quoted in the country,

The pigeon never knoweth wo,
Until a-benting it doth go.

The leafing of the trees is commonly completed in this month. It begins with the aquatic kinds, such as willow, poplar, and alder; and ends with the oak, beech, and ash. These are sometimes very thin of foliage even at the close of May.

BEEs. Towards the end of May the bee-hives send forth their earliest swarms. One queen-bee is necessary to form each colony; and wherever she flies, they follow. Nature directs them to march in a body in quest of a new habitation; which, if left to their choice, would generally be in the trunk of some hollow tree. But man, who converts the labours and instincts of so many to his own use, provides them with a more secure dwelling, and

repays himself with their honey. There is something very picturesque in the manner of reclaiming the swarms of bees. Their departure is announced for a day or more before it takes place by an unusual bustle and humming in the hive. Some person, commonly a boy is set to watch; and the moment their flight is proclaimed, a ringing is commenced upon a pan or a fire-shovel, which, as country people say, *charms* them down. They alight, or rather the queen-bee alights, upon the end of a bough; and the rest of the bees clustering, or as it is termed *knitting*, about her, form a living brown, dependent cone. Beneath this some adroit operator spreads a cloth (upon a table if one can be had), and holding an empty hive inverted under the swarm, suddenly shakes them into it, and places it, with all the captive colony in it upon the cloth. In this state they are conveyed to the place they are intended to occupy; and the following morning they are found to have taken kindly to their new dwelling. They will frequently fix themselves in the roofs of houses.

It is a superstition common both in France and in this country, to announce to the bees the death of the master of the family; in some places, of any individual of the family; or it is believed the bees would die, or fly away. It is also reckoned unlucky to sell bees, in some places; and for this reason, when a person parts with a hive, he will not receive its value in money, but stipulates for a certain part of its produce.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Cattle are turned out to pasture as soon as there is a sufficiency of grass, which is not till towards the end of the month. The spring crops being sown, the great business of the farmer is now on his fallows. The farmyard is cleared of manure; turf is pared and burnt. Cow-cabbage and potatoes are planted, water-meadows are irrigated to encourage the growth of the hay-crop; young quick-set hedges are cleared of weeds; hop plantations require cleaning, and other attentions. Now too, as the sap begins to flow freely, trees are barked and felled, as the larch, alder, but especially the oak. There is much of the picturesque in the sight of the woodmen at work at all times: and although I regret to see the destruction of timber, yet a large tree with all its branches prostrate on the ground is a fine sight; the clear, golden-coloured chips scattered about, and a fresh sylvan odour breathing from the wounded boughs, and the brown cylindrical shells of bark ranged in pyramidal rows to dry. It is a beautiful but melancholy object, a noble oak stripped of its bark just as all its "budding honours" are become "thick upon it;" and felled to the ground, or left a blasted skeleton in the midst of summer greenness.

Abundance of grass now plunges the housewife into all the cares and nice clean processes of the dairy, skimming, churning, and cheese-making. The

farmhouse is now an affluent place, abounding in all the good things which may be made from milk; rich cream, sweet butter, curds, curds and cream, syllabubs, custards, and so forth. Where there is a dairy, at this season, fetching up cows, milking, churning, scouring utensils—making, pressing, and turning cheese, etc. leave no lack of employment.

Osiers are now peeled; and it is a pleasant sight to see groups of young and old seated in the open air, at this employment. The garden demands various operations of weeding, training, and putting in flower seeds. The children of the poor have an easy and pleasant occupation in gathering cowslips for wine. Poultry broods, as last month demand attention; corn is weeded, and rearing calves turned out.

ANGLING.

Carp is not in season, nor barbel, till the middle of the month. Perch now become fine, and afford good sport till the end of June: their haunts are clear swift rivers, with pebbly bottoms; in moderately deep waters, near sluices, etc. They frequent holes by the sides of little streams, and the hollows under banks: they are best taken in cloudy, windy weather, and, as some say, from seven to ten in the forenoon, and from two to seven in the afternoon: but Isaac Walton says they will bite at all seasons, and at all hours; “being like the wicked of this world, not afraid, though their companions perish in

their sight." Worms, minnows, boiled horsebeans, cadis, and oakworm (cynips), and gentles, are his baits. The chub will this month take flies, snails, beetles with the legs off, and the black bee, which builds in clay walls: his haunts are streams shaded with trees. The tench is well taken this month, with a red worm, a lob-worm, well-scoured gentle, or a green caterpillar shook from a tree. But the pride of May angling is the trout; which, however, is not perfectly prime till next month. Cloudy weather, a little windy, especially from the south, is in high favour with the trout, because the streams which this beautiful fish inhabit are usually not deep, and very clear, thereby exposing the angler entirely to his quick eye. The finest old trouts, however, are taken in the night with a worm, being too shy to come out of their holes, or to rise in the day; they are often taken by torch light in Hampshire, as salmon are in Scotland, striking them down with a spear.

Flies. The oakfly to be found from the beginning of this month to the end of August, on the bole of an oak or ash, always standing head downwards: the hawthornfly, a small black fly: the Turkeyfly, red and yellow; alderfly, and the great hackle. These are chiefly stone flies, or phryganæ.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

ARRIVALS.

- Alca Torda, Razor-bill, comes May, goes August. *Haunts*, Rocky isles.
- Anthus trivialis, Field Titlark, goes Aug. Grassy fields.
- Caprimulgus Europæus, Fern owl, comes early in May, goes Sept. Oak woods.
- Charadrius Morinellus, Dottrel, goes Aug. Heaths and mountains.
- Curruca salicaria, Sedge Warbler, English Mock-bird, goes Sept. Hedges in low places.
- Curruca arundinacea, Reed Warbler, goes Sept. Water-sides, marshes.
- Falco Subbuteo, Hobby, goes Oct. Woods and fields.
- Lanius Collurio, Red-backed Shrike, goes Sept. Fields in Southern counties.
- Ortygometra crex, Land Rail, goes Oct. Meadows.
- Muscicapa Grisola, Spotted Flycatcher, comes May 12, goes Sept. Wall-trees about houses.

DEPARTURES.

- Anser ferus, Bean Goose, goes May, comes Sept. *Haunts*, Fens and corn-fields.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

Class II. Order 1. Phillyreæ, mult. Phillyreas, various.

Syringa Persica, Persian Lilach. 6.

Syringa v. latifolia, Broad-leaved Lilach.

Veronica aphyllia, Naked-stalked Speedwell. 7.

Veronica bellidoides, Broad-leaved Speedwell.

Calceolaria Fothergilli, Fothergill's Slipperwort. 8.

III. 1. Valeriana Phu, Garden Valerian. 7.

Iris Florentina, cum mult. aliis. Florentine Iris, with many others.

V. 1. Azalea pontica, Yellow Azalea. 6.

Azalea nudiflora, Red Azalea, 6.

- Azalea v. coccinea*, Scarlet Azalea.
Azalea v. cornea, Flesh-coloured Azalea.
Azalea v. alba, Early white Azalea.
Azalea v. papilionacca, cum mult. aliis. Variegated Azalea, with many others.
Lonicera sempervirens, Trumpet Honeysuckle. 8.
Lonicera Pyrenaica, Pyrenean Honeysuckle.
Lonicera Diervilla, Yellow Honeysuckle. 7.
Lonicera caprifolium, Italian White Honeysuckle. 6.
Lonicera v. rubra, Early Red Honeysuckle.
Lycium barbarum, Willow-leaved Boxthorn. 8.
Lycium Europæum, European Boxthorn. 8.
Anthusa angustifolia, Narrow-leaved Buglos. 8.
Symphytum Orientale, Eastern Comfrey. 7.
Phlox glaberrima, Smooth-stalked Lychnidea. 6.
Phlox pilosa, Hairy Lychnidea. 6.
Phlox ovata, Oval-leaved Lychnidea.
Phlox stolonifera, Creeping Lychnidea. 6.
Verbascum ferrugineum, cum aliis. Rusty-leaved Mullein, with others. 7.
Viola, montana, Mountain Violet. 6.
Viola grandiflora, cum aliis. Great-flowered Violet, with others. 8.
Campanula speculum, Venus' Looking-glass. 7.
Echium Orientale, Eastern Viper's Buglos. 8.
Echium violaceum, Violet Viper's Buglos.
V. 1. *Echium v. flore pleno*, Double Viper's Buglos.
V. 3. *Viburnum opulus Amer*: American Guelder-rose.
Viburnum v. rosea, Snowball Guelder-rose.
Staphyllea trifolia, Three-leaved Bladder-nut. 6.
Rhus aromaticum, Aromatic Sumach.
V. 5. *Statice Cephalotes*, Large single-leaved Thrift.
Statice cordata, Heart-leaved Thrift. 7.
VI. 1. *Tradescantia Virginica*, Virginian Spiderwort. 6.
Lilium pomponium, Pomponium Lily. 6.
Fritillaria Pyrenaica, Pyrenean Fritillary.
Scilla Peruviana, Peruvian Hyacinth.
Scilla Lusitanica, Portugal Hyacinth.
Scilla campanulata, Spanish Hyacinth. 6.
Asphodelus luteus, Yellow Asphodel. 7.
Asphodelus ramosus, Branching Asphodel. 7.
Anthericum ramosum, Branching Anthericum. 6.
Anthericum Liliago. Grass-leaved Anthericum.

- Anthericum Liliastrum*, St. Bruno's *Anthericum*. 6.
Convallaria racemosa, Solomon's Seal. 6.
Convallaria bifolia, Lily of the Valley. 6.
Tulipa suaveolens, Van Thol Tulip.
Hyacinthus Romanus, Roman Hyacinth.
Hyacinthus monstrosus, Feathered Hyacinth. 6.
Hemerocallis cœrulea, Blue Day-Lily. 7.
VIII. 1. *Oenothera rosea*, Rose-flowered Tree Primrose.
Oenothera primula, Dwarf-yellow Tree Primrose. 9.
Oenothera Romanzovii, Romanzow's *Oenothera*. 8.
Oenothera bifrons, Lindley's *Oenothera*. 11.
Clarkia pulchella, Pretty *Clarkia*. 7.
Clarkia pulchella, v. *alba*, White *Clarkia*. 7.
Vaccinium stamineum, cum mult. aliis. Green-twigg'd Bleaberry,
with many others. 6.
Daphne Cneorum, Sweet-scented *Daphne*.
Erica viridipurpurea, Green and Purple Heath.
X. 1. *Ledum latifolium*, Labrador Tree.
Rhododendron ferrugineum: cum mult. aliis. Rusty-leaved *Rhododendron*.
with many others. 6.
Andromeda paniculata, cum mult. aliis. Panicle'd *Andromeda*, with
many others. 6.
X. 2. *Saxifraga Pensylvatica*, cum mult. aliis. Pennsylvanian Saxi-
frage, with many others. 6.
Saponaria ocymoides, Basil-leaved Soapwort. 7.
X. 3. *Silene alpestris*, Mountain Catchfly. 7.
X. 4. *Cerastium repens*, cum aliis. Mouse-ear Chickweed with
others. 6.
XI. 3. *Euphorbia spinosa*, cum mult. aliis. Shrubby Spurge, with
many others. 9.
Reseda alba, Upright *Reseda*. 10.
XII. 1. *Philadelphus coronarius*, Common *Syringa*. 6.
Philadelphus nanus, Dwarf *Syringa*. 6.
XII. 1. *Amygdalus pumila*, Dwarf Almond. 6.
Prunus Virginiana, cum mult. aliis. Virginian Bird's cherry, with
many others. 6.
XII. 2. *Cratægus crus-galli*, cum mult. aliis. Thorn Cockspur, with
many others. 6.
Pyrus Pyracantha, cum mult. aliis. Evergreen Thorn, with many
others.
Cydonia communis, Common Quince. 6.
Spiræa tri-lobata, Three-lobed *Spiræa*. 6.

- Mesembryanthemum crystallinum*, Crystalline Fig-Marigold. 8.
Mesembryanthemum glaciale, Ice-plant. 8.
Mesembryanthemum pinnatifidum, Wing-cleft Fig-Marigold. 10.
 XII. 3. *Rosa spinosissima*, cum mult. aliis. Striped Scotch Rose, with many others.
 XII. 5. *Calycanthus floridus*, Carolina Allspice. 7.
Calycanthus v. oblongus, Long-leaved Allspice.
Geum strictum, Upright Avens. 6.
 XIII. 1. *Cistus populifolius*, Poplar-leaved Cistus. 6.
Cistus v. minor, Small Cistus.
Cistus marifolius, Marum-leaved Cistus. 6.
Actæa racemosa, American Herb Christopher. 6.
Papaver Orientale, Oriental Poppy. 6.
 XIII. 2. *Peonia coralloides*, cum mult. aliis. Female Peony, with many others. 6.
 XIII. 5. *Aquilegia montana*, Mountain Columbine. 6.
Aquilegia Siberica, Siberian Columbine.
Aquilegia viridiflora, Green-flowered Columbine. 6.
 XIII. 7. *Anemone pratensis*, cum mult. aliis. Meadow Anemone, with many others. 6.
Ranunculus acrifolius, cum mult. aliis. Fair Maids of France, with many others. 6.
Thalictrum aquilegifolium, cum mult. aliis. Feathered Columbine, with many others. 7.
Collinsia grandiflora, Great-flowered Collinsia. 7.
Collinsia bicolor, Two-coloured Collinsia. 7.
 XV. 1. *Lunaria rediviva*, Perennial Honesty. 6.
 XV. 2. *Hesperis matronalis*, Single Rocket. 8.
Matthiola annua, Ten-week Stock. 11.
Matthiola incana, Brompton Ten-week Stock. 11.
Cheiranthus Alpinus, Alpine Stock. 11.
 XVII. 2. *Corydalis nobilis*, Great-flowered Fumitory.
Corydalis spectabilis, Scarlet Fumitory.
 XVII. 4. *Spartium multiflorum*, cum aliis. White Broom, with others. 6.
Ononis rotundifolia, Round Rest-harrow. 7.
Ononis fruticosa, Shrubby Rest-harrow. 7.
Cytisus Laburnum, Common Laburnum.
Cytisus v. latifolia, Scotch Laburnum.
Robinia pseudo-acacia, Common Acacia. 6.
Robinia hispida, Rose Acacia. 9.
 XVII. 4. *Lupinus perennis*, Perennial Lupine. 7.

- XVIII. 4. *Hypericum perforatum*, Perfoliate St. John's-wort. 6.
 XIX. 1. *Leontodon aureum*, Golden Dandelion.
Tragopogon villosus, Villous Goat's-beard. 6.
Tragopogon porrifolius, Purple-flowered Goat's-beard. 6.
Calendula arvensis, Field Marigold. 9.
 XXI. 4. *Aucuba Japonica*, Blotch-leaved Aucuba. 7.
 XXI. 7. *Quercus Phillos*, cum aliis. Willow-leaved Oak, with others. 6.
Carpinus Virginiana, Virginian Hornbeam.
Carpinus Orientalis, Eastern Hornbeam.
Thuja Occidentalis, American Arbor-vitæ.
Thuja Orientalis, Chinese Arbor-vitæ.
Cupressus sempervirens, Upright Cypress.
 XXII. 2. *Salix incubacea*, Spreading Willow.
 XXII. 9. *Coriaria myrtifolia*, Myrtle-leaved Sumach. 7.
 XXII. 12. *Juniperis sabina*, cum mult. aliis. Savine, with many others. 6.
 XXIII. 2. *Fraxinus ornus*, Flowering Ash. 6.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

- Class II. Order 1. Veronica chamædrys*, cum aliis. Germander Speedwell, with others. *Locality*, woods and hedges. *Duration*, 10.
Pinguicula vulgaris, Yorkshire Sanicle. Bogs. 6.
 II. 2. *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, Sweet-Scented Vernal Grass. Pastures. 6.
 III. 2. *Alopecurus pratensis*, Common Foxtail Grass. Meadows. 8.
Aira præcox, Early Hair Grass. Heaths. 6.
Melica uniflora, Wood Melic Grass. Woods. 7.
Briza media, Common Quaking Grass. Pastures. 6.
 IV. 1. *Asperula odorata*, Sweet Woodruff. Woods. 9.
Galium cruciatum, Crosswort. Hedges. 6.
Plantago major, Greater Plantain. Road-sides. 10.
Epimedium alpinum, Barren Wort. Yorkshire, Scotland, on mountains. 10.
 IV. 3. *Ilex aquifolium*, Common Holly. Hedges. 10.
Mænchia erecta, Upright Pearlwort. Heaths. 6.
 V. 1. *Myosotis cæpitosa*, Tufted Water Scorpion-Grass. Watery places. 6.
Myosotis sylvatica, Wood Scorpion-Grass. Woods. 7.
Anchusa sempervirens, Evergreen Alkanet. Amongst rubbish. 7.

- Symphytum officinalis*, Common Comfrey. Banks of rivers. 6.
Viola tricolor, Pansy, Heartsease. Gardens and fields. 9.
Viola lutea, Yellow Mountain Violet. Mountains. 9.
Rhamnus catharticus, Common Buckthorn. Hedges. 9.
Rhamnus Frangula, Berry-bearing Alder. Moist woods. 9.
Euonymus Europæus, Spindle Tree. Hedges. 9.
V. 1. *Vinca minor*, Lesser Periwinkle. Banks. 6.
Vinca major, Greater Periwinkle. Moist woods. 6.
V. 2. *Chenopodium Bonus Henricus*, Mercury Goosefoot. Waysides. 6.
Myrrhis odorata, Sweet Cicely. Mountainous Pastures. 7.
Sanicula Europæa, Wood Sanicle. Woods. 6.
Bunium flexuosum, Earth-nut, or Pig-nut. Pastures. 6.
Smyrnium Olusatrum, Alexanders. Among ruins. 6.
Meum athamanticum, Spignel. Mountainous pastures. 7.
V. 3. *Viburnum Lantana*, Wayfaring Tree. Woods. 7.
VI. 1. *Leucojum æstivum*, Summer Snowflake. Moist meadows. 7.
Narcissus poeticus, Poetic Narcissus. Open fields. 7.
Allium ursinum, Bear's Garlic. Moist woods. 6.
Scilla nutans, Harebell Squill. Woods. 6.
VI. 1. *Convallaria majalis*, Lily of the Valley. Woods. 6.
Convallaria multiflora, Common Solomon's Seal. Woods, rare. 6.
Berberis vulgaris, Common Barberry. Hedges. 6.
VII. 1. *Trientalis Europæa*, Winter Green. Pine Woods. 6.
VIII. 1. *Vaccinium myrtillus*, Bilberry. Heaths and woods. 6.
Acer pseudo-platanus, Sycamore. { Woods and hedges. 6.
Acer campestre, Common Maple. {
VIII. 3. *Paris quadrifolia*, Herb Paris. Truelove. Woods. 6.
X. 1. *Andromeda polifolia*, Marsh Andromeda, Peat bogs. 6.
X. 2. *Saxifraga cæspitosa*, Tufted Alpine Saxifrage. Mountainous rocks, rare. 6.
Saxifraga hypnoides, cum aliis. Mossy Alpine Saxifrage, with others. Walls and rocks. 6.
X. 3. *Arenaria verna*, Vernal Sandwort. Mountains. 8.
X. 4. *Oxalis corniculata*, Yellow Wood-sorrel. Waste ground. 10.
Lychnis dioca, Red and White Campions. Fields and gardens. 10.
XII. 1. *Prunus Padus*, Bird's Cherry. { Woods. 6.
Prunus Cerasus, Wild Cherry Tree. {
XII. 2. *Mespilus Oxycantha*,—Hawthorn—May. { Hedges. 6.
Pyrus malus, Crab Tree. {
Pyrus torminalis, Wild Service Tree. Hedges and Woods. 6.
Pyrus aucuparia, Mountain Ash. Mountainous woods. 6.

- Pyrus Aria*, White Beam Tree. Mountains and rocks. 6.
- XII. 3. *Rubus idæus*, Raspberry. Woods and hedges. 6.
- Rubus arcticus*, Arctic Bramble. Mountainous moors. 6.
- Fragaria vesca*, Wood Strawberry. Banks and woods. 6.
- Geum urbanum*, Common Avens. Woods and hedges. 8.
- XIII. 1. *Chelidonium majus*, Common Celandine. Waste grounds. 6.
- XIII. 3. *Adonis autumnalis*, Pheasant's Eye. Corn-fields. 9.
- Ranunculus bulbosus*, Bulbous Crowfoot. Meadows. 6.
- Ranunculus aquatilis*, cum aliis. Floating Crowfoot, with others. Ponds and rivers. 6.
- Trollius Europæus*, Globe Flower. Mountainous woods. 6.
- XIV. 1. *Lamium purpureum*, Red Dead-nettle. Waste grounds. 8.
- Galeobdolon luteum*, Yellow Dead-nettle. Hedges and woods. 6.
- XIV. 2. *Melampyrum pratense*, Common Cow-wheat. Woods. 8.
- Antirrhinum Cymbalaria*, Ivy-leaved Snap-dragon. Banks and walls. 11.
- Linnæa borealis*, Two-flowcred Linnæa. Pine-woods, Scotland. 6.
- XV. 1. *Crambe maritima*, Sea Kale. Sandy sea-coast. 6.
- XV. 2. *Cardamine impatiens*, Impatient Cardamine. Moist places. 6.
- Erysimum Alliaria*, Jack-by-the-hedge. Banks and Hedges. 6.
- Hesperis matronalis*, Dame's Violet. Hilly pastures. 6.
- Sinapis arvensis*, Wild Mustard. Corn-fields. 6.
- XVI. 2. *Geranium phæum*, Dusky Crane's-bill. Mountainous thickets. 6.
- Geranium Robertianum*, Herb Robert. Hedges and banks. 10.
- Geranium lucidum*, Shining Crane's bill. Moist rocks. 8.
- XVI. 2. *Geranium dissectum*, Jagged-leaved Crane's-bill. Waste ground. 7.
- XVI. 3. *Malva sylvestris*, Common Mallow. Roadsides. 9.
- XVII. 1. *Fumaria lutea*, Yellow Fumitory. Old walls. 6.
- Fumaria officinalis*, Common Fumitory. Gardens and fields. 8.
- XVII. 3. *Orobis tuberosus*, Common Heath Pea. Banks and woods. 7.
- Lathyrus Nissolia*, Crimson Grass-Vetch. Bushy places. 6.
- Vicia sepium*, Common Blush-Vetch. Corn-fields. 6.
- Ornithopus purpusillus*, Birds'-foot. Sandy places. 9.
- Trifolium pratense*, Common Red Clover. Pastures. 9.
- XIX. 1. *Hieraceum Pilosella*, Mouse-ear Hawkweed. Waysides. 7.
- XX. 1. *Orchis morio*, Meadow Orchis. Meadows. 6.
- Orchis fusca*, Great Brown-winged Orchis. }
Orchis militaris, Military Orchis. } Chalky Hills, Kent. 6.
Orchis tephrosanthos, Monkey Orchis. }
Orchis latifolia, March Palmate Orchis. Moist meadows. 6.

- Ophrys fucifera*, Drone Orchis. Chalky hills, Kent. 6.
Listera Nidus-avis, Bird's-nest Orchis. Shady woods. 6.
Epipactis ensifolia, Narrow-leaved White Helleborine. Mountainous woods. 6.
Corallorrhiza innata, Spurless Coral Wort. Mossy bogs, Scotland. 6.
 XXI. 2. *Carex dioica*, cum mult. aliis. Diocious *Carex*, with many others. Bogs. 9.
 XXI. 4. *Bryonia dioica*, Red-berried Bryony. Hedges. 9.
 XXI. 5. *Arum maculatum*, Wake-Robin. Banks and woods. 6.
Fragus castanea, Sweet Chestnut. } Woods. 6.
Carpinus Betulus, Common Hornbeam. }
 XXI. 6. *Pinus sylvestris*, Scotch Fir. Scotland. 6.
 XXII. 1. *Salix triandra*, cum mult. aliis. Triandrous Willow, with many others. Osier Grounds. 8.
 XXII. 2. *Empetrum nigrum*, Crowberry. Mountainous heaths. 8.
 XXII. 3. *Viscum album*, Common Misseltree. On apple and crab-trees. 8.
Myrica Gale, Sweet Gale, or Dutch Myrtle. Bogs. 8.
 XXII. 6. *Rhodiola rosea*, Mountain Rose-root. Wales, North of England, etc. 6.
 XXII. 8. *Juniperus communis*, Common Juniper. Heathy downs. 6.
 XXIV. 1. *Polypodium vulgare*, Common Polypody. Walls, trunks of trees, etc. 10.
*Asplenium Tricomane*s, Common Maiden-hair. Rocks and old walls. 12.
Pteris crispa, Curled, or Rock Brakes. Sides of mountains. 8.
Hymenophyllum Tunbridgensis, Tunbridge Filmy Fern. Moist, shady, and stony places. 6.
Ophioglossum vulgatum, Adder's Tongue. Meadows and pastures. 7.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

- Cicindela hybrida*. Locality, coast of Norfolk, Suffolk, etc. Month, To 6.
Brachinus crepitans, Common Bombardier. Near London. To 6.
Carabus monilis. Gardens and meadows. To 9.
Carabus nitens. On heaths, particularly in the North of England. To 7.
Nebria complanata. Coast, Swansea, etc. To 6.
Helobia Marshallana. Mountains of Westmoreland. To 6.
Anchomenus prasinus. Under stones in sandy places. To 8.
Agonum marginatum. Banks of streams. To 6.

- Omaceus nigrita*. Moist situations. To 7.
Harpalus ruficornis. Under stones and pathways. To 10.
Colymbetes abbreviatus. Ponds. To 6.
Gyrinus bicolor. Surface of Pools, etc. To 6.
Gyrinus villosus. Margins of rivers. To 6.
Necrophorus germanus.
Necrophorus Sepultor.
Oiceoptoma thoracica.
Oiceoptoma rugosa.
Oiceoptoma sinuata. } Dead animals and fungi. To 7.
Silpha quadrimaculata. } Oak-trees. To 7.
Onthophilus striatus.
Onthophilus sulcatus. } Dung and dead animals. To 7.
Geotrupes lævis, Smooth Dor-beetle. Dung on heaths. To 10.
Melolontha vulgaris, Common Cockchaffer. Trees and hedges.
 To 6.
Anomala Horticola. Skirts of woods. To 7.
Cetonia aurata, Rose May-chaffer. Flowers of the Dog rose. To 7.
Telephorus fuscus.
Telephorus lividus. } Bushy places. To 7.
Necrobia violacea. Dead animals. To 9.
Scolytus Destructor. Bark of the Elm. To 7.
Phyllobius argentatus. Woods and hedges. To 6.
Deporans Betulæ. Birch-tree. To 6.
Brachytarsus scabrosus. White Thorn. To 6.
Donacia dentipes.
Donacia simplex. } Aquatic plants. To 6.
Cassida nobilis.
Cassida splendidula. } Weedy banks. To 6.
Helops caraboides. Sandy places. To 7.
Mordella aculeata. Umbellate plants. To 6.
Notoxus Monoceros, Unicorn Beetle. }
Staphylinus pubescens. } Sandy places. { To 8.
Staphylinus erythropterus. } { To 6.
 { To 7.
Papilio Machaon, Swallow-tail Butterfly. In the fenny countries.
 To 7.
Papilio Podalirius, Scarce Swallow-tailed Butterfly. Woods, Bedford-
 shire. To 8.
Pontia Brassicæ, Common Cabbage Butterfly. Gardens, etc. And
 7 to 9.
Pontia Napi, Green-veined White Butterfly. }
Pontia Napææ. } Gardens, etc. And 7.

- Pontia Daplidice*, Green chequered White Butterfly. South of England. And 8.
- Pontia Cardamines*, Orange-lip White Butterfly. Woods and meadows. To 6.
- Leucophasia Sinapis*, Wood White Butterfly. Woods in the south. And 8.
- Nemeobius Lucina*, Duke of Burgundy's Fritillary. Woods in the south. And 6.
- Melitæa Athalia*, Pearl-bordered Likeness. Devonshire. And 6.
- Melitæa tessellata*, Straw May Fritillary. Middlesex. And 6.
- Melitæa Artemis*, Greasy, or Marsh Fritillary. Meadows. And 6.
- Melitæa Selane*, Small Pearl-bordered Fritillary. Woods and heaths. And 8.
- Melitæa Euphrosyne*, Pearl-bordered Fritillary. Woods and heaths. To 6 and 8.
- Argynnis Lathonia*, Queen of Spain's Fritillary. Woods in the south. And 8.
- Thecla Rubi*, Green Hair-streak. Hedges and brambles. And 8.
- Polyommatus Agriolus*, Azure-blue Butterfly. South of England. And 8.
- Polyommatus Alsus*, Bedford blue Butterfly. Woods and meadows. And 7.
- Polyommatus Acis*, Mazarine blue Butterfly. Chalky districts. And 7.
- Polyommatus Adonis*, Clifden blue Butterfly. Downs in the south. And 8.
- Polyommatus Alexis*, Common blue Butterfly. Heaths and commons. And 8.
- Thymeles Alveolus*, Grizzled Skipper. } Woods and commons. } And 8.
- Thymeles Tages*, Dingy Skipper. } } And 7.
- Pamphila Paniscus*, Chequered Skipper. Woods and commons. And 7.
- Pamphila Sylvanus*, Large Skipper. Woods and lanes. And 7.
- Anthrocera Trefolii*, Trefoil Burnet-Moth. Moist woods and bogs. And 7.
- Smerinthus ocellatus*, Eyed Hawk Moth. Willow, Apple, and Poplar. And 6.
- Smerinthus Tillæ*, Lime Hawk Moth. Lime trees. And 6.
- Sesia Fuciformis*, Narrow-bordered Bee-Hawk Moth. Fens in the south. And 6.
- Sesia Bombyliiformis*, Broad-bordered Bee-Hawk Moth. Woods. And 6.

- Hepialus Humuli*, Ghost Moth. Fields, etc. And 6.
Cossus ligniperdi, Goat Moth, Willow-trees. And 6.
Cerura Vinula, Puss Moth. Osier holts. And 6.
Lasiocampa Rubi, Fox-coloured Moth. Woods and heaths. And 6.
Spilosoma meuthastri, Large Ermine. Moist woods. And 6.
Spilosoma lubricepeda, Spotted Buff Ermine. Gardens. And 6.
Diaphora mendica, Spotted Muslin. Woods. And 6.
Callimorpha Jacobææ, Cinnabar Moth. Woods on the Ragwort.
 And 7.
Hypena rostralis, Button Snout. Amongst nettles. And 7.

The *Gyrinus villosus*, one of the rarest species of this genus, inhabits the weedy margins of streams. It is supposed by some to differ from its congeners in not being gregarious, but of this I have some doubts, as it has once in this neighbourhood been taken abundantly, and to all appearance is as fond of collecting together as the natator, although not so common or so frequently observed. The gentleman who took them informs me that on turning over a stone on the margin of the Trent, he observed at least fifty specimens.

The *Onthophilus sulcatus* and *striatus* are both found in the vicinity of Nottingham; the former very rarely, but always near dead animals: the latter has been extremely abundant this spring, (1830,) in the usual haunts of the *Histeridæ* and *Aphodiidæ*.

Cetonia aurata—Rose May-Chaffer, or Brass Beetle. This beautiful insect is not confined to the south; some hundreds of specimens have been captured in this county, and I have some which were taken at Matlock.

Scolytus Destructor. No one from a casual sur-

vey of this little creature would deem it capable of such extensive devastation: its ravages are confined to the elm (*Ulmus campestris*), the mid-bark of which it perforates in a circular direction, in some instances completing the circumference of the tree and depositing eggs during its progress. The larvæ which are produced from these eggs perforate the bark at right angles with the perforation of the mother insect, both upwards and downwards. The female is generally found dead at the end of the circular labyrinth: a tree, when once infected, never fails to fall a victim in the course of a few years to this little destroyer, however large and flourishing.

Notoxus Monoceros is a local British insect, and appears to haunt the sea coast, and the banks of the larger rivers in dry sandy situations; with us on the banks of the Trent, in one spot, it is found in great abundance, at the roots of the tansy (*Tanacetum vulgare*), and the silver-weed (*Potentilla anserina*). It is also very fond of dead muscles that are half-dried by the sun. Mr. Marsham has given its habitat on syngenesious flowers, but I have never observed it to take wing.

Of the twenty-five species of *Papiliones* enumerated in the list of this month, eight only are known to inhabit this county; of which the *Polyommatus Alexis*, and the *Pontia Brassicæ*, *Napi*, and *Cardamines*, are common, and the *Melitæa Euphrosyne*, the *Polyommatus Alsus*, and the *Pamphila Sylvanus*

are less frequent: the *Papilio Machaon* has been taken once at Newark on Trent, and at Welbeck.

Cossus ligniperda, or Goat-moth. A moth of large size and considerable beauty, not uncommon towards the end of this and the beginning of the next month; the larvæ live in the solid wood of the oak, the ash, and the willow, but more particularly the last, which they perforate in various directions. They are very destructive, as may easily be imagined from their duration and size; the length of the full-grown larvæ being four inches, and their period of existence in that state three years. They remain in the state of pupa or chrysalis about three weeks.

LAYS OF THE SEASONS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

II.

SUMMER.

'Tis summer—joyous summer time!

In noisy towns no more abide;
The earth is full of radiant things,
Of gleaming flowers and glancing wings,
Beauty and joy on every side.

'Tis morn;—the glorious sun is up,

The dome-like heaven is bright and blue;
The lark, yet higher and higher ascending,
Pours out his song that knows no ending;
The unfolding flowers are brimmed with dew.

When noon is in the flaming sky,

Seek we, some shadowy, silent wood;
Recline upon a mossy knoll,
Cast care aside, and yield the soul
To that luxurious quietude.

Above, waves wide the linden tree,

With humming-bees the air is thrilled,
And through the sleeping hush is heard
The sudden voice of the woodland bird,
Like sound with which a dream is filled.

Oh pleasant land of idlesse !

Jollity bides not 'neath the trees,
But thought, that roams from folly free,
Through the pure world of poetry,
Puts on her strength in scenes like these !

And sweet it is by lonely meres
To sit, with heart and soul awake,
Where water-lilies lie afloat,
Each anchored like a fairy boat
Amid some fabled elfin lake :

To see the birds flit to and fro
Along the dark-green reedy edge ;
Or fish leap up to catch the fly ;
Or list the viewless wind pass by,
Leaving its voice amid the sedge.

The green and breezy hills—away !
My heart is light, my foot is free,
And, resting on the topmost peak,
The freshening gale shall fan my cheek,—
The hills were ever dear to me !

I stand upon the mountain's brow,
A monarch in this region wide ;
I and the gray-faced mountain-sheep
The solitary station keep,
As living thing were none beside.

'Tis summer eve, a gentle hour ;
The west is rich in sombre sheen ;
And 'mid the garden's leafy trees,
Springs up a cool refreshing breeze,
And the pale stars are faintly seen.

The white owl with his downy wings
And hooded head goes slowly by ;
The hawk-moth sits upon the flowers ;
And through the silent evening hours
The little brooks make melody.

And walking 'mid the folded blooms
At summer midnight shalt thou feel
A softened heart, a will subdued,
A holy sense of gratitude,
An influence from the Source of Good,
Thy bitterest griefs to heal.

JUNE.

Come on, therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present ;
and let us speedily use the creatures like as in youth.

Let us fill ourselves with costly wine, and ointments, and let no
flower of the spring pass by us.

Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON, ii. 6—8.

WELCOME once more to sweet June, the month
which comes

Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned.

Yet it is almost startling to those who regret the
speed of time, and especially of those

Who like the soil, who like the clement skies,
Who like the verdant hills, and flowery plains,

to behold how far the season has advanced. But
with this we must be sensibly struck, if we give a
retrospective glance to the days when, in our walks,
we hailed with delight the first announcements of a
new spring ; the first snatch of milder air ; the first
peep of green ; the first flowers which dared the
unsettled elements ;—snowdrops, primroses, violets,
and then a thousand beautiful and short-lived blooms.

They are gone ! The light tints of young foliage, so pure, so tender, so spiritual, are vanished. What the poet applied to the *end* of summer, is realized now ;

It is the season when the green delight
Of leafy luxury begins to fade,
And leaves are changing hourly on the sight.

BARTON.

A duller and darker uniformity of green has spread over the hedges ; and we behold in the forest trees the farewell traces of spring. *They* indeed exhibit a beautiful variety. The oak has "spread its amber leaves out in the sunny sheen ;" the ash has unfolded its more cerulean drapery ; the maple, beech, and sycamore are clad in most delicate vestures ; and even the dark perennial firs are enlivened by young shoots and cones of lighter green. Our admiration of the foliage of trees would rise much higher, did we give it a more particular attention. I have frequently in autumn gathered under the trees, leaves of the Spanish, or sweet chestnut, more than a foot in length. The leaves of the horse-chestnut too are superb. Passing through a wood with a friend, we broke off one without thinking much of what we were doing, but, being immediately struck with its size and beauty, we found, on trial, that it measured no less than one yard and three quarters round, and the leaf and foot-stalk three quarters of a yard in length, presenting a natural handscreen of unrivalled elegance of shape. It is now too that

many of the forest trees put forth their blossoms. The chestnut, in the earliest period of the month, is a glorious object, laden with ten thousand waxen pyramidal flowers. Then come the less conspicuous, but yet beautiful developements of other giants of the wood. The sycamore, the maple, and the horn-beam are affluent with their pale, yellow florets, quickly followed by winged seeds; the ash shows its bunches of green keys; and lastly, the lime bursts into one proud glow of beauty, filling the warm air with honeyed sweetness, and the ear with the hum of a thousand bees,—

Pilgrims of summer, who do bow the knee
Zealously at every shrine.

The general character of June, in the happiest seasons, is fine, clear, and glowing, without reaching the intense heats of July. Its commencement is the only period of the year in which we could possibly forget that we are in a world of perpetual change and decay. The earth is covered with flowers, and the air is saturated with their odours. It is true that many have vanished from our path, but they have slid away so quietly, and their places have been occupied by so many fragrant and beautiful successors, that we have scarcely been sensible of their departure. Every thing is full of life, greenness, and vigour. Families of young birds are abroad, and give their parents a busy life of it, till they can peck for themselves. Rooks have deserted the rookery,

and are feeding their vociferous young in every pasture, and under every green tree. The swallow and swift are careering in the clear skies, and

Ten thousand insects in the air abound,
Flitting on glancing wings that yield a summer sound.

WIFFEN.

The havoc that is made amongst the broods of young birds at this season all over this kingdom, but especially in the neighbourhood of populous towns, is truly melancholy. The mere taking of birds' eggs may possibly find some excuse in the plea of keeping down the number of birds; but the wanton destruction of the helpless and innocent young ones, is an evil feature in our youthful population, and a most striking evidence of that want of culture of the moral sensibilities in the working class, which is a disgrace to this nation. No one is accustomed to walk the fields at this time of the year, whose feelings are not tortured by the cruelty that is every where going on. Troops of boys and young men are traversing the fields in all directions, on Sundays and holidays, dragging out every nest they can find, from no motive but the indulgence of an idle and brutal recklessness. You meet them with nests full of little downy, half-fledged creatures, that are gaping and uttering continuous chirpings, or rather sobs and sighs, full of a sense of their misery, and which you know will cease only with their lives. Many are carried home, and stuffed with improper food till

they perish; many are flung heedlessly away, are dashed on the ground, or are set upon a stone or a post to be thrown at: and all this outraging of Nature in her sweetest season and solitudes, all this infliction of agonies on those young, tender things, just awoke to existence, and that would have filled field and forest with music and rejoicing, are done with the most callous and thorough ignorance of wrong. It proceeds from the want of better teaching; from the want of that moral training which the children of our working class so much need; that necessary education, which consists not so much in reading and writing, as in the awakening of the moral sense, the exercise of the moral principles, and the humane sympathies, the inculcation of that religion which consists not in cant, but in "*doing justice, loving mercy*, and walking humbly before God." It is the duty of every man who loves the holy beauty of Nature, and his fellow man, to consider seriously by what means this better tone of popular feeling may be produced.

The flower-garden is in the height of its splendour. Roses of almost innumerable species,—I have counted no less than fourteen in a cottage garden,—lilies, jasmins, speedwells, rockets, stocks, lupines, geraniums, pinks, poppies, valerians, red and blue; mignonette, etc., and the glowing rhododendron abound.

It is the very carnival of Nature, and she is prodigal of her luxuries. It is luxury to walk abroad, indulging every sense with sweetness, loveliness, and

harmony. It is luxury to stand beneath the forest side, when all is still and basking at noon; and to see the landscape suddenly darken, the black and tumultuous clouds assemble as at a signal; to hear the awful thunder crash upon the listening ear; and then, to mark the glorious bow rise on the lurid rear of the tempest, the sun laugh jocundly abroad, and

Every bathed leaf and blossom fair
Pour out its soul to the delicious air.

It is luxury to haunt the gardens of old-fashioned houses in the morning, when the bees are flitting forth with a rejoicing hum; or at eve, when the honeysuckle and sweetbriar mingle their spirit with the breeze. It is luxury to plunge into the cool river; and, if ever we are tempted to turn anglers, it must be now. To steal away into a quiet valley, by a winding stream, buried, completely buried, in fresh grass; the foamlike flowers of the meadow-sweet, the crimson loose-strife, and the large blue geranium nodding beside us; the dragonfly, the ephemera, the kingfisher glancing to and fro; the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream; and one of our ten thousand volumes of delightful literature in our pockets,—then indeed might one be a most patient angler though taking not a single fin. What luxurious images would there float through the mind! Gray could form no idea of heaven superior to laying on a sofa, and reading novels; but it is in the flowery lap of June that we can best climb

Up to the sunshine of uncumbered ease.

How delicious, too, are the evenings become! The frosts and damps of spring are past: the earth is dry: the night air is balmy and refreshing: the glow-worm has lit her lamp: the bat is circling about: the fragrant breath of flowers steals into our houses: the bees hum sonorous music amid the pendent flowers of the tall sycamore tree: the cock-chaffer is hovering around it: the stag-beetle in the south soars cheerily in the clear air: and the moth flutters against the darkening pane. Go forth when the business of the day is over, thou who art pent in city toils, and stray through the newly shot corn, along the grassy and hay-scented fields; linger beside the solitary woodland,—the gale of heaven is stirring its mighty and umbrageous branches. The wild rose, with its flowers of most delicate odour, and of every tint, from the deepest red to the purest pearl; the wreathed and luscious honeysuckle, and the verdurous, snowy-flowered elder, embellish every way side, or light up the most shadowy region of the wood. Field-peas and beans, in full flower, add their spicy aroma: the red clover is at once splendid and profuse of its honeyed breath. The young corn is bursting into ear;—the awned heads of rye, wheat, and barley, and the nodding panicles of oats, shoot from their green and glaucous stems, in broad, level, and waving expanses of present beauty and future promise. The very waters are strewn with flowers; the buck-bean, the water-violet, the elegant flowering-rush, and the queen of the waters, the pure and splendid white lily, invest every stream and lonely

mere with grace. The mavis and the merle, those worthy favourites of the olden bards, and the wood-lark, fill the solitude with their eloquent evening songs.

Over its own sweet voice the stock-dove broods ;

the turtle in southern woodlands coos plaintively ; and the cuckoo pours its mellowest note from some region of twilight shadow. The sunsets of this month are transcendently glorious : the mighty luminary goes down pavilioned amidst clouds of every hue—the splendour of burnished gold, the deepest mazarine blue fading away into the highest heavens, to the palest azure ; and an ocean of purple is flung over the twilight-woods, or the far-stretching and lonely horizon. The heart of the spectator is touched : it is melted and rapt into dreams of past and present—pure, elevated, and tinged with a poetic tenderness, which can never awake amid the crowds of mortals or of books.

The state of nature I have described is just that which might be supposed to exist with perpetual summer ; there are sunshine, beauty, and abundance, without a symptom of decay. But this will not last. We soon perceive the floridity of Nature merging into a verdant monotony : we find a silence stealing over the landscape, so lately filled with the voice of every creature's exultation. The nightingale is gone, and the cuckoo will depart in less time than is allowed him in the peasant's traditionary calendar.

In April the cuckoo shows his bill;
In May he sings both night and day;
In June he altereth his tune;
In July away he'll fly;
In August go he must.

Anon, the scythe is heard ringing,—a sound happy in its immediate associations, but, in fact, a note of preparation for winter—a knell of the departing year. It reminds us, in the midst of warmth and fertility, that we must prepare for nakedness and frost; and that stripping away of the earth's glorious robe, which, when it begins, will never cease till it leaves us in the dreary, tempestuous region of winter; so

That fair flower of beauty fades away,
As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.
Great enemy to it, and all the rest
That in the garden of fair Nature springs,
Is wicked TIME, who, with his scythe addressed,
Doth mow the flowering herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings,
Where they do wither, and are foully marred;
He flies about and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both bud and leaf without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

Faery Queene, b. iii.

Let us not, however, anticipate too sensitively the progress of Time; let us rather enjoy the summer festivities which surround us. The green fruits of the orchard are becoming conspicuous, and the young nuts in hedges and copses peep from their fringed husks; the garden presents ripe cherries,

melting strawberries; and gooseberries and currants assuming tints of ripeness, are extremely grateful. Grasses are now in flower; and when the larger species are collected and disposed tastefully, as I have seen them by ladies, in vases, polished horns, and over pier-glasses, they retain their freshness through the year, and form, with their elegantly pensile panicles, bearded spikes, and silken plumes, exceedingly grateful ornaments.

Hay-harvest has commenced, and, in some southern counties, if the weather be favourable, is completed; but next month may be considered as the general season of hay-making.

SUMMER FLOODS. Floods in the summer months are not unfrequent; and when they spread into the mowing-grass, do immense damage, filling it with sand, and covering it with an adhesive slime that no future showers will wash off. Sometimes they come in the midst of hay-harvest; and then may be seen haycocks standing in the midst of the water, or floating down the flooded valleys in vast quantities—here people intercepting it with boats, or pulling it out with rakes and hooks; there plucking it away from the arches of bridges, which it would soon choke and cause to blow up. After the subsiding of the waters, hedges and copses may be seen loaded with it, a melancholy monument of incalculable damage. Yet rivers never look so well as when they are swelled bankfull in summer. They have a noble and abundant aspect, and rush on their way magnificently amid views in the pride of

their bloom and greenness, amid the deepest grass and the richest foliage; and it is a merry sight to see the little boys sporting like fishes in the water where it has spread itself in shallow expanses on the grass.

Fishermen, too, take advantage of these floods. The waters are rendered turbid, and the fish are not only deprived of their ordinary quickness of perception, but are washed out of their usual haunts. Men may be seen hastening towards the rivers with their nets, and find noble sport with carp and barbel and other large fish, which lie luxuriating on the warm banks amid the fresh herbage.

SHEEP-SHEARING, begun last month, is generally completed this. It is one of the most picturesque operations of rural life, and, from the most ancient times, it has been regarded as a season of gladness and festivity. The simple and unvitiated sense of mankind taught them, in the earlier ages of society, that the bounty of nature was to be gathered in with thankfulness, and in a spirit like that of the Great Giver, a spirit of blessing and benevolence. Therefore did they join with the brightness and beauty of the summer the sunshine of their grateful souls, and collect with mirth and feasting the harvests of the field, of the forest, and of the flock. The very spirits of the churlish, the hard and unkindly natures of the "sons of Belial," gave way before the united influence of the fair and plentiful time and of natural religion, so far as to feast their servants. The Bible, that treasury of the customs

of the primitive nations, gives a most lively picture of their practice in this particular. Nabal, "a man in Maon, whose possessions were in Carmel, and who had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats, was shearing his sheep in Carmel," when David, knowing it to be a time of abundance, sent some of his men out of the wilderness to solicit provisions. The men, when delivering their leader's message, used it as an argument, "for we are come in a good day." Some idea may also be formed of the preparations on such occasions, from the supply of good things which Nabal's wife "made haste" and gave to David. Two hundred loaves, and two bottles of wine, and five sheep ready dressed, and five measures of parched corn, and a hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of figs: and it is added, "Behold Nabal held a feast in his house, like the feast of a king."—SAMUEL, ch. xxv.

Such was the custom in this country in the old-fashioned days. It was a time of merry-making: the maidens, in their best attire, waited on the shearers to receive and roll up the fleeces. A feast was made, and the king and queen elected; or, according to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the king was pre-elected by a fortunate circumstance.

The shepherd-king,

Whose flock hath chanced that year the earliest lamb to bring,
In his gay baldric sits at his low, grassy board,
With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stored;
And, while the bagpipes play, each lusty, jocund swain
Quaffs syllabubs in cans to all upon the plain;
And to their country girls, whose nosegays they do wear;
Some roundelays do sing, the rest the burden bear.

Like most of our old festivities, however, this has, of late years, declined; yet two instances in which it has been attempted to keep it alive, on a noble scale, worthy of a country so renowned for its flocks and fleeces, will occur to the reader—those of Holkham and Woburn: and in the wilds of Scotland, and the more rural parts of England, the ancient glory of sheep-shearing has not entirely departed. And, indeed, its picturesqueness can never depart, however its jollity may. The sheep-washing, however, which precedes the shearing, has more of rural beauty about it. As we stroll over some sunny heath or descend into some sylvan valley in this sweet month, we are apt to come upon such scenes. We hear afar off the bleating of flocks; as we approach some clear stream, we behold the sheep penned on its banks; in mid-stream stand sturdy hinds ready to receive them as they are plunged in, one by one, and after squeezing their saturated fleeces well between their hands, and giving them one good submersion, they guide them to the opposite bank. The clear running waters, the quiet fields, the whispering fresh boughs that thicken around, and the poor dripping creatures themselves, that, after giving themselves a staggering shake, go off gladly to their pasture, form to the eye an animated and pleasant *tout ensemble*.

WILD FLOWERS AND THEIR ANCIENT NAMES.
Amongst the most interesting wild flowers now in full bloom, are the dog-rose, the pimpernel, thyme, and white bryony. The last is one of our most ele-

gant plants. Running up in the space of a month, over a great extent of hedge or thicket, and covering it with its long twining stems, spiral tendrils, green vine-like leaves, and graceful flowers, in a beautiful style of luxuriance, it is deserving more notice than it has yet received, and seems well-calculated for clothing bowers and trellis-work. Many of our wild flowers derive much interest from the simple and poetical names given them by our rural ancestors: as the wind-flower; the snap-dragon; the shepherd's-purse; the bird's-eye; the fox-glove; the blue-bell; cuckoo-flower; adder's-tongue, and hart's-tongue; goldy-locks; honesty; heart's-ease; true-love; way-bread, and wayfaring tree, etc. Many also bear the traces of their religious feelings; and still more remind us of the religious orders by whom they were made articles of their *materia medica*, or *materia sancta*, each flower being dedicated to that saint near whose day it happened to blow.

HOLY FLOWERS.

Woe's me—how knowledge makes forlorn;
The forest and the field are shorn
Of their old growth, the holy flowers;—
Or if they spring, they are not ours.
In ancient days the peasant saw
Them growing in the woodland shaw,
And, bending to his daily toil,
Beheld them deck the leafy soil;
They sprang around his cottage door;
He saw them on the heathy moor;

Within the forest's twilight glade,
Where the wild deer its covert made ;
In the green vale, remote and still,
And gleaming on the ancient hill.
The days are distant now, gone by
With the old times of minstrelsy,
When all unblest with written lore,
Were treasured up traditions hoar ;
And each still lake and mountain lone
Had a wild legend of its own ;
And hall, and cot, and valley-stream,
Were hallowed by the minstrel's dream.

Then musing in the woodland nook,
Each flower was as a written book,
Recalling, by memorial quaint,
The holy deed of martyred saint,
The patient faith, which, unsubdued,
Grew mightier through fire and blood.
One blossom, 'mid its leafy shade,
The virgin's purity portrayed ;
And one, with cup all crimson dyed,
Spoke of a Saviour crucified :
And rich the store of holy thought
That little forest-flower brought.
Doctrine and miracle, whate'er
We draw from books, was treasured there.
Faith in the wild wood's tangled bound
A blessed heritage had found !
And Charity and Hope were seen
In the lone isle and wild ravine.
Then pilgrims in the forest brown
Slow wandering on from town to town,
Halting 'mid mosses green and dank,
Breathed each a prayer before they drank
From waters by the pathway side.
Then duly morn and eventide,
Before those ancient crosses gray,
Now mouldering silently away,

Aged and young devoutly bent
 In simple prayer, how eloquent !
 For each good gift man then possessed
 Demanded blessing and was blest.

What though in our pride's selfish mood,
 We hold those times as dark and rude,—
 Yet give we, from our wealth of mind,
 Feeling more grateful or refined ?
 And yield we unto Nature aught
 Of loftier, or of holier thought,
 Than they, who gave sublimest power
 To the small spring and simple flower ?

M. H.

June is most probably named from Juno, in honour of whom a festival was held at the beginning of the month.

An old author says, "Unto June the Saxons gave the name of *Weyd-monath* ; because their beasts did *weyd* in the meadows, that is, go to feed there ; and hereof a meadow is called in Teutonic, a *weyd* ; and of weyd we retain our word *wade*, which we understand of going through watery places ; such as meadows are wont to be." Another author says that *weyd* is probably derived from *weyden* (German,) to graze or to pasture. He further adds, they call it *Woed-monath*, weed month, and also *Mede-monath*, *Midsomer-monath*, and *Bræck-monath*, thought to be from the breaking up of the soil, from *braecan* (Saxon) ; they also called it *Lida-erra*. The word *Lida*, or *Litha*, signifying in Icelandic, to move, or pass over, may imply the sun's passing over its greatest height ; and *Lida-erra* consequently means

the first month of the sun's descent. *Lida*, it is added, has been affirmed to mean smooth air.

Peas, beans, the *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, or sweet-scented vernal grass, now diffuse their fragrance. The common jay now frequents our gardens, and makes havoc in the bean-rows: the fox-glove and the wild red poppy beautify our fields and wastes: the fern owl may be seen about the middle of the month, in the evening, pursuing the fern-chaffer, its favourite prey: mackerel is taken in abundance: the elder-tree is in flower, and the grasshopper is heard.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Somer is ycomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new.

So says the oldest English song; and so the husbandman finds it. In the midland counties he weeds his green corn, dresses and manures his fallows, keeps down weeds, especially thistles in pastures, and smothering plants in young fences. Turnips are sown, and in the midland counties Swedish turnips. Old pastures are pared and burnt: fruit-trees require clearing of insects, and hops binding to the poles. The fields are full of grass, and the dairy-maid full of employment: compost is mixed for land: sheep now require much attention, and daily, almost hourly, watching to defend them from the fly, or to

preserve them from its effects. On wide heaths, where the sheep are often small, and consequently of less individual value, and where also they cannot be so often and readily seen, great numbers fall a prey to the flies, and die the dreadful death of being devoured by them and their larvæ. In my summer rambles I see continual instances of this melancholy nature ; no doubt often resulting from the indolence of the shepherds. Heavy, long-wooled sheep, too, are in danger of being overset, in which situation they will destroy themselves by their struggles. From these dangers they are relieved by the annual washing and shearing which now take place. Hay-making in the earlier districts is now going on busily. The poor find some employment in cutting heath on the wastes for making besoms. A great and most important quantity of employment they find also in cutting peat and turf on the moors and heaths of various parts of the kingdom. What is a more characteristic feature of moorlands, than those black pyramids of peat that are piled up in every direction to dry through the summer, and in autumn are conveyed away into the neighbourhood of the farmhouse and cottage, and carefully stacked, or sent into the neighbouring towns ? The inhabitants of coal districts little know the value of our moorlands for furnishing fuel and employment to the poor. In many parts of the United Kingdom, in a great portion of the Highlands of Scotland and wastes of Ireland, such a thing as coal is never seen ; their moors and bogs supply their fires. In

many parts of England, where coal is scarce, what would the poor do without peat or turf? No one knows the value of a sod, or a gorse-bush, who has not traversed the wastes of Cornwall, where timber and coal seem equally unknown, and the little stack of turf and one of gorse by the side of every hut, carefully thatched and secured with a perfect network of rush-cords, often with bricks and stones slung across them by similar bands to prevent the blustering sea-winds blowing them away, tell you of the high value of that which in other counties is rooted out as a nuisance. I have crossed high heaths where the inhabitants have picked the bones of mother earth to bareness; paring the scanty turf off, year after year, for fuel, till nothing remains but the naked stone. There you find the fireplace shut up with little iron doors, to prevent the too great consumption of fuel. The poor seldom indulge in a fire except to cook their meals, or keep it in from one meal-time to another by the merest handful of turf; and at a country inn they cook your steak, or boil the kettle for your tea, by lighting a piece of dried gorse, and blow it all the time with the bellows into an active blaze. In such places the cutting, gathering, and stacking of peat or turf is a great assistance to the poor; and I have seen women employed by the roadside, stacking up what appeared to me merely dirt, earning at this solitary work about eight pence a day. In the garden, the chief occupations consist of weeding, watering, and destroying insects.

ANGLING.

If we except roach, most fresh-water fish are now in season : bream is excellent, and may be caught in the deepest places, in ponds or still streams, early in the morning, or late in the evening, by a very cautious and adroit master of the angle, with paste, wasp-grub, dock-grub, or grasshopper. Most fish will now bite eagerly, and fly-fishing is become animated, especially for trout, which is in its glory. The angler's life is now delightful : the country about him is a paradise, full of greenness and flowers, which perfume the air ; the neighbourhood of the water is refreshing ; the birds shower their music down upon him from every bough ; and now, if ever, he has sport to his heart's content.

FLIES. From the 1st to the 24th, the green drake and stone fly ; from the 12th to the 24th, the gray drake and the owl fly, late at night ; a purple hackle, a gold twist hackle, a flesh fly, the peacock fly, the ant fly, a brown gnat, a little black gnat, a grasshopper.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

Class II. Order 1. Jasminum officinale, White Common Jasmine. 10.

Jasminum v. argent, var. Silver-striped Common Jasmine.

Jasminum v. aurea, var. Gold-striped Common Jasmine.

Calceolaria pinnata, Wing-leaved Slipperwort. 8.

III. 1. *Gladiolus communis*, Red Corn-flag. 7.

Gladiolus Byzantinus, Larger Corn-flag. 7.

Iris Virginica, cum mult. aliis. Virginian Iris, with many others.

III. 2. *Briza maxima*, Quaking-grass.

IV. 1. *Budlea globosa*, Globe-flowered Budlea. 7.

Scabiosa Alpina, Alpine Scabious. 7.

- Asperula crassifolia*, Thick-leaved Woodroof. 7.
Alchemilla pentaphylla, Five-leaved Ladies' Mantle. 8.
Alchemilla argentata, Silvery Ladies' Mantle. 8.
 V. 1. *Itea Virginea*, Virginian Itca. 8.
Ampelopsis quinquefolia, Virginian Creeper. 7.
Lonicera grata, cum mult. aliis. Evergreen Honeysuckle, with many others. 10.
Euonymus latifolius, Broad-leaved Spindle-tree. 7.
Vitis vinifera, Common Grape. 7.
Phlox suaveolens, White-flowered Lychnidea. 7.
Petunia nyctaginiflora, Marvel of Peru-flowered Petunia. 9.
Campanula lilifolia, Lily Campanula. 8.
Campanula rapunculoides, cum aliis. Nettle-leaved Campanula, with others. 7.
 V. 1. *Cynoglossum linifolium*, Navelwort. 7.
Convolvulus lineatus, Dwarf Blindweed. 8.
Asclepias amœna, Oval-leaved Swallow-wort. 8.
 V. 2. *Gentiana lutea*, Yellow Gentian. 7.
Gentiana purpurea, Purple Gentian. 7.
Gentiana cruciata, Crosswort Gentian. 7.
Eringium Bourgati, Cut-leaved Eringo. 8.
Eringium Alpinum, Alpine Eringo. 8.
 V. 3. *Viburnum cassinoides*, Thick-leaved Viburnum. 7.
Viburnum dentatum, Tooth-leaved Viburnum. 7.
Viburnum v. pubescens, Downy-leaved Viburnum. 7.
 V. 5. *Linum Austriacum*, Austrian Flax.
Linum hirsutum, Hirsute Flax.
 VI. 1. *Allium flavum*, cum aliis. Yellow Garlic, with others. 7.
Lilium candidum, White Lily.
Lilium bulbiferum, Orange Lily.
Lilium Chalcedonicum, Scarlet Martagon Lily. 7.
Lilium superbum, Superb Lily.
Lilium Martagon, Common Martagon Lily. 7.
Lilium tigrinum, Tiger Lily. 7.
Ornithogalum Pyrenaicum, Pyrenean Star of Bethlehem.
Ornithogalum comosum, Short-spiked Star of Bethlehem.
Hemerocallis flava, Yellow Day-lily.
Hemerocallis fulva, Tawny Day-lily. 7.
Hemerocallis graminea, Grassy Day-lily. 7.
 VIII. 1. *Daphne Tarton-raira*, Silver-leaved Daphne. 7.
Daphne Gnidium, Flax-leaved Daphne. 7.
Ænothera Missouriensis, *Ænothera Misour.* 8.
Ænothera Fraseri, Fraser's *Ænothera*. 7.

- Oenothera biennis*, Evening *Oenothera*. 9.
Oenothera purpurea, Purple *Oenothera*. 9.
Epilobium Dodonæi, Dodonæus's Willow-herb. 7.
Epilobium cordifolium, Heart-leaved Willow-herb.
Tropæolum majus, Great Nasturtium. 10.
Tropæolum minus, Small Nasturtium. 10.
X. 1. *Kalmia latifolia*, Broad-leaved *Kalmia*. 7.
Kalmia angustifolia, Narrow-leaved *Kalmia*. 7.
Kalmia. v. *carnea*, Pale-flowered *Kalmia*.
Rhododendron maximum, Large-leaved *Rhododendron*.
Rhododendron punctatum, Dotted *Rhododendron*.
Andromeda Mariana, cum aliis. Maryland *Andromeda*, with others. 7.
Sophora flavescens, Siberian *Sophora*. 7.
Dictamnus albus, *Fraxinella*. 7.
X. 2. *Saxifraga Geum*, Kidney-leaved *Saxifrage*. 7.
Dianthus barbatus, cum mult. aliis. Sweet-William, with many others. 7.
X. 3. *Silene rupestris*, cum aliis. Rock Catchfly, with others. 8.
X. 4. *Sedum Aizoon*, Yellow Stonecrop. 7.
Sedum virens, Green *Sedum*. 7.
X. 4. *Sedum deficiens*, Round-leaved *Sedum*.
Agrostemma coronaria, Rose Campion. 9.
Lychnis Chalcedonica, Scarlet *Lychnis*. 7.
Cerastium tomentosum, Woolly Chickweed. 7.
Oxalis stricta, Upright *Oxalis*. 8.
XI. 2. *Agrimonia odorata*, Sweet Agrimony. 7.
XI. 3. *Euphorbia coralloides*, cum allis. Coral-stalked Spurge, with others. 9.
Reseda odorata, Mignonette. 10.
XII. 1. *Prunus Lusitanica*, Portugal Laurel.
Philadelphus inodorus, Scentless Syringa. 7.
XII. 2. *Cratægus pyrifolia*, Pear-leaved Thorn.
XII. 4. *Spiræa salicifolia*, Willow-leaved *Spiræa*. 7.
Spiræa filipendula, cum mult. aliis. Dropwort, with many others. 8.
XII. 5. *Rubus odoratus*, Flowering Bramble. 7.
Rosa lutea, Yellow Rose.
Rosa mucosa, cum mult. aliis. Moss Rose, with many others.
Potentilla Pennsylvanica, Pennsylvanian Cinquefoil.
Potentilla recta, Upright Cinquefoil. 7.
Potentilla grandiflora, Great-flowered Cinquefoil. 7.
Geum potentilloides, Cinquefoil Avens.
Geum reptans, Creeping Avens. 8.

- XIII. 1. *Papaver somniferus*, Carnation Poppy. 7.
Papaver Rhœas, cum aliis. Dwarf Poppy, with others. 7.
Cistus laurifolius, Laurel-leaved Cistus.
Cistus ladaniferus, cum aliis. Gum cistus, with others. 7.
- XIII. 3. *Delphinium elatum*, cum mult. aliis. Common Larkspur, with many others. 8.
Aconitum Napellus, cum aliis. Blue Wolfsbane, with others. 7.
- XIII. 5. *Nigella Romana*, cum aliis. Roman Nigella with others. 9.
- XIII. 7. *Clematis Virginiana*, cum aliis et var. Virginian Virgin's-Bower, with others, and varieties. 5.
- Thalictrum nigricum*, cum mult. aliis. Simple-stalked *Thalictrum*, with many others.
- Trollius Asiaticus*, Asiatic Globe-flower.
Trollius Americanus, American Globe-flower.
Liriodendron Tulipifera, Common Tulip-tree.
Magnolia grandiflora, Laurel-leaved Magnolia. 8.
Ranunculus plantanifolius, cum aliis. Plantain-leaved *Ranunculus*, with others. 7.
- XIV. 2. *Bignonia capreolata*, Two-leaved Trumpet-flower.
Linaria purpurea, cum mult. aliis. Purple Toad-flax, with many others. 9.
- Digitalis lutea*, Yellow Fox-glove. 8.
Mimulus guttatus, Yellow Monkey-flower.
- XV. 1. *Iberis umbellata*, Purple and White Candytuft.
Alyssum halesiaefolium, Sweet Alyssum. 11.
- XVI. 2. *Passiflora cerulea*, Blue Passion-flower. 10.
- XVI. 5. *Geranium angulosum*, Angular Crane's-bill. 7.
Geranium palustre, Marsh Crane's-bill. 7.
- XVI. 5. *Geranium sanguineum*, Bloody Crane's-bill. 8.
- XVI. 7. *Althæa rosea*, Hollyhock. 9.
Malva crispa, cum mult. aliis. Curled Mallow, with many others. 9.
- XVI. 8. *Hibiscus Africanus*, African Hibiscus. 10.
Hibiscus major, Major Hibiscus. 9.
- XVII. 2. *Corydalis cucullaria*, Naked-stalked Fumitory. 7.
Corydalis fungosa, Spongy-flowered Fumitory. 9.
Robinia jubata, Bearded Acacia. 7.
- XVII. 4. *Genista Siberica*, Siberian Genista. 8.
Genista Germanica, German Genista. 8.
Genista Hispanica, Spanish Genista. 8.
Cytisus Alpinus, cum allis. Alpine *Cytisus*, with others.
Colutea arborescens, Bladder Senna. 8.
Colutea cruenta, Eastern Bladder. 7.

- Ononis antiquorum*, 'Tree Rest-Harrow. 7.
Orobis lathyroides, Upright Bitter-Vetch.
Lathyrus odoratus, Sweet Pea. 7.
Lathyrus Tangitanus, cum aliis et var. Tangier Pea, with others and varieties.
Galega officinalis, Common Goat's-rue. 8.
Galega Orientalis, Oriental Goat's-rue. 8.
Astragalus Onobrychis, Purple-spiked Milk-Vetch. 7.
Trifolium lupinaster, Bastard Lupine. 7.
Trifolium incarnatum, Crimson Trefoil.
Scorpiurus vermiculata, Caterpillar. 7.
Scorpiurus muricata, Prickly Caterpillar. 7.
Scorpiurus subvillosa, Villous Caterpillar. 7.
Medicago polymorpha, Hedgehogs. 7.
Medicago scutellata, Snails. 7.
Hippocrepis unisiliquosa, Single-podded Horse-shoe Vetch. 7.
Hedysarum saxatile, Rock Hedysarum.
Hedysarum coronarium, French Honeysuckle. 7.
Hedysarum Crista-galli, Cock's-comb. 8.
Coronilla coronata, Crown-flowered Coronilla.
Anthyllis cornicina, Hook-podded Kidney-Vetch. 7.
Lotus cytisoides, Cytissus-leaved Lotus. 8.
 XVIII. 4. *Hypericum calycinum*, cum mult. aliis. Large-flowered St. John's-wort, with many others. 9.
 XIX. 1. *Crepis rubra*, Red Hawkweed. 7.
Tolpis barbata, Yellow Hawkweed. 7.
Catananche lutea, Yellow Catananche. 7.
 XIX. 1. *Gnaphalium stachys*, Red Everlasting. 10.
Gnaphalium Alpinum, Alpine Everlasting. 7.
Chrysanthemum millifol. cum mult. var. Tansy-leaved Chrysanthemum, with many varieties.
Achillæa santolina, cum aliis. Cotton-leaved Milfoil Lavender, with others. 8.
Senecio elegans, Jacobæa. 10.
Zinnia pauciflora, Yellow Zinnia. 7.
Zinnia multiflora, Red Zinnia. 7.
 XIX. 2. *Zinnia elegans*, Elegant Zinnia. 7.
Zinnia tumiflora, Violet-coloured Zinnia. 7.
Zinnia verticillata, Whorl-leaved Zinnia. 7.
Anthemis Pyrethrum, Pellitory of Spain. 7.
 XIX. 3. *Centaurea montana*, cum mult. aliis. Mountain Centaury, with many others. 8.

- Helianthus annuus*, var. Dwarf Annual Sunflower. 10.
Rudbeckia hirta, Hairy Rudbeckia. 11.
 XIX. 4. *Calendula officinalis*, cum aliis. Double Marygold, with others. 10.
 XX. 1. *Cypripedium album*, White Ladies'-Slipper. 7.
 XXI. 3. *Zea Mays*, Indian Corn. 7.
Amaranthus lividus, Livid Amaranth. 9.
 XXIII. 1. *Veratrum album*, White Hellebore. 8.
Veratrum nigrum, Black Hellebore. 7.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

- Class II. Order 1. Circæa Lutetiana*, Common Enchanter's Nightshade. *Locality*, Moist shady places. *Duration*, 7.
Veronica Beccabunga, Brook-lime. Ditches. 8.
Schizanthus pinnatus, Pinnate Schizanthus. 10.
Schizanthus porrigens, cum aliis. Spreading-stalked Schizanthus, with others. 10.
Pinguicula Lusitanica, Pale Butterwort. Bogs near the sea. 7.
Utricularia vulgaris, Greater Bladderwort. Ditches and stagnant pools. 7.
Salvia verbenaca, Wild English Clary. In stony places. 10.
 III. 1. *Fedia dentata*, Oval-fruited Corn-salad. Corn-fields. 7.
Valeriana officinalis, Great Wild Valerian. Banks of rivers. 7.
Scirpus sylvaticus, Wood Club-Rush. Moist woods. 8.
 III. 2. *Millium effusum*, Spreading Millet-grass. Woods and shady places. 7.
Aria caryophyllea, Silver Hair-grass. Sandy heaths.
Melica nutans, Mountain Melic-Grass. Mountainous woods. 7.
Dactylis glomerata, Rough Cock's-foot Grass. Meadows and pastures. 8.
Bromus sterilis, Barren Brome-Grass. Fields and hedges. 7.
Hordeum murinum, Wall-Barley. Waste ground. 8.
Hordeum pratense, Meadow Barley. Meadows. 8.
Hordeum maritimum, Sea Barley. Sandy ground, near the sea. 7.
 IV. 1. *Scabiosa columbaria*, Small Scabious. Pastures and roadsides. 8.
Galium saxatile, Smooth Heath Bedstraw. Heaths. 8.
Plantago media, Hoary Plantain. Pastures and meadows. 8.
Plantago coronopus, Buck's-horn Plantain. Sandy or gravelly plains. 8.

- Sanguisorba officinalis*, Great Burnet. Meadows and pastures. 7.
Cornus sanguinea, Wild Dogwood. Hedges. 7.
Parietaria officinalis, Common Wall-Pellitory. Old walls and ruins. 9.
 IV. 1. *Alchemilla vulgaris*, Common Ladies'-Mantle. Meadows and pastures. 8.
 IV. 3. *Potamogeton lucens*, cum aliis. Shining Pondweed, with others. Ditches, ponds, and lakes. 7.
 V. 1. *Myosotis palustris*, Great Water Scorpion-Grass. Ditches and wet places. 8.
Myosotis arvensis, Field Scorpion-Grass. Sandy fields. 8.
Cynoglossum officinale, Common Hound's-Tongue. Road-sides. 7.
Borago officinalis, Common Borage. Waste ground. 7.
Lycopsis arvensis, Small Buglos. Corn-fields. 7.
Echium vulgare, Common Viper's Buglos. Fields and waste ground. 7.
Primula farinosa, Bird's-eyes Primrose. Mountainous bogs in north. 7.
Menyanthes trifoliata, Common Buck-Bean. Pools, ditches, and bogs. 7.
Hottonia palustris, Common Water-violet. Pools and ditches. 8.
Lysimachia nummularia, Moneywort. Moist woods and pastures. 7.
Anagallis arvensis, Common Scarlet Pimpernel. Gardens and fields. 9.
Convolvulus arvensis, Small Bindweed. Hedges and fields. 9.
Convolvulus Soldanella, Sea Bindweed. Sandy sea-shore. 7.
Polemonium cæruleum, Blue Jacob's Ladder. Mountainous places, rare. 7.
Campanula hederacea, Ivy-leaved Bell-Flower. Wet shady places. 8.
Jasione montana, Sheep's Scabious. Sandy fields. 8.
Atropa belladonna, Deadly Nightshade. Amongst ruins. 7.
Solanum dulcamara, Woody Nightshade. Moist hedges. 8.
Solanum nigrum, Garden Nightshade. Cultivated ground. 9.
Lonicera periclymenum, Common Honeysuckle. Hedges and woods. 9.
Glaux maritima, Sea Milkwort. Salt Marshes. 7.
 V. 2. *Gentiana acaulis*, Stemless Gentian. Alpine rocks. 7.
Daucus Carota, Wild Carrot. Borders of fields. 7.
Scandix Pecten-Veneris, Common Shepherd's-Needle. Corn-fields. 9.
Myrrhis temulenta, Rough Cow-Parsley. Hedges. 7.
Myrrhis aromatica, Broad-leaved Cow-Parsley. Road-sides. 7.
Conium maculatum, Common Hemlock. Waste ground. 8.
Carum Carui, Common Carraway. Meadows and pastures. 7.

- V. 3. *Sambucus nigra*, Common Elder. Woods and hedges. 7.
Viburnum Opulus, Common Guelder Rose. Wet woods and hedges. 7.
- V. 5. *Linum catharticum*, Purging Flax. Dry pastures. 8.
Sibbaldia procumbens, Procumbent Sibbaldia. Scotch mountains. 8.
- VI. 1. *Ornithogalum Pyrenaicum*, Tall Star of Bethlehem. Pastures, rare. 7.
Narthecium ossifragum, Lancashire Asphodel. Turf bogs. 7.
Acorus calamus, Common Sweet Flag. Watery places. 8.
- VI. 3. *Rumex crispus*, Curled Dock. Woods, fields, and hedges. 8.
Rumex acetosa, Common Sorrel. Meadows and pastures. 7.
Rumex acetosella, Sheep's Sorrel. Gravelly ground. 8.
- VI. 3. *Tofieldia palustris*, Scottish Asphodel. Bogs on the Scottish mountains. 7.
- VI. 4. *Alisma Damasonium*, Star-headed Water-Plantain. Ditches and pools. 7.
Alisma natans, Floating Water-Plantain. Mountainous lakes. 7.
- VIII. 1. *Epilobium Alpinum*, Alpine Willow-Herb. Mountainous bogs, Scotland. 7.
Vaccinium Vitis Idæa, Cowberry. Mountainous bogs, Scotland. 7.
Vaccinium Oxycoccus, Cranberry. Mossy bogs. 7.
Calluna vulgaris, Common Ling. Heaths. 7.
Polygonum Bistorta, Great Bistort. Meadows and pastures. 7.
Polygonum viviparum, Alpine Bistort. Alpine situations. 7.
Polygonum Convolvulus, Black Bindweed. Fields and gardens. 9.
- IX. 1. *Butomus umbellatus*, Common Flowering-Rush. Ditches and rivers. 8.
- X. 1. *Monotropa Hypopitys*, Yellow Bird's-nest. In woods. 7.
Arbutus Uva-ursi, Red Bearberry. Alpine heaths. 7.
- X. 2. *Saxifraga umbrosa*, London Pride Saxifrage. Yorkshire and Ireland. 7.
Saxifraga nivalis, Clustered Alpine Saxifrage. Wet rocks on mountains. 7.
Saxifraga stellaris, Starry Saxifrage. Wet rocks on mountains. 7.
Saxifraga azoides, Yellow Mountain Saxifrage. Mountain bogs. 9.
Saxifraga rivularis, Alpine Brook Saxifrage. By rivulets on mountains. 7.
Dianthus cæsius, Mountain Pink. Limestone rocks. 7.
- X. 3. *Silene Anglica*, English Catchfly. In sandy fields. 7.
Silene nutans, Nottingham Catchfly. Limestone and sandstone rocks. 8.

- Silene acaulis*, Mossy catchfly. Highlands of Scotland. 7.
- Stellaria glauca*, Glaucous Marsh Stitchwort. Moist meadows and bogs. 7.
- Arenaria peploides*, Sea-side Sandwort. On the sea-coast. 8.
- Arenaria rubella*, Little Red Sandwort. Scotch mountains. 7.
- X. 4. *Sedum acre*, Wall-pepper, or Biting Stonecrop. Walls, roofs, and sandy ground. 7.
- Sedum villosum*, Hairy Wall-pepper. Mountainous bogs. 7.
- Agrostemma Githago*, Corn Cockle. Corn-fields. 8.
- Lychnis Flos Cuculi*, Ragged Robin. Moist meadows. 7.
- Cerastium Alpinum*, Alpine Mouse-eared Chickweed. Scotch mountains. 7.
- Spergula arvensis*, Corn Spurry. Sandy corn-fields. 8.
- Spergula Saginoides*, Smooth awl-shaped Spurry. Scotch mountains. 8.
- XI. 2. *Agrimonia Eupatoria*, Common Agrimony. Borders of fields. 7.
- XII. 2. *Spiræa-Ulmaria*, Meadow-sweet. Meadows and pastures. 7.
- XII. 3. *Rosa involuta*, cum mult. aliis. Prickly unexpanded Rose, with many others. Scotland. 7.
- XII. 3. *Rubus cæsius*, Blue Bramble, or Dewberry. Moist bushy places. 7.
- Rubus saxatilis*, Stone Bramble. Mountainous woods. 7.
- Rubus Chamæmorus*, Cloudberry. Turfy Alpine bogs. 7.
- Potentilla fruticosa*, Shrubby Cinquefoil. Mountainous thickets. 9.
- Potentilla Anserina*, Silver-Weed, or Wild Tansy. Moist places. 7.
- Potentilla rupestris*, Strawberry-leaved Cinquefoil. Rocks in Wales, rare. 7.
- Potentilla argentea*, Hoary Cinquefoil. Gravelly pastures. 7.
- Potentilla reptans*, Common Creeping Cinquefoil. Meadows and pastures. 8.
- Tormentilla officinalis*, Common Tormentil. Heaths and dry pastures. 7.
- Tormentilla reptans*, Trailing Tormentil. Borders of fields. 7.
- Geum rivale*, Water-Avens. Moist Meadows. 7.
- Dryas octopetala*, White Mountain-Dryas. Scotch mountains. 8.
- Comarum palustre*, Marsh Cinquefoil. Boggy places. 7.
- XIII. 1. *Papaver Argemone*, Long rough-headed Poppy. Corn-fields. 7.
- Papaver dubium*, Long smooth-headed Poppy. Cultivated fields. 7.
- Papaver Rhæas*, Common Red Poppy. Corn-fields. 7.

- Papaver Cambricum*, Yellow Poppy. Mountainous places. 7.
Tilia grandifolia, Broad-leaved Downy Lime-tree. Woods and hedges. 7.
Cistus guttatus, Spotted Annual Cistus. Sandy pastures, *rare*. 7.
Cistus Helianthemum, Common Dwarf Cistus. Chalky and sandy pastures. 8.
 XIII. 2. *Delphinium consolida*, Field Larkspur. Corn-fields. 7.
Aquilegia vulgaris, Common Columbine. Woods and hedges. 7.
 XIII. 3. *Thalictrum Alpinum*, Alpine Meadow-Rue. Mountainous places. 7.
Thalictrum flavum, Common Meadow-Rue. Wet meadows. 7.
Ranunculus flammula, cum aliis. Lesser Spearwort Crowfoot, with others. Watery places. 8.
 XIV. 1. *Mentha arvensis*, Corn Mint. Corn-fields. 9.
 XIV. 2. *Rhinanthus Crista-galli*, Common Yellow Rattle. Meadows and pastures. 9.
Melampyrum sylvaticum, Wood Cow-Wheat. Alpine woods. 7.
Pedicularis palustris, Marsh Lousewort. Bogs. 7.
Pedicularis sylvatica, Common Lousewort. Wet pastures. 7.
Antirrhinum Linaria, Common Yellow Toad-flax. Hedges and banks. 7.
Digitalis purpurea, Purple Foxglove. Hedges and pastures. 7.
Orobanche major, Greater Broom-Rape. Roots of broom, etc. 7.
 XV. 1. *Cakile maritima*, Purple Sea-Rocket. Sandy sea-coast. 9.
 XV. 2. *Nasturtium officinale*, Common Watercress. Springs and rivulets. 7.
Nasturtium amphibium, Amphibious Watercress. Banks of streams. 8.
Sisymbrium officinale Common Hedge Mustard. Waste ground. 7.
 XV. 2. *Brassica Monensis*, Isle of Man Cabbage. Sandy coast. 7.
Raphanus Raphanistrum, Wild Radish. Corn-fields. 7.
 XVI. 2. *Geranium sylvaticum*, Wood Crane's-bill. Woods and thickets. 7.
Geranium pratense, Blue Meadow Crane's-bill. Meadows. 7.
Geranium Pyrenaicum, Dove's-foot Crane's-bill. Meadows and pastures. 7.
Geranium rotundifolium, Soft round-leaved Crane's-bill. Waste ground. 7.
Geranium columbinum, Long-stalked Crane's-bill. Dry banks. 9.
 XVI. 3. *Malva rotundifolia*, Dwarf Mallow. Way-sides, 9.
 XVII. 1. *Fumaria claviculata*, White Climbing Fumitory. Woods and hedges. 7.

- XVII. 2. *Polygala vulgaris*, Common Milkwort. Pastures and heaths. 8.
- XVII. 3. *Ononis arvensis*, Common Rest-Harrow. Pastures and meadows. 8.
- Anthyllis vulneraria*, Common Kidney-Vetch. Limestone soil. 8.
- Hedysarum Onobrychis*, Common Saint foin. Chalky and limestone soils. 7.
- Astragalus glycyphyllos*, Wild Liquoria, or Milk-Vetch. Woods and hedges. 7.
- Astragalus hypoglottis*, Purple Mountain Liquoria. Mountainous heaths. 7.
- Trifolium officinale*, cum aliis. Common Melilot, with others. Borders of fields. 7.
- Lotus corniculatus*, Common Bird's-foot Trefoil. Pastures 9.
- Medicago sativa*, Lucerne Trefoil. Woods and chalky fields. 7.
- XVIII. 1. *Hypericum hirsutum*, Hairy St. John's-wort. Woods and hedges. 7.
- XIX. 1. *Tragopogon pratensis*, Yellow Goat's-beard. Meadows and pastures. 7.
- Picris echioides*, Bristly Ox-tongue. Borders of fields. 7.
- Hieracium aurantiacum*, Orange Hawkweed. Mountainous woods. 7.
- Hieracium murorum*, Wall Hawkweed. Walls and rocks. 7.
- Hieracium sylvaticum*, Wood Hawkweed. Walls and dry banks. 7.
- Crepis tectorum*, Smooth Hawk's-beard. Dry chalky ground. 7.
- Crepis biennis*, Rough Hawk's-beard. Chalky pastures. 7.
- Hypochaeris radicata*, Long-rooted Cat's-ear. Meadows and pastures. 7.
- Cnicus lanceolatus*, Spear Plume-Thistle. Waste ground. 7.
- Cnicus pratensis*, Meadow Plume-Thistle. Wet pastures. 9.
- Carlina vulgaris*, Common Carline Thistle. Heaths. 8.
- XIX. 2. *Gnaphalium dioicum*, Mountain Cudweed. Heathy pastures. 7.
- Cineraria palustris*, Marsh Flea-wort. Pools and ditches. 7.
- Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*, Great Ox-eye Daisy. Meadows and pastures. 7.
- Chrysanthemum segetum*, Yellow Corn Marygold. Corn and turnip fields. 8.
- XIX. 2. *Achillea Millefolium*, Common Yarrow, or Milfoil. Meadows and pastures. 8.
- XIX. 3. *Centaurea nigra*, Black Knapweed, Hardiron. Pastures, etc. 8.
- XX. 1. *Orchis bifolia*, Butterfly Orchis. Woods. 7.

- Orchis ustulata*, Dwarf dark-winged Orchis. Limestone, and chalky fields. 7.
- Orchis abida*, White cluster-rooted Orchis. Mountain pastures. 7.
- Orchis viridis*, Frog Orchis. Meadows and pastures. 7.
- Orchis maculata*, Spotted Palmate Orchis. Meadows and pastures. 7.
- Orchis conopsea*, Aromatic Orchis. Meadows and pastures. 7.
- Aceras anthropophora*, Green Man-Orchis. }
Herminium monorchis, Green Musk-Orchis. } Chalky pastures. 7.
Ophrys muscifera, Fly Orchis. }
- Listera ovata*, Common Tway-blade. Pastures and woods.
- Epipactis purpurata*, Purple-leaved Helleborine. }
Epipactis grandiflora, Large White Helleborine. } Shady woods.
Epipactis rubra, Purple Helleborine. Mountainous woods. 7.
- XX. 2. *Cypripedium Calceolus*, Common Ladies'-Slipper. Woods, Yorkshire.
- XXI. 1. *Euphorbia Hiberna*, Irish Spurge. Woods and thickets.
- XXI. 2. *Typha augustifolia*, Lesser Reed-mace. Ponds and ditches. 7.
- Carex pulicaris*, cum mult. aliis. Flea Carex, or Sedge, with many others. Heaths, etc.
- XXI. 3. *Urtica pilulifera*, Roman Nettle. Near the sea. 7.
- XXII. 1. *Salix pentandra*, cum mult. aliis. Sweet Bay-leaved Willow, with many others. Moist Hedges. 7.
- XXII. 5. *Tamus communis*, common Black Bryony. Hedges. 7.
- XXIII. 1. *Atriplex patula*, Spreading Orache. Waste ground. 9.
- XXIV. 1. *Polypodium Phegopteris*, Pale Mountain Polypody. North of England and Scotland. 7.
- Aspidium Filix mas*, Male Shield-Fern. Woods and banks. 7.
- Aspidium Filix fœmina*, Female Shield-Fern. Marshy places. 7.
- Cystea fragilis*, Brittle Bladder-Fen. Wet rocks. 7.
- Asplenium Ruta murraria*, Wall Rue Spleenwort. Rocks and old walls. 10.
- Asplenium Adiantum nigrum*, Black Maiden-Hair. Rocks and walls. 10.
- Osmunda regalis*, Common Osmund Royal. Boggy places. 7.
- Botrichium Lunaria*, Moonwort. Pastures. 7.
- Lycopodium Selago*, Fir Club-Moss. Mountainous heaths. 8.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

- Cicindela sylvatica*. }
Cicindela sylvicola. } Locality, Heaths, Suffolk. Month, To 7.

- Carabus arvensis*. Mountainous Heaths.
Carabus violaceus. Under stones and in pathways. To 9.
Carabus glabratus. Norfolk and Cumberland. To 7.
Calosoma inquisitor. Hedges, Windsor. To 7.
Agonum sex-punctatum. Damp places.
Calathus rufangulus. Sandy places. To 9.
Omaceus melanarius. } Under stones. To 10.
Steropus madidus. }
Patrobus rufipes. } Under stones in damp places. To 8.
Platysma niger. }
Harpalus æneus. Pathways. To 10.
Elaphrus cuprues. River banks. To 8.
Colymbetes maculatus. Running streams. To 9.
Hydaticus stagnalis. Ponds in the south. To 7.
Necrophorus Humator. } Dead animals and fungi. } To 9.
Necrodes littoralis. } } To 10.
Silpha reticulata. Sandy places. To 7.
Nitidula discoidea. Dead animals. To 7.
Dermestes murinus. Dry decayed skins. To 7.
Hister bimaculatus. Sandy places and dung. To 8.
Lucanus Cervus, Stag-Beetle. Oak-woods, Kent, etc. To 7.
Bolbocerus mobilicornis. Norfolk. To 7.
Geotrupes stercorarius, Common Dor-Beetle. Dung. To 8.
Serica brunnea. Dead animals and foxglove. To 7.
Amphimalla solstitialis, Lesser Cockchaffer. White thorn hedges.
 To 7.
Melolontha Fullo, Great Variegated Cockchaffer. South of England.
 To 7.
Anomala Frishii. Sea-coast. Matlock. To 7.
Hoplia argentea. Sandy places. To 7.
Trichius fasciatus. Umbelliferous plants. To 7.
Trichius variabilis. Decayed trees, Windsor. To 7.
Trichius nobilis. Flowers of the Dog-Rose. To 7.
Elater sanguineus. South of England. To 7.
Cleniocerus pectinicornis. Meadows and woods. To 7.
Cleniocerus æneus. Under stones, sandy places. To 8.
Atopa cervina. On nettles. To 7.
Lampyrus noctiluca, Glow-worm. On dry banks. To 8.
Malthinus flavus.
Malachius æneus. } Woods and hedges. To 7.
Malachius bipustulatus. }
Tillus ambulans. }
Tillus unifasciatus. } Woods, etc. To 7.
Thanasimus formicarius. } To 8.

- Necrobia ruficollis*. Amongst bones. To 8.
Ptilinus pectinicornis. } Decayed trees. } To 9.
Ptinus imperialis. } } To 7.
Hylurgus piniperda. Pine branches. To 7.
Cionus Scrophulariæ. On the Water-betony. To 7.
Cionus Verbasci. }
Cionus Hortulanus. } Gardens. To 7.
Cryptorhynchus Lapathi. Osier-holts. To 7.
Balaninus Nucum. Hazel bushes. To 7.
Hypera Rumicis. On various species of Dock. To 7.
Alophus Vau. Sandy places. To 7.
Cleonus sulcirostris. Under stones.
Rhynchites æquatus. On the White-thorn. To 7.
Apoderus Avellanæ. On the Hazel-tree. To 7.
Bruchus Pisi. Pea-fields. To 7.
Cerambyx moschatus, Musk-beetle. Osier-holts. To 7.
Monochamus Sutor. Willow-trees. To 7.
Lamia nubila. Trunks of trees.
Saperda Populnea. Trunks of Poplars. To 7.
Saperda ferrea. On the *Tilia parvifolia*.
Callidium bajulum. Trunks of trees. To 7.
Callidium violaceum. Pine timber. To 7.
Callidium Alni. Woods, on faggots. To 8.
Clytus mysticus. Woods. To 7.
Clytus Arietis. Borders of woods. To 7.
Rhagium inquisitor. Woods. To 7.
Rhagium bifasciatum. Decayed Pine-trees. To 7.
Toxotus meridianus. Woods and hedges. To 7.
Leptura elongata. Borders of woods. To 8.
Leptura ruficornis. Hedges. To 7.
Donacia micans. Aquatic plants. To 7.
Crioceris merdigera. On the White Lily. To 7.
Crioceris cyanella. Woods and hedges. To 7 and 8.
Adimonia Halensis. Woods and Heaths. To 7 and 8.
Galeruca Tanacetii. Heath, etc. To 7 and 8.
Chrysomela graminis. Fields, etc. To 7.
Chrysomela Populi. Willows and Poplars. To 7.
Cryptocephalus sericeus. On Syngenesious flowers. To 7.
Cassida equestris. On the *Stachys sylvatica*. To 7.
Cassida ferruginea. Weedy banks. To 7.
Coccinella ocellata. Beech-trees. To 7.
Coccinella 11-punctata. Woods and hedges. To 7.

- Lagria hirta*. On the White-thorn. To 7.
Pyrochroa rubens. Woods. To 7.
Cantharis vesicatoria, Blister-fly. On the Ash-tree, rare. To 7.
Creophilus maxillosus. Dead animals. To 7 and 8.
Oxyporous rufus. On fungi. To 7.
Labia minor. Near stables. To 8.
Labidura gigantea. On the sea-coast. To 7.
Gonepteryx Rhamni, Brimstone Butterfly. Woods and heaths. And 9 and 2.
Colias Hyale, Pale-clouded Yellow Butterfly. Kent, etc. in meadows. And 9.
Pontia Sabellicæ. South of England.
Pieris Cratægi, Black-veined White Butterfly. Gardens and thickets.
Melitæa Pyronia, Dark Under-wing Fritillary. Fields and marshes near London.
Melitæa Cinxia, Glanville Fritillary. Meadows in the south.
Argynnis Adippe, High-brown Fritillary. Woods. To 7 and 8.
Vanessa C. album, Comma Butterfly. Woods and heaths. And 9.
Vanessa urticæ, Small Tortoiseshell Butterfly. Lanes and fields. And 9.
Hipparchia Galathea, Marbled White Butterfly. Woods. To 7.
Hipparchia Janira, Meadow Brown Butterfly. Grassy lanes. To 7 and 8.
Hipparchia Hyperanthus, Common Ringlet Butterfly. Grassy woods. To 7.
Hipparchia Polydama, Marsh Butterfly. Wales. To 7.
Hipparchia Pamphilus, Small Heath Butterfly. Heaths, etc. And 9.
Polyommatus Dorylas. Darenth wood.
Polyommatus Icarus. Kent. And 9.
Polyommatus Agestis, Brown Argus. Woods and fields. To 8 and 9.
Polyommatus Artaxerxes, Scotch Argus. Scotland, etc. And 8.
Ino Statices, Green Forester. Woods and meadows. 8.
Anthrocera Loti, Five-spot Burnett. Moist woods.
Anthrocera Filipendulæ, Six-spot Burnett. Heaths and meadows. And 7.
Smerinthus Populi, Poplar Hawk-Moth. Near Poplars. 7.
Sphinx Ligustri, Privet Hawk-Moth. Amongst Privet bushes. 7.
Deilephila Euphorbiæ, Spotted Elephant Hawk-Moth. Devonshire, etc. 7.
Deilephila Elpenor, Ladies' Bed-straw. Marshes, etc. 7.

- Deilephila Porcellus*, Small Elephant Hawk-Moth. Woods in the south. 7.
- Trochilium Apiformis*, Hornet-Moth. Woods. 7.
- Ægeria Tipuliformis*, Currant Hawk-Moth. Gardens. And 7.
- Ægeria Formiciformis*, Flame-tipped Redbelt. Meadows. 7.
- Hepialus Hectus*, Gold Swift. Open places in woods. And 7.
- Pygera bucephala*, Buff-tip Moth. Gardens and fields. And 7.
- Lasiocampa Roboris*, Great Egger Moth. On heaths. And 7.
- Leucoma Salicis*, White Satin Moth. Near Willows. And 7.
- Hypercompa Dominula*, Scarlet Tiger Moth. Woods. And 7.
- Euthemonia Russula*, Clouded Buff Moth. Woods and heaths. And 7.
- Arctia Villica*, Cream-spot Tiger. Plantations. 7.
- Nemeophila Plantaginis*, Wood Tiger. Woods. And 7.
- Spilosoma papyratia*, Water Ermine. Moist woods. 7.
- Plusia chrysis*, Burnished-brass. Gardens and fields. And 7.
- Anarta Myrtilli*, Beautiful Yellow Under-wing. Heaths. And 7.
- Abraxas Ulmata*, Scarce Magpie. Near Elms. And 7.
- Abraxas Grossulariata*, Currant Magpie. Gardens. And 7.
- Pteorophorus pentadactylus*, White Plume. Hedges. And 8.
- Cercopis sanguinolenta*. Woods and hedges. And 7.

Calosoma inquisitor. Independently of the beautiful colouring of the genus to which this species belongs, the insects it comprises differ from most of the *Geodephaga* by peculiarity of habit; leaving their congeners to pursue their prey upon the ground, they climb in pursuit of caterpillars over hedges, and even to the tops of trees, and fly with a celerity only equalled by the *Cicindeliadæ*. The grubs or larvæ are so voracious as to gorge till they become quite helpless, in which state they are devoured by those of their brethren whose "famine is not filled."

Agonum sex-punctatum. Several authors have stated that, since the year 1812, this insect has disappeared; it once, however, occurred in this county in 1828.

Calathurs unfangulus. The best method of obtaining this elegant and local insect is, by shaking loose sods of turf in sandy places.

Patrobus rufipes. Mr. Stephens must have been mistaken when he asserted this to be a littoral insect. In this part of the kingdom, it occurs on the banks of rivers and ditches, in woods, and even on the summits of the Derbyshire mountains.

Colymbetes maculatus. This beautiful but variable aquatic beetle, which is so accurately figured by Mr. Samouelle, in p. 3. f. 15, of his "Useful Compendium," has generally been considered a local and even a rare species: it is, however, abundant in several of the midland counties, in running ditches and small rivulets.

Lucanus Cervus. The Stag-Beetle may be considered the king of British beetles; it is extremely abundant in the southern counties, particularly in the vicinity of old oak woods, the decayed stumps of which its larvæ inhabit and destroy. I have not heard of its being taken farther north than Worcester.

Geotrupes stercorarius. Common Dor-Beetle, or Shard-borne Beetle. This well known insect, which has buzzed in the face of every evening rambler, could not escape the notice of so accurate an observer as Shakspeare; like the bat that "flits by on leathern wing," he regards it as an indicator of time. Macbeth says to his lady,

Ere to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

But, independent of poetic associations, this insect is of real utility to the agriculturist. By perforating the earth underneath the dung of animals, he becomes a valuable agent, rendering that which would be deleterious in the mass productive by dispersion.

Lampyrus noctiluca. The bulk of entomologists have copied each other in the error of asserting that the female glow-worm alone is luminous: at any rate, all the males taken in this county (and they are unquestionably of this species) have had luminous segments to the abdomen.

Cryptorhynchus Lapathi. This insect, in its larva state, does incredible mischief in osier-holts: the basket-makers call it the weevil-maggot. I am informed, by a cultivator of osiers, that the perfect insect appears abundantly every alternate year. This may indicate its duration in the larva state.

Balaninus Nucum. A most curious insect, with a rostrum extremely slender, and longer than its body. It inhabits hazel bushes, and with its rostrum perforates the nut whilst young, depositing one egg in each; the wound heals, and the larva which proceeds from the egg, is completely enclosed by the shell; it feeds upon the kernel until full grown, when it eats its way out, retires under ground, and changes to a pupa, appearing next year as a perfect insect.

Cerambyx moschatus. One of our largest and most beautiful indigenous beetles, may be found

abundantly in osier-holts in this and the next month, where you have evidence of its existence before it is seen, by the fragrant odour which it emits. Its scent is not of musk, as the name implies, but of the finest otto of rose. Would it not have been better to have adopted the synonym of De Geer (*odoratus*), or to have substituted that of *roseatus*, than to perpetuate error by a scrupulous adherence to the Linnæan name?

Saperda ferrea. This insect, lately recorded as British by Mr. Curtis, was first captured in this county more than a month previous to its being taken near Manchester. With us it is only taken during this month; the difference in latitude may account for the difference in time.

Rhagium bifasciatum. Perhaps it may not generally be known that this insect breeds in the decayed stumps of the Scotch fir: such is, however, the fact; for, in the months of March and April, the perfect insect may be dug out in great abundance; but in the summer it may be taken on the foliage of various trees, and usually haunts the skirts of woods.

Hepialus Hectus. The insects of this genus generally frequent meadows and churchyards during the evening. They have an undulating flight, frequently hovering for a considerable time near one spot, and, from this, together with their light tints, they have obtained the popular appellation of ghosts.

Cercopis sanguinolenta. This little insect, which is amongst the largest of our Cicadæ, is most beautifully variegated with red and black, and leaping

from one plant to another in bushy places frequently attracts the attention of persons otherwise in no way addicted to entomological pursuits. In this part of the country it appears a local insect, but is more abundant in the south. The musical Cicada of the Greeks, and the shrill ones of the Italians, are nearly allied to the above; but if we except an insect, taken some years ago by Mr. Bydder, in the New Forest, there are no musical species in this country. Some of the American ones, however, have a note extremely loud. Captain Hancock heard them in Brazil to the distance of a mile. "This," as Mr. Kirby accurately observes, "is, as if a man of ordinary stature, supposing his powers of voice increased in the ratio of his size, could be heard all over the world."

JULY.

The clouds poured out water ; the skies sent out a sound ; thine arrows also went abroad.

The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven ; the lightnings lightened the world ; the earth trembled and shook.

PSALMS lxxvii. 17, 18.

Look upon the rainbow and praise him that made it ; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof.

It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.

ECCLESIASTICUS xliii. 11, 12.

SUMMER ! glowing summer ! This is the month of heat and sunshine ; of clear fervid skies, dusty roads, and shrinking streams ; when doors and windows are thrown open :—a cool gale is the most welcome of all visiters, and every drop of rain is worth its weight in gold ! Such is July commonly ; yet it is sometimes, on the contrary, a very showery month, putting the haymaker to the extremity of his patience, and the farmer upon anxious thoughts for his ripening corn. Generally speaking, however, it is the heart of our summer. The landscape presents an air of warmth, dryness, and maturity : the eye roves over brown pastures, corn-fields already white

to harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedge-rows, and darker trees, lifting their heavy heads above them. The foliage at this period is rich, full, and vigorous; there is a fine haze cast over distant woods and bosky slopes, and every lofty and majestic tree is filled with a soft shadowy twilight, which adds infinitely to their beauty—a circumstance that has never been sufficiently noticed by either poet or painter. Willows are now beautiful objects in the landscape: they are like rich masses of arborescent silver, especially if stirred by the breeze, their light and fluent forms contrasting finely with the still and sombre aspect of the other trees.

Now is the general season of haymaking. Bands of mowers, in their light dresses and broad straw hats, are astir long before the fiery eye of the sun glances above the horizon, that they may toil in the freshness of the morning, and stretch themselves at noon in luxurious ease by trickling waters, and beneath the shade of trees. Till then, with regular strokes, and as weeping sound, the sweet and flowery grass falls before them, revealing, at almost every step, nests of young birds, mice in their cozy domes, and the mossy cells of the humble-bee streaming with liquid honey; anon, troops of haymakers are abroad, tossing the green swaths to the sun. It is one of Nature's festivities, endeared by a thousand pleasant memories and habits of the olden days, and not a soul can resist it.

There is a sound of tinkling teams and wagons rolling along lanes and fields the whole country over,—ay, even at midnight,—till at length, the

fragrant ricks rise in the farm-yard, and the pale smooth-shaven fields are left in solitary beauty.

They who know little about the country may deem the strong *penchant* of our poets, and of myself, for rural pleasures, mere romance and poetic illusion; but if poetic beauty alone were concerned, I must still admire harvest-time in the country. The whole land is then an Arcadia full of simple, healthful, and rejoicing spirits. Overgrown towns and manufactories may have changed, for the worse, the spirit and feelings of their population; in them "evil communications may have corrupted good manners:" in the country at large, evil times too have diffused an evil influence; the extremes of wealth and poverty have grown wider between the different classes of society, and the working population have felt themselves cast off, as it were, from the sympathies of their employers—neglected and oppressed. The commons on which their cottages stood, their children played, their cow grazed, their few sheep and numerous geese ran, have been enclosed and have gone to swell high rent-rolls; while they themselves have lost the last faint sense of the enjoyment of property—have become dispirited, and, in too many instances, vengeful and terrible. Yet, take them as a whole, and there never was a more simple-minded, healthful-hearted race of people than our British peasantry. They have cast off, it is true, many of their ancestor's games and merry-makings; but they have, in no degree lost their capacity for mirth and happiness, did circumstances place mirth

and happiness within their reach. Many of the sports and pastimes of our forefathers, are, in the retrospect, picturesque and pleasant—but attempt to practise them at the present day, and the very villagers would laugh at them as ridiculous child's play, and in fact they are child's play. They were the amusements of a generation—children in intellectual culture, though of brawny growth in body ; they were the pastimes of beings, whom, in the race of real knowledge, our very clowns have left behind. Nay I question whether our peasantry could witness, without an internal feeling of contempt, what were at one day the highest entertainments of the highest classes—at which “ lords and dukes and noble captains” toiled day after day, and the proudest and brightest dames sate witnesses, not in impatience, but in pleasure. In vain then do we lament our Christmas sports, and the old games of gentle and simple : they are pleasant pictures in pleasant associations ; they are highly to be valued as relics and remembrances of the olden time—of the *good* olden time—good to the good people who enjoyed them—good possibly in themselves—exceedingly good at a distance ; but

Another race has been, and other palms are won.

Knowledge has run to and fro in the earth. It has penetrated into the remotest hamlet—into the obscurest nook, not, indeed, in the degree which it ought, for the benefit and happiness of all parties, and in which I trust it yet will, but it has penetrated

thither; and though many a goodly superstition, many a jocund folly have fled before it, I trust, and I think I know, that much simplicity of heart and manner remains, and is likely to remain, in what may be truly called the country; and instead of ignorance and laughter, we have more intelligence, industry stimulated by higher views, and, whenever there is cause to display it, mirth and good-fellowship enough. This is never more conspicuous than in harvest time.

With the exception of a casual song of the lark in a fresh morning, and the blackbird and thrush at sunset, or the monotonous wail of the yellowhammer, the silence of birds is now complete; even the lesser reed-sparrow, which may very properly be called the English mock-bird, and which kept up a perpetual clatter with the notes of the sparrow, the swallow, the white-throat, etc. in every hedge-bottom, day and night, has now ceased its song also.

Boys will now be seen in the evening twilight, with match, gunpowder, etc. and green boughs for self-defence, busy in storming the paper-built castles of wasps, the larvæ of which furnish anglers with plenty of excellent baits. The hornet is very uncommon now in the midland counties. It is a difficult matter to find a person who has seen a single insect, much less a nest; a fact certainly not to be regretted, when we recollect that three of these fiery insects are said to be capable of stinging a horse to death; or when we read the admirable description of Homer—

So burns the vengeful hornet, soul all o'er,
Repulsed in vain, and thirsty still for gore :
Bold son of air and heat, on angry wings
Untamed, untired, he turns, attacks, and stings.

But in the southern counties plenty of them are still to be found, especially where old woods, hollow trees, and thatched buildings abound. In Surrey, within the last two or three years, I have seen abundance of them. The warm sandy soil, the old pollard trees, the commons overgrown with woods, and the general prevalence of wood, seem to encourage these formidable insects. In the hot summer of 1837 I observed numerous nests in the woods about Esher, Bookham-common, Cobham, and that neighbourhood. Swarms of them visited our garden, attracted in the first instance by a large dahlia, of a dark-coloured flower, called the negro-boy. The green bark of this peculiar variety of dahlia had some irresistible charm for them. They peeled it off, as the rabbit peels the bark of a young tree; and wherever they laid bare the root of the stem, they were succeeded by swarms of flies and wasps to suck the juice. Though we destroyed numbers of them, nothing would deter them from their attacks on the dahlia, till ripening fruits drew off their attention. By the side of these noble-looking insects, of a rich orange hue, the wasps appeared pale pigmies; and I observed that the hornets did not hesitate occasionally to seize on the wasps, and carry them off. It is curious to watch these insects at their nest, which is generally in a hole in a tree. At the hole

one always stands sentinel, and if you put up the point of a whip or stick to him, he will boldly stand his ground, and attempt to seize on the whip or stick with his mandibles. If he finds himself much pressed, he will then pop into the hole; and if you desire to escape the consequences of rousing a hornet's nest, it will be necessary to make as speedy an exit as possible.

Spring-flowers have given place to a very different class. Climbing plants mantle and festoon every hedge. The wild hop—the bryony—the clematis, or traveller's joy—the large white convolvulus, whose bold yet delicate flowers will display themselves to a very late period of the year—vetches, and white and yellow ladies' bed-straw, invest every bush with their varied beauty, and breathe on the passers-by their faint summer sweetness. The *Campanula rotundifolia*, the hare-bell of poets and the blue-bell of botanists, arrests the eye on every dry bank, rock, and wayside, with its airy stems and beautiful cerulean bells. There too we behold wild scabiouses, mallows, the woody-nightshade, wood-betony, and centaury: the red and white striped convolvulus also throws its flowers under your feet; corn-fields glow with whole armies of scarlet poppies, cockle, and the rich azure plumes of the viper's bugloss; even thistles, the curse of Adam, diffuse a glow of beauty over waste and barren places. Some species, particularly the musk-thistle, are really noble plants, wearing their formidable arms, their silken vest, and their gorgeous crimson tufts of fragrant

flowers issuing from a coronal of interwoven down and spines, with a grace which casts far into the shade many a favourite of the garden.

But whoever would taste all the sweetness of July, let him go in pleasant company, if possible, into heaths and woods: it is there, in her uncultured haunts, that Summer now holds her court. The stern castle, the lowly convent, the deer, and the forester have vanished thence many ages; yet nature still casts round the forest-lodge, the gnarled oak, and lonely mere, the same charms as ever. The most hot and sandy tracks, which, we might naturally imagine, would now be parched up, are in full glory. The *Erica Tetralix*, or bell-heath, the most beautiful of our indigenous species, is now in bloom, and has converted the brown bosom of the waste into one wide sea of crimson: the air is charged with its honeyed odour: the dry elastic turf glows, not only with its flowers, but with those of the wild thyme, the clear blue milkwort, the yellow asphodel, and that curious plant the sundew, with its drops of inexhaustible liquor sparkling in the fiercest sun like diamonds. There wave the cotton-rush, the tall foxglove, and the taller golden mullein: there grows the classical grass of Parnassus, the elegant favourite of every poet; there creep the various species of heathberries, cranberries, bilberries, etc. furnishing the poor with a source of profit, and the rich of simple luxury. What a pleasure it is to throw ourselves down beneath the verdant screen of the beautiful fern, or in

the shade of a venerable oak, in such a scene, and listen to the summer sound of bees, grasshoppers, and ten thousand other insects, mingled with the more remote and solitary cry of the peewit and curlew! Then to think of the coach-horse, urged on his sultry stage, and the ploughboy and his team plunging in the depths of a burning fallow—or of our ancestors, in times of national famine, plucking up the wild fern-roots* for bread—and what an enhancement of our own luxurious ease!

But woods, the depths of woods, are the most delicious retreats during the fiery noons of July. The great azure campanulas, or Canterbury bells, are there in bloom; and in chalk or limestone districts there are also now to be found those curious plants the *bee* and *fly orchis*. The soul of John Evelyn well might envy us a wood lounge at this period;

All the cool freshness of the humid air;

the walk by the border of the brook chiming over the shadow-chequered pebbles, the green and breezy canopy above us, and luxurious thoughts in our hearts.

Throughout the month, the halloo and clapper of the birdboy, a classical being since the days of Giles Bloomfield, are heard amongst the fields of

* It is perhaps not known to every juvenile lover of nature that a transverse section of a fern-root presents a miniature picture of an oak-tree.

ripening corn, and towards the end of it corn harvest commences.

SUMMER AND THE POET.

POET.

Oh! golden, golden Summer,
What is it thou hast done?
Thou hast chased each vernal roamer
With thy fiercely burning sun.

Glad was the cuckoo's hail,—
Where may we hear it now?
Thou hast driven the nightingale
From the waving hawthorn bough.

Thou hast shrunk the mighty river;
Thou hast made the small brook flee;
And the light gales faintly quiver
Through the dark and shadowy tree.

Spring woke her tribes to bloom,
And on the greensward dance;
Thou hast smitten them to the tomb
With thy consuming glance.

And now Autumn cometh on,
Singing 'midst shocks of corn,
Thou hastenest to be gone,
As if joy might not be borne.

SUMMER.

And dost *thou* of me complain?
Thou, who with dreamy eyes,
In the forest moss hast lain,
Praising my silvery skies?

Thou, who didst deem divine
The shrill cicada's tune,
When the odours of the pine
Gush'd through the woods at noon ?

I have run my fervid race,
I have wrought my task once more ;
I have fill'd each fruitful place
With a plenty that runs o'er.

There is treasure in the garner,
There is honey with the bee ;
And oh ! thou thankless scorner,
There's a parting boon for thee !

Soon as in misty sadness,
Sere Autumn yields her reign,
Winter with stormy madness
Shall chase thee from the plain.

Then shall these scenes elysian
Bright in thy spirit burn,
And each summer thought and vision
Be thine till I return.

W. H.

FIELD PATHS are at this season particularly attractive. I love our real old English foot-paths. I love those rustic and picturesque stiles opening their pleasant escapes from frequented places and dusty highways into the solitudes of Nature. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of one on the old village-green ; under the old elder-tree by some ancient cottage, or half hidden by the overhanging boughs of a wood. I love to see the smooth, dry track, winding away in easy curves, along some green slope to the church-

yard—to the forest grange—or to the embowered cottage. It is to me an object of certain inspiration. It seems to invite one from noise and publicity into the heart of solitude and of rural delight. It beckons the imagination on through green and whispering corn-fields, through the short but verdant pasture, the flowering mowing-grass, the odorous and sunny hay-field, the festivity of harvest; from lonely farm to farm; from village to village; by clear and mossy wells; by tinkling brooks and deep wood skirted streams, to crofts where the daffodil is rejoicing in spring, or meadows where the large blue geranium embellishes the summer wayside; to heaths with their warm elastic sward and crimson bells—the chithering of grasshoppers,—the fox-glove, and the old gnarled oak; in short, to all the solitary haunts after which the city-pent lover of nature pants “as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.”

What is there so truly English? What is so truly linked with our rural tastes, our sweetest memories, and our sweetest poetry, as stiles and foot-paths? Goldsmith, Thomson, and Milton have adorned them with some of their richest wreaths. They have consecrated them to poetry and love. It is along the foot-path in secluded fields, upon the stile in the embowered lane, where the wild rose and the honeysuckle are lavishing their beauty and their fragrance, that we delight to picture to ourselves rural lovers, breathing, in the dewy sweetness of summer evening, vows still sweeter. There it is that the poet, seated, sends

back his soul into the freshness of his youth, amongst attachments since withered by neglect,—rendered painful by absence, or broken by death ; amongst dreams and aspirations which, even now that they pronounce their own fallacy, are lovely. It is there that he gazes upon the gorgeous sunset—the evening star following with its silvery lamp the fading day, or the moon showering her pale lustre through the balmy night air—with a fancy that kindles and soars into the heavens before him ; there, that we have all felt the charm of woods and green fields, and solitary boughs waving in the golden sunshine, or darkening in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows. Who has not thought how beautiful was the sight of a village congregation, pouring out from their old gray church on a summer day, and streaming off through the quiet meadows, in all directions, to their homes ? Or who that has visited Alpine scenery, has not beheld with a poetic feeling the mountaineers come winding down out of their romantic seclusions on a Sabbath morning, pacing the solitary heath-tracks, bounding with elastic step down the fern-clad dells, or along the course of a riotous stream, as cheerful, as picturesque, and yet as solemn as the scenes around them ?

Again I say, I love field-paths, and stiles of all species,—ay, even the most inaccessible piece of rustic erection ever set up in defiance of age, laziness, and obesity. How many scenes of frolic and merry confusion have I seen at a clumsy stile ! What exclamations, and blushes, and fine eventual

vaulting on the part of the ladies ! and what an opportunity does it afford to beaux of exhibiting a variety of gallant and delicate attentions ! I consider a rude stile as any thing but an impediment in the course of a rural courtship.

Those good old turnstiles too—can I ever forget them ? the hours I have spun round upon them when a boy ! or those in which I have almost laughed myself to death at the remembrance of my village pedagogue's disaster ! Methinks I see him now !—the time a sultry day,—the *domine* a goodly person of some eighteen or twenty stone,—the scene a foot-path sentinelled with turnstiles, one of which held him fast as in amazement at his bulk. Never shall I forget his efforts and agonies to extricate himself ; nor his lion-like roars which brought some labourers to his assistance, who, when they had recovered from their convulsions of laughter, knocked off the top of the turnstile and let him go. It is long since I saw a stile of this construction, and I suspect the Falstaffs have cried them down. But without a jest, stiles and foot-paths are vanishing every where. There is nothing upon which the advance of wealth and population has made so serious an inroad. As land has increased in value, wastes and heaths have been parcelled out and inclosed, but seldom have foot-paths been left. The poet and the naturalist, who before had, perhaps, the greatest real property in them, have had no allotment. They have been totally driven out of the promised land. Goldsmith complained, in his day, that

The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth :
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.

And it is but too true that the pressure of contiguous pride has driven farther, from that day to this, the public from the rich man's lands. "They make a solitude and call it peace." Even the quiet and picturesque foot-path that led across his fields, or stole along his wood-side, giving to the poor man with his burden a cooler and nearer cut to the village, is become a nuisance. One would have thought that the rustic labourer, with his scythe on his shoulder, or his bill-hook and hedging-mittens in his hand,—the cottage dame in her black bonnet and scarlet cloak, the neat village maiden in the sweetness of health and simplicity, or the boy strolling along full of life and curiosity,—might have had sufficient interest in themselves, for a cultivated taste not merely to tolerate, but to welcome—passing occasionally at a distance across the park or wood, as objects agreeably enlivening the stately solitude of the hall. But they have not; and what is more, those are commonly the most jealous of pedestrian trespassers, who seldom visit their own estates, but permit the seasons to scatter their charms around their villas and rural possessions without the heart

to enjoy, or even the presence to behold them. How often have I myself been arrested in some long-frequented dale—in some spot endeared by its own beauties and the fascinations of memory, by a board exhibiting in giant characters, “STOPPED BY AN ORDER OF SESSIONS,” and denouncing the terrors of the law upon trespassers ! This is a little too much. I would not be querulous for the poor against the rich. I would not teach them to look with an envious and covetous eye upon their villas, lawns, cattle, and equipage ; but when the path of immemorial usage is closed,—when the little streak, almost as fine as a mathematical line, along the wealthy man’s ample field is grudgingly erased, it is impossible not to feel indignation at the pitiful monopoly. Is there no village champion to be found, bold enough to put in his protest against these encroachments,—to assert the public right ?—for a right it is as authentic as that by which the land itself is held, and as clearly acknowledged by the laws. Is there no local “Hampden with dauntless breast” to “withstand the petty tyrants of the fields,” and to save our good old foot-paths ? If not, we shall in a few years be doomed to the highways and the hedges ; to look, like Dives, from a sultry region of turnpikes, into a pleasant one of verdure and foliage which we may not approach. Already the stranger, if he lose his way, is in jeopardy of falling into the horrid fangs of a steel-trap ; the botanist enters a wood to gather a flower, and is shot with a spring-gun ; death haunts

our dells and copses, and the poet complains, in regretful notes, that he

Wanders away to the field and glen,
Far as he may for the gentlemen.

I am not so much of a poet, and so little of a political economist, as to lament over the progress of population. It is true that I see, with a poetical regret, green fields and fresh beautiful tracts swallowed up in cities; but my joy in the increase of human life and happiness, far outbalances that imaginative pain. But it is when I see unnecessary and arbitrary encroachments upon the rural privileges of the public, that I grieve. Exactly in the same proportion as our population and commercial habits gain upon us, do we need all possible opportunities to keep alive in us the spirit of Nature.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little there is in Nature that is ours.

We give ourselves up to the artificial habits and objects of ambition, till we endanger the higher and better feelings and capacities of our being; and it is alone to the united influence of religion, literature, and nature, that we must look for the preservation of our moral nobility. Whenever, therefore, I behold one of our old field-paths closed, I regard it as another link in the chain which Mammon is winding around us,—another avenue cut off by

which we might fly to the lofty sanctuary of Nature, for power to withstand him.

July is named after Julius Cæsar, one of whose best deeds was to reform the Calendar. The Saxons called it *Heu-monath*, or hay-month; and *Lida-ftera*, or second month after the sun's descent.

About the middle of the month, the shoals of that migratory fish, the pilchard, begin to appear off the coast of Cornwall. The fishermen, to whom, and indeed to the inhabitants generally, the plentiful arrival of this fish is most important, keep a sharp look out from the tops of the hills on the coast, and can discern their approach at a great distance by the colour of the waves where they swim.—Bees begin to kill and expel drones; and flying ants quit their nests. Hens moult or lose their feathers. The smaller birds do not moult so early, but all renew their plumage before winter, when they are in their finest and warmest clothing. Young partridges are found among the corn at this time. Flax and hemp are pulled this month.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Hay-harvest is now general, and fills the whole country with animation. Honest Tusser, in his "Five hundreth Poynts of Good Husbandrie," gives the following pithy exhortation to the farmer in his hay-making month:—

Go muster thy servants, be captaine thyselfe,
Providing them weapons and other like pelfe ;
Get bottles and wallets, keepe felde in the heat,
The fear is as much as the danger is great.

With tossing, and raking, and setting on cox,
Grasse latelie in swathes is now haie for an oxe ;
That done, goe to cart it, and have it awaie,
The battell is fought, ye have gotten the daie.

Cattle in the fields require attention to give them shade and water. Dairy cares continue. Turnips and potatoes require hoeing : in the midland counties late turnips are sown. In the north of England, especially Durham and Northumberland, where the Bondage System exists,* you now see bands of the Bondagers, or young women engaged under that peculiar system to do farm-work, of about a dozen each, with a man at their head, busily employed in hoeing turnips at this season. Wherever you go, these bands of young female labourers strike your eye in the fields of turnips, which, under the beautiful drill system of the north, are like so many gardens for neatness ; or you see them seated in a group at their simple dinner of girdle-cake and milk, cheerful as the air and the sunshine around them. Field-peas are gathered for market. Hops and all kinds of trees may be pruned, the heat speedily drying their wounds and preventing their bleeding. Those who have finished these operations, take the oppor-

* See "The Rural Life of England," vol. i. p. 165,—The Bondage System of the North of England.

tunity to get stone, mend their roads, gates, etc. and thatch their ricks. The corn-crops require constant watching by the birdboy, to defend them from hosts of depredators. Roses and elder-flowers find employment for the still; although our country ladies do not indulge themselves in the amusements of the still-room, with the gusto of their grandmothers; their cordials of "sovrain virtue" are almost forgotten; the present generation has lost its faith in five-leaved-grass water; and as for l'Esprit des Millefleurs, it is better from Delcroix à Paris. Peppermint is ready, too, for the still;—the camomile harvest, in Kent and Derbyshire, employs many children. Heath-berries of various kinds, as bilberries, cranberries, etc. and mushrooms are gathered by the poor and carried for sale into the towns. In the garden, fruit-trees may be pruned, and wall-trees nailed. Much attention is required in watering, supporting plants, weeding, mowing grass-plots, etc.

ANGLING.

Bream and tench spawn. Grayling is "very pleasant and jolly" in these hot months, leaping twenty times at a fly, and showing much sport. His haunts, habits, and baits, with the exception that he is not very fond of a minnow, are pretty much like those of the trout; but he is bolder, and therefore requires less patience in the angler than care not to lose him, through the tenderness of his mouth.

The fly used cannot be too small for him. This fish abounds in our northern rivers, especially the Humber; and the Severn and Wye contain many fine ones. Many trouts are taken in hot weather by tickling them as they lie under the hollow banks of small streams; and pikes as they bask at the surface in the sunshine are caught by a noose of fine wire or horse-hair, at the end of a rod; practices which, although not reckoned very sportsmanlike, have perhaps quite as much sport in them as if they were. The chub now will take any fly, or cherries, or beetles with the legs and wings cut off; but above all, a grasshopper on the surface, or at the bottom a young humble-bee, such as is found in the mowing grass; but he is a fearful fish, and requires stillness and secrecy in the angler. The carp is found in the deepest holes of ponds or rivers, beneath banks, roots of trees, etc. and is taken early or late in the day with worm, paste, grub, green peas, cherries, or a grasshopper at the bottom. The salmon now makes glorious fishing with the fly in our northern streams. This noble fish is taken in a multitude of ways, and is a source of great profit to the possessors of streams which it ascends. It is taken in nets, in traps at the weirs, by the line, and the spear. In some parts of Scotland they pursue and spear it by torchlight. In Solway Frith it is speared in the pools left by the receding tide, by men on horseback. As it spawns in December, and is said not to recover itself in less than four months, consequently it is not in good condition till April, after

which period it should become better and better : it however often comes up from the sea very poor, and requires some abode in the fresh stream to fatten.

Evening is the best time of the day this month for fly-fishing. Flies: all the flies taken in June; also the orange-fly; a little dun white; a wasp-fly; a black hackle; the shell-fly; a black blue dun; black or red palmer-worms; cockchafers.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

None takes place this month.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

Class II. Order 1. Jasminum fruticans, Yellow Jasmine. 9.

Jasminum humile, Dwarf Jasmine.

Catalpa syringifolia, Common Catalpa. 8.

Veronica Siberica, cum mult. aliis, Siberian Speedwell, with many others. 8.

Monarda didyma, cum aliis. Scarlet Monarda, with others. 8.

III. 1. Iris orchroleuca, Pale Yellow Iris.

Iris halophylla, Long-leaved Iris.

IV. 1. Scabiosa Ukranica, cum aliis. Ukraine Scabious, with others. 8.

Plantago maxima, cum aliis. Broad-leaved Plantain, with others.

Sanguisorba media, Short-spiked Burnet Saxifrage. 8.

Sanguisorba Canadensis, Canadian Burnet. 8.

V. 1. Lysimachia Ephemerum, Willow-leaved Loose-strife. 9.

Lysimachia vulgare, cum aliis. Aaron's-rod Loose-strife, with others. 9.

Phlox undulata, Wave-leaved Lychnidea. 9.

Phlox Carolina, Carolina, Lychnidea. 8.

Phlox maculata, Spotted Lychnidea. 8.

Phlox suffruticosa, Shrubby Lychnidea. 8.

Phlox intermedia, Intermediate Lychnidea.

Campanula grandiflora, cum mult. aliis. Large-flowered Campanula, with many others. 8.

Phyteuma spicatum, Horn-Rampion. 8.

Phyteuma hemisphericum, Small Horn-Rampion.

Physalis Alkakengi, Winter Cherry. 9.

Physalis Pennsylvanica, Pennsylvanian Winter Cherry. 9.

Lobelia cardinalis, Scarlet Cardinal-Flower. 10.

Nolana prostrata, Trailing Nolana. 8.

Impatiens Noli-me-tangere, Touch-me-not. 8.

Datura Tatula, Purple Stramonium. 9.

Viola cuculata, Hollow-leaved Violet. 8.

Viola mirabilis, Broad-leaved Violet. 8.

Spigelia Marilandica, Indian Pink. 8.

V. 1. *Anchusa Italica*, Italian Buglos. 10.

Nicotiana rustica, Common Tobacco. 6.

Celastus bullatus, Scarlet Staff-tree.

V. 2. *Asclepias Syriaca*, Syrian Swallow-wort. 8.

Asclepias incarnata, Flesh-coloured Swallow-wort. 8.

Asclepias tuberosa, Orange Apocynum. 9.

Eryngium planum, Flat-leaved Eringo. 9.

Eryngium amethystinum, Amethystine Eringo. 8.

Eryngium campestre, Field Eringo. 8.

Angelica Archangelica, Garden Angelica. 9.

Gentiana asclepiadea, Gentian Swallow-wort. 8.

V. 3. *Rus typhinum*, Virginian Sumach. 8.

Rus elegans, cum aliis. Carolina Sumach, with others.

Viburnum lævigatum, cum aliis. Cassiobury Bush, with others. 8.

V. 5. *Statice speciosa*, Plantain-leaved Thrift. 8.

Statice Tartarica, Tartarian Thrift. 8.

Statice flexuosa, Zigzag Thrift. 8.

Linum flavum, Yellow Flax. 8.

VI. 1. *Frankenia hirsuta*, Hirsute Sea-heath.

Lilium Canadense, Canadian Martagon. 8.

Lilium Philadelphicum, Philadelphian Martagon. 8.

Lilium Catesbii, Catesby's Martagon. 8.

Yucca gloriosa, Superb Adam's Needle. 8.

Yucca filimentosa, Thready Adam's Needle. 8.

Amaryllis belladonna, Belladonna Lily. 8.

VIII. 1. *Erica ciliaris*, Ciliated Heath. 9.

Oenothera fruticosa, Shrubby Oenothera. 8.

Oenothera grandiflora, Large-flowered Oenothera. 8.

- VIII. 3. *Polygonum orientale*, cum aliis. Red Persicary, with others. 10.
- X. 1. *Sophora Japonica*, Japan Sophora.
Sophora alopecuroides, Fox-tail Sophora. 8.
Andromeda speciosa, cum mult. aliis. Large-flowered Andromeda, with many others.
- Cassia Marilandica*, Maryland Cassia. 10.
Rhododendron Caucasica, Caucasian Rhododendron.
- X. 2. *Hydrangea arborea*, cum aliis. Tree Hydrangea, with others.
Dianthus Carthusianum, Carthusian Pink. 8.
Dianthus Glaucus, Glaucous Pink.
Dianthus caryophylli, Clove Pink.
Dianthus Monspelienensis, Montpellier Pink.
Dianthus prolifer, Proliferous Pink. 8.
Dianthus superbus, Superb Male Pink. 9.
- X. 3. *Silene longiflora*, cum mult. aliis. Long-flowered Catch-fly, with many others. 9.
- Arenaria saxatilis*, Rock Sandwort.
Sedum majus, cum aliis. Great Orpine, with others.
- X. 4. *Lychnis læta*, Small Lychnis.
Agrostemma Flos-Jovis, Umbelled Rose-campion.
Agrostemma Cœli-rosa, Smooth leaved Rose-campion.
- XI. 2. *Agrimony repens*, Creeping Agrimony. 9.
- XII. 5. *Rosa sulphurea*, Double Yellow Rose.
Rosa moschata, Single Musk-rose. 9.
Spiræa lobata, Lobe-leaved Spirea. 8.
Potentilla Norvegica, cum aliis. Norwegian Cinquefoil, with others. 9.
Geum Virginica, Virginian Avens. 8.
Dryas octopetala, Mountain Dryas. 8.
- XIII. 1. *Cistus Monspelienensis*, cum mult. aliis. Montpellier Cistus, with many others.
- XIII. 3. *Aconitum Lycopodium*, cum aliis. Yellow Wolfsbane, with others. 8.
- Delphinium urceolatum*, Hollow-leaved Larkspur. 8.
- XIII. 4. *Eschscholtzia Californica*, Californian Eschscholtzia. 10.
- XIII. 7. *Clematis crispa*, Curled Clematis. 8.
Clematis orientalis, Eastern Clematis. 10.
Clematis flammula, Sweet-scented Clematis. 10.
Magnolia pumila, Dwarf Magnolia. 9.
- XIV. 1. *Dracocephalon Virginica*, cum aliis. Virginian Dragon's-head, with others. 9.
- Lavendula spica*, Lavender. 9.

- Lavendula orientalis*, White-flowered Lavender.
- XIV. 2. *Bignonia radicans*, Great Trumpet-flower. 8.
Bignonia v. *minor*, Small Trumpet-flower.
Eccremocarpus scaber, Rough *Eccremocarpus*. 8.
Eccremocarpus longiflorus, Long-flowered *Eccremocarpus*. 8.
Vitex Agnus-Castus, Chaste Tree. 9.
Vitex v. *latifolia*, Broad-leaved Chaste Tree.
Mimulus ringens, Oblong-leaved Monkey Flower. 8.
Acanthus mollis, cum aliis. Smooth *Acanthus*, with others. 9.
Digitalis leucophora, Broad-lipped Foxglove. 10.
- XVI. 7. *Lavatera Thuringiaca*, cum aliis. Large-flowered *Lavatera*,
 with others. 9.
Hybiscus palustris, Marsh *Hybiscus*. 8.
Hybiscus trionium, Bladder *Ketmia*.
Malva limensis, Blue-flowered Mallow.
- XVII. 4. *Spartium junceum*, Spanish Broom. 9.
Spartium v. *flore pleno*, Double Spanish Broom.
Cytisus argenteus, cum aliis. Silvery *Cytisus*, with others. 7.
Robinia glutinosa, Glutinous *Acacia*.
Lathyrus tuberosus, cum aliis. Tuberous *Lathyrus*, with others. 8.
Vicia pisiformis, Pale-flowered Vetch. 8.
Vicia biennis, Biennial Vetch. 8.
Coronilla varia, Purple *Coronilla*. 10.
Galega montana, Mountain Goat's-rue.
Hedysarum Canadiense, Canadian *Saintfoin*. 9.
Lupinus luteus, Yellow *Lupine*. 8.
Lupinus hirsutus, cum aliis. Large Blue *Lupine*, with others.
Lotus tetragonolobus, Red-winged Pea. 8.
Lotus var. Yellow-winged Pea.
Astragalus campestris, Field Milk-Vetch.
- XVII. 4. *Astragalus Christianus*, Great Yellow Milk-Vetch.
Anthyllis tetraphylla, Four-leaved *Kidney-Vetch*.
- XVIII. 4. *Hypericum hircinum*, cum aliis. Fœtid, St. John's-wort,
 with others. 8.
- XIX. 1. *Sonchus Sibericus*, Siberian Sow-Thistle. 8.
Hieracium Pyrenaicum, cum mult. aliis. Heart-leaved *Hawkweed*,
 with many others. 8.
Catananche cœrulea, Blue *Catananche*.
Carduus canus, cum aliis. Hoary Thistle, with others. 8.
Cnicus ferox, cum aliis. Prickly *Cnicus*, with others. 8.
- XIX. 2. *Senecio coriaceus*, Thick-leaved *Groundsel*. 8.
Senecio abrotanifolia, Southernwood-leaved *Groundsel*. 8.

- Dahlia superflua*, cum mult. var. Purple Dahlia, with many varieties. 11.
- Aster æstivus*, Labrador Aster. 8.
- Aster Chinensis*, cum aliis, et mult. var. China Aster, with others, and many varieties.
- Solidago Mexicana*, cum mult. aliis. Mexican Golden Rod, with many others. 8.
- Tagetes patula*, French Marygold. 10.
- Tagetes erecta*, African Marygold. 10.
- Xeranthemum annuum*, White Xeranthemum. 8.
- Xeranthemum* var. Double-purple Xeranthemum.
- Chrysanthemum coronaria*, White quilled Chrysanthemum. 9.
- Chrysanthemum tricolor*, Yellow Chrysanthemum.
- Erigeron purpureum*, cum mult. aliis. Purple Erigeron, with many others. 8.
- Cineraria gigantea*, Gigantic Cineraria. 8.
- Bellis Lusitanica*, Portugal Daisy.
- XIX. 3. *Rudbeckia purpurea*, Purple Rudbeckia. 10.
- Coreopsis verticillata*, Whorled Coreopsis. 10.
- Centaurea centaureum*, cum mult. aliis. Great Centaury, with many others. 8.
- XIX. 4. *Silphium scabrium*, cum aliis. Rough Silphium, with others. 10.
- Echinops Retio*, Small Globe-Thistle. 9.
- Echinops sphærocephalus*, Great Globe-Thistle. 8.
- XIX. 5. *Amaranthus caudatus*, Love-lies-bleeding. 8.
- Amaranthus hypochondriacus*, Prince's feather. 8.
- Amaranthus flavus*, Yellow Amaranth. 8.
- XXII. 6. *Smilax lanceolata*, cum mult. aliis. Spear-leaved Bindweed, with many others.
- XXII. 10. *Datisca cannabina*, Bastard Hemp. 9.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

- Class II. Order 1. Circæa Alpina*, Mountain Enchanter's Nightshade. *Locality*, Stony mountain places. *Duration*, 8.
- Veronica Anagallis*, cum mult. aliis. Water Speedwell, with many others. Watery places.
- II. 1. *Utricularia, intermedia*, Intermediate Bladderwort. In ditches, Ireland and Scotland.
- Utricularia minor*, Lesser Bladderwort. In ditches and bogs.
- Lycopus Europæus*, Common Gipsywort. Banks of rivers. 8.

Salvia pratensis, Meadow Clary. Dry Meadows.

III. 1. *Iris Pseudacorus*, Yellow Water Iris. Pools and rivers.

Scirpus cæspitosus, Scaly-stalked Club-Rush. Barren heaths.

Scirpus lacustris, Bull-Rush. Rivers and ponds. 8.

Scirpus maritimus, Saltmarsh Club-Rush. Salt marshes. 8.

Nardus stricta, Common Mat-Grass. Heaths.

III 2. *Arundo Phragmites*, Common Reed. Ditches and marshes.

Arundo arenaria, Sea-Reed. Sandy sea-coasts.

Lolium temulentum, Bearded Darnel. Corn-fields.

IV. 1. *Dipsacus fullonum*, Fuller's Teazle. Hedges and ditches.

Dipsacus sylvestris, Wild Teazle. Hedges and banks of rivers.

Scabiosa arvensis, Field Scabious. Corn-fields.

Galium verum, Yellow Bed-Straw. Hedges and hilly places. 8.

Galium Mollago, Great Hedge Bed-Straw. Hedges and woods. 8.

Galium Boreale, Cross-leaved Bed-Straw. North of England and Scotland. 8.

Alchemilla Alpina, Alpine Ladies' Mantle. Alpine rocks.

IV. 3. *Potamogeton natans*, cum aliis. Broad-leaved Pond-weed, with others. Ditches and pools. 8.

V. 1. *Menyanthes nymphæoides*, Fringed Buck-Bean. Ponds and rivers, *rare*. 8.

Lysimachia vulgaris, Great Yellow Loose-strife. Moist, shady places.

Lysimachia thyrsoiflora, Tufted Loose-strife. Watery places, Scotland. 8.

Angallis cærulea, Blue Pimpernel. Corn-fields, *rare*.

Angallis tenella, Bog Pimpernel. Spongy bogs. 8.

Azalea procumbens, Trailing Azalea. Highlands of Scotland.

Convolvulus sepium, Great Bindweed. Moist hedges. 8.

Campanula rotundifolia, cum aliis. Round-leaved Bell-Flower, with others. Fields and road-sides. 8.

Lobelia Dortmanna, Water Lobelia. Highland lakes. 8.

Impatiens Noli-me-tangere, 'Touch-me-not. Balsam. Wet, shady places. 8.

Verbascum Thapsus, Great Mullein. Waste ground. 8.

Verbascum nigrum, Black Mullein. Road-sides and banks. 8.

Verbascum Blattaria, Moth Mullein. Banks and way-sides, *rare*.

Hyoscyamus niger, Common Henbane. Waste grounds.

Erythræa Centaurium, Common Centaury. Gravelly pastures. 8.

Erythræa latifolia, Broad-leaved Tufted Centaury. Sea-shore, near Liverpool.

Lonicera Xylosteum, Upright Fly Honeysuckle. Rocky places.

- V. 2. *Herniaria glabra*, Smooth Rupturewort. } Sandy places, Dev. 8.
Herniaria hirsuta, Hairy Rupturewort. }
- Salsola Kali*, Prickly Saltwort. Sandy sea-shore. 8.
- Gentiana campestris*, Field Gentian. Elevated Pastures. 10.
- Eryngium maritimum*, Sea Holly, or Eringo. Sandy sea-coast. 8.
- V. 2. *Eryngium campestre*, Field Eringo. Waste ground, near the sea. 8.
- Torillis Anthriscus*, Upright Hedge-Parsley. Hedges and fields.
- Sium latifolium*, Broad-leaved Water-Parsnip. Ditches and fens. 8.
- Sium angustifolium*, Narrow-leaved Water-Parsnip. Ditches and pools. 8.
- Sium nodiflorum*, Procumbent Water-Parsnip. Ditches and streams. 8.
- Ænanthe fistulosa*, Common Water-Dropwort. Ditches and ponds. 8.
- Ænanthe pimpinelloides*, Parsley Water-Dropwort. Salt-marshes.
- Ænanthe crocrata*, Hemlock Water-Dropwort. } Watery places.
Angelica sylvestris, Wild Angelica. }
- Ligusticum Scoticum*, Scottish Lovage. Coast of Scotland. 8.
- Bupleurum rotundifolium*, Common Hare's-Ear. Chalky corn-fields.
- Selinum palustre*, Marsh Milk-Parsley. Marshes and boggy meadows.
- Pastinaca sativa*, Common Wild Parsnip. Borders of fields. 8.
- Heracleum Sphondylium*, Common Cow-Parsnip. Meadows and pastures.
- V. 3. *Tamarix Gallica*, French Tamarisk, Cliffs on the south coast.
- V. 5. *Statice Armeria*, Common Thrift. Sea-shore. 8.
- Statice Limonium*, Common Sea Lavender. Muddy sea-shore. 8.
- Linum usitatissimum*, Common Flax. Cultivated fields.
- V. 6. *Drosera rotundifolia*, Round-leaved Sundew. } Turfy bogs. 8.
Drosera longifolia, Long-leaved Sundew. }
- VI. 1. *Allium oleraceum*, Streaked Field Garlic. Borders of fields.
- Allium vineale*, Crow Garlic. Meadows and pastures.
- Frankenia lævis*, Smooth Sea Heath. Muddy salt-marshes.
- Peplis Portula*, Water Purslane. Watery places. 8.
- VI. 3. *Rumex acutus*, Sharp-leaved Dock. Road-sides. 8.
- Rumex obtusifolius*, Broad-leaved Dock. Meadows and pastures. 8.
- Rumex Hydrolapathum*, Great Water Dock. Ditches and rivers. 9.
- VI. 4. *Alisma Plantago*, Greater Water Plantain. Ponds and ditches. 8.
- VIII. 1. *Epilobium hirsutum*, Great Hairy Willow-Herb. Moist, shady places. 8.
- Epilobium montanum*, Smooth-leaved Willow-Herb. Stony places. 9.
- Epilobium tetragonum*, Square-stalked Willow-Herb. Ditches. 9.

Chlora perfoliata, Perfoliate Yellow-wort. In chalky and sandy places. 8.

Erica Tetralix, Cross-leaved Heath. Heathy bogs. 8.

Erica cinerea, Fine-leaved Heath. Dry Heaths. 8.

Erica vagans, Cornish Heath. Heaths in Cornwall. 8.

VIII. 2. *Polygonum amphibium*, Amphibious Persicaria. Ponds and ditches. 8.

Polygonum Fagopyrum, Buck-wheat Persicaria. Cultivated ground. 8.

X. 1. *Pyrola rotundifolia*, cum aliis. Round-leaved Winter-Green, with others. Dry woods, rare. 8.

X. 2. *Dianthus Armeria*, Deptford Pink. Pastures, etc. 8.

X. 2. *Dianthus deltoides*, Maiden Pink. } Pastures and fields. 10.

X. 3. *Silene inflata*, Bladder Campion. }

Silene noctiflora, Night-flowering Catchfly. Sandy fields, rare.

Silene Armeria, Lobel's Catchfly. Banks and fields. 8.

Arenaria rubra, Purple Sandwort. On walls and old ruins. 8.

X. 4. *Sedum reflexum*, Crooked Yellow Stonecrop. On roofs and walls.

Sedum rupestre, St. Vincent's Rock Stonecrop. Rocks, rare.

Cerastium aquaticum, Water Mouse-ear Chickweed. Wet places. 8.

Spergula nodosa, Knotted Spurry. Sandy bogs. 8.

Cotyledon Umbilicus, Wall Pennywort. Mountainous rocks. 9.

Spergula subulata, Fringed awl-shaped Spurry. Sandy and stony places. 8.

XI. 1. *Lythrum Salicaria*, Spiked Purple Loose-strife. Banks of streams. 8.

XI. 3. *Reseda Luteola*, Dyer's Rocket, or Weld. Old walls, etc.

Reseda lutea, Wild Mignonette. Waste places. 8.

XI. 4. *Sempervivum tectorum*, Common House-Leek. Roofs of houses. 8.

XII. 2. *Spiræa Filipendula*, Common Dropwort. Meadows and pastures. 8.

XII. 3. *Rosa rubella*, cum aliis. Red-fruited Dwarf-Rose, with others. Sea coast.

Rubus fruticosus, Common Bramble. Hedges, etc.

Rubus plicatus, Plaited-leaved Bramble. Hedges, Shropshire. 8.

Rubus suberectus, Red-fruited Bramble. Scotland, Wales, and Yorkshire. 8.

Rubus corylifolius, Hazel-leaved Bramble. Hedges, etc.

Potentilla Alpestris, Orange Alpine Cinquefoil. Mountainous places.

XIII. 1. *Glaucium luteum*, Yellow Horned Poppy. Sandy sea-coast.

Papaver hybridum, Round Rough-headed Poppy. In sandy, or chalky fields.

Nymphæa alba, White Water-Lily. Pools and lakes.

Nuphar lutea, Common Yellow Water-Lily. Rivers and pools.

Nuphar pumila, Least Water-Lily. Scotch lakes.

Tilia Europæa, Common Lime, or Linden Tree. Woods and hedges.

XIII. 2. *Stratiotes aloides*, Water Aloe, or Water Soldier. Lakes and pools. 8.

XIII. 3. *Clematis Vitalba*, Common Traveller's Joy. Hedges in the south. 8.

Ranunculus Lingua, Greater Spearwort Crowfoot. Ditches and pools, rare. 8.

XIV. 1. *Verbena officinalis*, Common Vervain. Road-sides. 8.

Galeopsis villosa, Downy Hemp-nettle

Galeopsis versicolor, Large-flowered Hemp-nettle. } Sandy fields. 8.

Betonica officinalis, Wood Betony. }

Stachys sylvatica, Hedge Woundwort. } Woods and hedges. 8.

Ballota nigra, Black Horehound. Hedges and banks. 8.

Marrubium vulgare, Common Horehound. Dry waste grounds.

XIV. 1. *Origanum vulgare*, Common Marjoram. Bushy places. 8.

Thymus Serpyllum, Wild Thyme. Dry pastures. 8.

Thymus Acinos, Basil. Gravelly pastures. 8.

Thymus Calamentha, Common Calaminth. 8.

Scutellaria galericulata, Common skull-cap. Banks of rivers. 8.

Scutellaria minor, Lesser Skull-cap. Heathy bogs. 8.

Prunella vulgaris, Common Self-heal. Meadows and pastures. 8.

XIV. 2. *Bartsia Odontites*, Red Bartsia. Moist pastures. 8.

Euphrasia officinalis, Common Eyebright. Heaths and pastures.

Antirrhinum Elatine, Sharp-pointed Snapdragon. Corn-fields. 9.

Antirrhinum majus, Great Snapdragon. Old walls. 9.

Scrophularia nodosa, Knotty-rooted Fig-wort. Banks.

Scrophularia aquatica, Water Fig-wort. Watery places.

Orobanche minor, Lesser Broom-rape. Clover-fields. 8.

XV. 1. *Isatis tinctoria*, Dyer's Woad. Cultivated fields.

XV. 2. *Sisymbrium Irio*, London Rocket. Rubbish. 8.

XVI. 2. *Geranium sanguineum*, Bloody Crane's-bill. Rock places. 9.

XVI. 3. *Althæa officinalis*, Common Marsh Mallow. Salt-marshes. 9.

Malva moschata, Musk Mallow. Borders of fields. 8.

Lavatera arborea, Sea Tree-Mallow. Maritime rocks, rare. 10.

XVII. 3. *Genista tinctoria*, Dyer's Green Weed. Meadows and pastures. 9.

Pisum maritimum, Sea Pea. Stony sea-shore. 8.

Lathyrus pratensis, cum aliis. Yellow Meadow Vetchling, with others. Cultivated fields, rare. 8.

Vicia Sylvatica, Wood Vetch. Woods and hedges. 8.

Vicia Cracca, Tufted Vetch. Hedges. 8.

Astragalus uralensis, Hairy Mountain Milk Vetch. Scotch mountains.

Astragalus campestris, Yellowish Milk Vetch.

Trifolium arvense, Hare's-foot Vetch. Barren fields. 8.

Trifolium frigidum, Strawberry-headed Vetch. Moist meadows and pastures. 8.

Lotus major, Great Bird's-foot Trefoil. Moist hedges. 8.

XVIII. 1. *Hypericum Androsaemum*, Tutsan, or Park-leaved St. John's-wort. Alpine rocks and woods. 8.

Hypericum perforatum, Common Perforated St. John's-wort. Woods and hedges. 8.

Hypericum humifusum, Trailing St. John's-wort. Moist, sandy heaths. 8.

Hypericum pulchrum, Small upright St. John's-wort. Woods and heaths. 9.

XIX. 1. *Prenanthes muralis*, Ivy-leaved Wall Lettuce. Old Walls, etc. 8.

Hieracium Alpinum, Alpine Single-flowered Hawkweed. Wales and Scotland.

Hieracium Auricula, Orange Hawkweed. Mountainous places.

Hieracium paludosum, Marsh Hawkweed. Wet places.

Cichorium Intybus, Wild Succory. Borders of fields. 8.

XIX. 1. *Arctium Lappa*, Common Burdock. Waste ground, etc. 8.

Serratula tinctoria, Common Saw-wort. Wood and banks. 8.

Serratula Alpina, Alpine Saw-wort. Scotch mountains. 8.

Carduus nutans, Musk Thistle. Heaths and fields. 8.

Cnicus palustris, Marsh Plumethistle. Fields. 8.

Cnicus arvensis, Creeping Plumethistle. Fields.

Cnicus Heterophyllus, Melancholy Plumethistle. Pastures in the north. 8.

Cnicus acaulis, Dwarf Plumethistle. Pastures and meadows. 8.

Onopordium Acanthium, Common Cotton Thistle. Waste ground. 8.

Eupatorium cannabinum, Common Hemp Agrimony. Sides of rivulets. 8.

XIX. 2. *Tanacetum vulgare*, Common Tansy. Meadows and pastures. 8.

Gnaphalium Germanicum. Common Cudweed. Pastures and heaths. 8.

Conyza squarrosa, Plowman's Spikenard. Calcareous soils. 8.

Erigeron acre, Blue Flea-bane. Dry, uncultivated land. 8.

Senecio Jacobæa, Common Ragwort. Pastures and banks. 8.

Senecio aquaticus, Marsh Ragwort. Moist places. 8.

Senecio Saracenicus, Broad-leaved Ragwort. Moist meadows. 8.

Solidago Virgaurea, Common Golden-rod. Woods and heaths. 9.

Achillæa Ptarmica, Sneezewort. Wet places. 8.

XIX. 3. *Centaurea Cyanus*, Corn Blue-Bottle. Corn-fields. 8.

Centaurea Scabiosa, Greater Knapweed. Borders of fields. 8.

Centaurea Calcitrapa, Common Knapweed. Gravelly ground. 8.

Centaurea solstitialis, Yellow Knapweed. Cultivated fields. 9.

XX. 1. *Orchis pyramidalis*, Pyramidal Orchis. Chalky pastures, etc. 8.

Orchis hircina,* Lizard Orchis. Chalky soil, rare.

Ophrys apifera, Bee Orchis. Chalky and limestone soils.

Ophrys arachnites, Late Spider Orchis. Pastures, Kent.

Listera cordata, Heart-leaved Mountain Tway-blade. Turfy bogs.

Epipactis latifolia, Broad leaved Helleborine. Woods and banks. 8.

Epipactis palustris, Marsh Helleborine. Bogs. 8.

Malaxis paludosa, Bog-Orchis.

Malaxis Læselii, Two-leaved Orchis. } Spongy Bogs.

XX. 3. *Aristolochia Clematitis*, Common Birthwort. Amongst ruins. 8.

XXI. 1. *Euphorbia Peplis*, Purple Sea-Spurge. Devonshire coast. 9.

Euphorbia exigua, Dwarf Sea-Spurge. Corn-fields. 9.

Euphorbia helioscopia, Sun Sea-Spurge. Gardens and fields. 9.

XXI. 2. *Typha latifolia*, Great Reed-Mace. }

Sparganium ramosum, Branched Bur-Reed. } Pools and ditches. 8.

Sparganium simplex, Unbranched Bur-Reed. }

XXI. 2. *Carex incurva*, cum aliis. Curved *Carex*, or Sedge, with others. Alpine rivulets. 8.

XXI. 5. *Myriophyllum spicatum*, Spiked Water Milfoil. Ditches and pools. 8.

Myriophyllum verticillatum. Whorled Water Milfoil. Ditches and pools.

* Sir James Smith suspected that the Nottinghamshire habitats for this rare plant were incorrect. At the present time, it cannot be found; but there is the *Orchis bifolia*, which Dr. Deering must have mistaken for it.

- Sagittaria sagittifolia*, Common Arrow-head. Ditches and pools. 8.
 XXII, 4. *Humulus Lupulus*, Common Hop. Moist hedges.
 XXII, 7. *Mercurialis annua*, Annual Mercury. Cultivated ground. 9.
Hydrocharis Morsus ranæ, Common Frog-bit. Ditches and pools. 9.
 XXIII, 1. *Atriplex portulacoides*, Sea Orache. } The coast. 8.
Atriplex laciniata, Frosted Sea Orache. }
 XXIV, 1. *Polypodium Dryopteris*, Three-branched Polypody. Mountainous woods. 8.
Aspidium Oreopteris, Heath Shield-fern. Mountainous places.
Aspidium aculeatum, Common Prickly Shield-fern. Moist, stony woods.
Aspidium lobatum, Close-leaved Shield-fern. Hedges and woods.
Cystea dentata, Toothed Bladder Fern. Mountain Rocks.
Scolopendrium vulgare, Common Hart's Tongue. Moist rocks. 8.
Blechnum boreale, Northern Hard-fern. Moist heaths. 8.
Pteris aquilina, Common Brakes, or Braken. Woods, heaths, and fields.
Woodsia ilvensis, Oblong Woodsia. }
Woodsia hyperborea Round-leaved Woodsia. } Alpine rocks. 9.
Lycopodium clavatum, Common Clubmoss. Sandy heaths. 8.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

- Cicindela Germanica*. *Locality*, Kent and the Isle of Wight.
Odontonyx rotundatus. In stony places. *Month*, to 9.
Colymbetes vitreus. } In running streams. } To 10.
Colymbetes ater. } } To 9.
Dyticus dimidiatus. In the fenny counties.
Berosus globosus. Stagnant pools. To 10.
Platycerus caraboides. Decayed trees.
Telephorus cyaneus. }
Tillus elongatus. } Woods in the north.
Clerus apiarius. }
Corynetes violaceus. Old houses, etc. To 9.
Balaninus nucum. On hazel bushes. To 8.
Liparus Germanicus. }
Liparus Anglicanus. } In the south.
Hylobius abietis. On the Scotch Fir. To 8.
Prionus coriarius. Old oak woods.
Clytus Arietis, The Wasp-Beetle. Gardens and hedges. To 9

Crypticus glaber.

Acridia grisea.

Acridia varia.

Acridia bipunctatum.

} Sandy places. To 8.

Vespa crabro, the Hornet. Old trees. To 9.

Vespa vulgaris, Common Wasp. Banks. To 9.

Vespa rufa, Red Wasp. Mud-banks.

Vespa Britannica, The British Wasp. On trees.

Argynnis Aglaia, Darkgreen Fritillary. Woods and heaths. To 8.

Argynnis Paphia, Silver-washed Fritillary. Woods and heaths.
To 8.

Vanessa Polychloros, Large Tortoise-shell Butterfly. Lanes, near Elm-trees.

Vanessa Io, Peacock Butterfly. Lanes, etc.

Apatura Iris, Purple Emperor Butterfly. Oak woods in the south.

Limenitis Camilla, White Admiral. Woods in the south.

Hipparchia Semele, Grayling Butterfly. Heaths, etc. To 8.

Hipparchia Tithonus, Large Heath Butterfly. Woods and heaths.
To 8.

Hipparchia Leigea. Isle of Arran. To 8.

Hipparchia Cassiope, Small Ringlet Butterfly. Westmoreland and Cumberland.

Hipparchia Iphis, Scarce Heath Butterfly. Yorkshire and Cumberland.

Hipparchia Davus. Near Manchester.

Hipparchia Hero, Silver-bordered Ringlet. } Ashdown Forest.

Hipparchia Arcanius.

Thecla Quercus, Purple Hair-Streak. Oak woods. To 8.

Thecla Pruni, Black Hair-Streak. Gardens and hedges.

Thecla Spini, Pale brown Hair-Streak. Norfolk.

Lycæna dispar, Large Copper. The Fens of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire.

Lycæna Hippothoe, Dark Underwinged Copper. Kent.

Polyommatus Arion, Large Blue Butterfly. Pastures and commons,
rare.

Polyommatus Alcon. Buckinghamshire.

Polyommatus Corydon. Chalk-hill Blue Butterfly. Downs in the south.

Polyommatus Eros, Pale Blue Butterfly. Kent and Surrey.

Polyommatus Argus, Silver-studded Blue Butterfly. Heaths.

Pamphila Linea, Small Skipper. Heathy woods. To 8.

Trochilium Crabroniformis, Lunar Hornet-Moth. Woods in the south.

Zeuzera Æsculi, Wood Leopard Moth. On the trunks of trees.

Clisiocampa Neustria, Barred Tree Lackey. Hedges and gardens.

Odonestis Potatoria, Drinker-Moth. Woods and hedges.

Orgyia antiqua, Common Vapourer. Gardens.

Porthesia chrysorrhæa, Yellow-tailed Moth. Hedges.

Arctia Caja, Great Tiger Moth. Gardens.

Lithosia complana, Common Footman. Fields and lanes.

Plusia, Iota, Golden Y Moth. Gardens, etc.

Prionus coriarius. It is a fact generally observed, that insects multiply extremely in peculiar habitats. Providence having assigned to each animal its peculiar offices and instincts, seems to have ordained that in situations where the agency of numbers is required, the increase of the tribe should keep pace with the increasing necessity for its existence. In the northern regions, where vegetation is scant, and where the evils arising from fallen timber is scarcely felt, the species of *Cerambycidæ*, or Wood-dispersers, (to which tribe the *Prionus coriarius* is referred,) are few, and the individuals of each species rarely met with. In the temperate zone, where vegetation is more abundant, the insects of this class increase in proportion, and in tropical climates, where vegetation is luxuriant, and where tornado and storm concur with other causes to desolate large tracts of country, and fell the trees of the forest,—there, to prevent the evils which the progress of vegetation would sustain from the fallen trees, the benignity of Providence has caused the *Cerambycidæ* to abound: myriads of large and various species unite to remove the evil. The enormous trees of the tropics vanish,

as it were, before these little agents of supreme power, and room is consequently left for Nature to manifest herself once more in varied but generous profusion.

This class in England is comparatively small—about eighty species. They are found in old woods, and in the stumps of trees. The *Prionus coriarius* is the largest we possess; and, unlike its congeners, its flight is during the evening. Its larva inhabits the oak.

Zeuzera Æsculi (the Leopard-Moth). A very beautiful and interesting species, nearly allied to the Goat-Moth, but of far less frequent occurrence. In the larva state it inhabits the elm and pear trees, and the perfect insect makes its appearance about the beginning of July. It is of a snowy white, spotted with round, greenish or bluish, spots; which, together with its large size, soft, downy body, and somewhat hyaline anterior wings, give it a very delicate appearance. It has twice occurred near Nottingham.

AUGUST.

Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

JOHN iv. 35.

THE grand feature of this month is CORN HARVEST. It is a time for universal gladness of heart. Nature has completed her most important operations. She has ripened her best fruits, and a thousand hands are ready to reap them with joy. It is a gladdening sight to stand upon some eminence and behold the yellow hues of harvest amid the dark relief of hedges and trees, to see the shocks standing thickly in a land of peace; the partly-reaped fields—and the clear, cloudless sky, shedding over all its lustre. There is a solemn splendour, a mellowness and maturity of beauty, thrown over the landscape. The wheat-crops shine on the hills and slopes, as Wordsworth expresses it, “like golden shields cast down from the sun.” For the lovers of solitary rambles, for all who desire to feel the pleasures of a thankful heart, and to participate in the happiness of the simple and the lowly,

now is the time to stroll abroad. They will find beauty and enjoyment spread abundantly before them. They will find the mowers sweeping down the crops of pale barley, every spiked ear of which, so lately looking up bravely at the sun, is now bent downward in a modest and graceful curve, as if abashed at his ardent and incessant gaze. They will find them cutting down the rustling oats, each followed by an attendant rustic who gathers the swath into sheaves from the tender green of the young clover, which, commonly sown with oats to constitute the future crop, is now showing itself luxuriantly. But it is in the wheat-field that all the jollity, and gladness, and picturesqueness of harvest are concentrated. Wheat is more particularly the food of man. Barley affords him a wholesome but much abused potation;—the oat is welcome to the homely board of the hardy mountaineers, but wheat is especially and every where the “staff of life.” To reap and gather it in, every creature of the hamlet is assembled. The farmer is in the field, like a rural king amid his people—the labourer, old or young, is there to collect what he has sown with toil, and watched in its growth with pride; the dame has left her wheel and her shady cottage, and, with sleeve-defended arms, scorns to do less than the best of them:—the blooming damsel is there, adding her sunny beauty to that of universal nature; the boy cuts down the stalks which overtop his head; children glean amongst the shocks; and even the unwalkable

infant sits propt with sheaves, and plays with the stubble, and

With all its twined flowers.

Such groups are often seen in the wheat-field as deserve the immortality of the pencil. There is something too about wheat-harvest which carries back the mind and feasts it with the pleasures of antiquity. The sickle is almost the only implement which has descended from the olden times in its pristine simplicity—to the present hour neither altering its form nor becoming obsolete amid all the fashions and improvements of the world. It is the same now as it was in those scenes of rural beauty which the scripture history, without any laboured description, often by a single stroke, presents so livingly to the imagination; as it was when tender thoughts passed

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

when the minstrel-king wandered through the solitudes of Paran, or fields reposing at the feet of Carmel; or “as it fell on a day, that the child of the good Shunamite went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought

him to his mother, he sate on her knees till noon, and then died." 2 Kings, c. iv. 18—20.

Let no one say it is not a season of happiness to the toiling peasantry; I know that it is. In the days of boyhood I have partaken their harvest labours, and listened to the overflowings of their hearts as they sate amid the sheaves beneath the fine blue sky, or among the rich herbage of some green headland beneath the shade of a tree, while the cool keg plentifully replenished the horn, and sweet after exertion were the contents of the harvest-field basket. I know that the poor harvesters are amongst the most thankful contemplators of the bounty of Providence, though so little of it falls to their share. To them harvest comes as an annual festivity. To their healthful frames, the heat of the open fields, which would oppress the languid and relaxed, is but an exhilarating and pleasant glow. The inspiration of the clear sky above, and of scenes of plenty around them, and the very circumstance of their being drawn from their several dwellings at this bright season, open their hearts and give a life to their memories: and many an anecdote and history from "the simple annals of the poor" are there related, which need only to pass through the mind of a Wordsworth or a Crabbe, to become immortal in their mirth or wo.

Whilst speaking of harvest I must not omit to notice the splendid appearance of the HARVEST MOON. The circumstance of this moon rising several nights successively almost at the same time,

immediately after sunset, has given it an importance in the eyes of farmers; but it is not the less remarkable for its singular and splendid beauty. No moon during the year can bear any comparison with it. At its rising it has a character so peculiarly its own, that the more a person is accustomed to expect and to observe it, the more it strikes him with astonishment. I would advise every one who can go out in the country, to make a practice of watching for its rising. The warmth and the dryness of the earth, the clearness and balmy serenity of the atmosphere at that season, the sounds of voices borne from distant fields, the freshness which comes with the evening, combine to make the twilight walk delicious; and scarcely has the sun departed in the west, when the moon in the east rises from beyond some solitary hill, or from behind the dark rich foliage of trees, and sails up into the still and transparent air in the full magnificence of a world. It comes not as in common, a fair but flat disc on the face of the sky,—we behold it suspended in the crystal air in its greatness and rotundity; we perceive the distance beyond it as sensibly as that before it; and its apparent size is magnificent. In a short time, however, it has acquired a considerable altitude—its apparent bulk has diminished—its majestic grandeur has waned, and it sails on its way calmly beautiful, but in nothing differing from its usual character.

During this month nature seems to experience a second spring. Several trees, particularly the oak

and elm, put forth shoots and new leaves, enlivening the sombre woods. The hedges assume a lighter green; and if their leaves have been devoured in the spring by caterpillars, as is sometimes the case, they are now completely reclothed in the most delicate foliage. The ground already experiences the effect of the shortening days. The drought occasioned by the intense heat and long days of July has abated; cool nights, dews, and occasional showers restore the mown fields and sunburnt pastures to a degree of verdure, and reanimate the remaining flowers. The small blue campanula, wild scabious, blue chicory, the large white convolvulus, hawkweeds, and the *Calluna vulgaris*, or common heath, still adorn wastes, fields, and waysides. The pink-and-white convolvulus has been one of the chief ornaments of summer, flowering in the driest spots, where all around is brown from extreme drought, with cheerful beauty. A few clusters of honeysuckles may yet be seen, here and there, on the hedges. And the antirrhinum linaria, or common toad-flax, is in full flower in the thickets.

It may not be out of place here to notice that singular property of seeds by which they are preserved in the ground for ages. It appears from certain circumstances, that when they are buried below that particular depth at which they feel the influence of the atmosphere and consequently vegetate, they are in a state of preservation which may and does often continue for centuries—perhaps, for aught we know to the contrary, to the end of the

world, if undisturbed; certainly, however, to an amazing extent of time. By this beautiful law of the all-wise Creator, the vegetable tribes are never likely to be lost. However cultivation or carelessness may tend to extirpate certain species, their seeds lie in myriads in the treasury of the earth, and some event such as we sometimes witness, the lowering of a hill, the cutting of a single turf, exposes them to the action of the air, and forth they spring. Thus it is that farmers are frequently surprised on ploughing up a field that has lain in lea beyond the memory of man, to see a plentiful crop of various and unusual plants spring up. So I have observed in Sherwood Forest, that where turf is pared, henbane is almost sure to exhibit itself, though none has been seen in the neighbourhood for years. Many instances of this kind have no doubt attracted the attention of all curious lovers of Nature.

Brooks and watery dykes now display a luxuriance of flowers and verdure. The heat which withered all else has cherished them, having a constant supply of moisture. Water-flags, bulrushes, and reeds have attained their full growth; the arrowhead grows in large masses elegantly interspersed with its delicate flowers. The white and yellow water-lilies still flourish, as do those richly blossoming plants, the crimson loosestrife and flowering rush. Willows are still rich in foliage; and to those who love to take a book into some pleasant sylvan nook, it is very charming to stroll

during the warmth of the day amongst the willow-holts on the banks of rivers. The ground is dry—you may lounge at your ease. There is a grateful freshness in the wilderness of green boughs and leaves that surround you; no tree, saith the venerable Evelyn, affordeth so cool a shade as the willow; and thus agreeably hidden, you may often catch glimpses of the habits of the shyer and smaller animals—traits which perhaps have yet escaped the naturalist, and which may tend to eradicate those ignorant prejudices so cruel and oppressive to many of the innocent commoners of Nature. The water-rat is considered a common thief, and is killed wherever he is found. If you watch him in his secluded streams, you will quickly discern that his food is almost entirely the herbage which grows in them, and especially the leaf of the arrowhead. I have seen him repeatedly sally forth from his retreat, crop a leaf of arrowhead, and bear it away in his mouth by the stem, as the dove is drawn returning to the ark with the olive-branch. Who would not find a greater gratification in watching the happy and undestructive habits of a timid little creature than in shooting it, or worrying it with dogs? I do not mean to say that these or any other wild animals should be suffered to increase till they become nuisances, but in moderate numbers I would let them enjoy God's good gifts of life and sunshine; and if they must be the victims of our rights, they should never be the objects of our wantonness.

While speaking of the habits of animals, I may as well add one or two other facts. The corn-crake which visits us in summer, and keeps up in our meadows its cry of crake, crake, is, it is well known, not easily to be seen. It runs with great rapidity, and is loth to take wing. When found, it has the instinct, in common with some other animals, and especially insects, to feign death. A gentleman had one brought to him by his dog. It was dead to all appearance. As it lay on the ground, he turned it over with his foot—he was convinced it was dead. Standing by, however, some time in silence, he suddenly saw it open an eye. He then took it up—its head fell—its legs hung loose—it appeared again totally dead. He then put it in his pocket, and before very long he felt it all alive and struggling to escape. He took it out,—it was as lifeless as before. He then laid it again upon the ground and retired to some distance; in about five minutes it warily raised its head, looked round, and decamped at full speed.

I was, on a fine summer day, sitting in the meadows opposite Tutbury Castle in Staffordshire, contemplating the remains of that fabric which once imprisoned the Queen of Scots. On the slope of the castle-hill facing me I observed a rabbit sitting by its burrow. Suddenly from a bush at some distance issued a large weasel, and darting on with the rapidity of an arrow, attempted to make its way into the burrow, in which, no doubt, were the rabbit's young ones. The rabbit, with an

air of the utmost *sang-froid*, raising itself as the weasel approached, received him with several smart thumps upon the head. He fled back, but speedily renewed the attack, and was received in the same style. The assault, battery, and retreat were maintained for at least a quarter of an hour, when the weasel crawled away apparently exhausted, and appeared no more. Such is the valour infused by parental instinct into the most weak and timid creatures.

During this month swarms of young frogs, released from the tadpole state of existence in ditches and pools, are hopping across your path. In the south of England, the marsh frogs begin their chorus about April, and continue it till this time. Just as the tadpole assumes a frog-shape, they become suddenly silent; as if their music was intended as a charm to facilitate the young passing through the transition states, from the spawn to the tadpole, and from the tadpole to the frog. This chorus is very different from the croaking of the common frog, which is seldom heard except in March. It is a regular chorus of many hundreds in concert, which commences at evening and continues all night during those months, having, at a distance, the sound of a wheel eternally going round. Some naturalists, from the difficulty of getting near the creatures while singing, have attributed the sound to a species of *grillus*; but any one who will take a few turns on Ditton Marsh, or almost any marshy common of Surrey, on a summer's evening,

may speedily convince himself that the chorus proceeds from a species of bull-frog. Their eternal nocturnal chorus has a curious, and, at length, wearying effect on the ears of persons from more northern counties. In the evening numbers of the large black beetle (*Geotrupus stercorarius*) fly humming and striking against you, often in your face. After rains mushrooms are to be found in abundance in old pastures.

Those singular appearances in the grass commonly called FAIRY-RINGS, are never more conspicuous than in the autumn months. Even when all other grass is brown, they exhibit a well-defined and bright-green circle. The production of these remarkable circles, and the property which they possess of every year becoming larger, have, of late years, been the subjects of various theories. They have been attributed to lightning, to fungi which every year grow upon the *outer margin* of the circle, and then perishing, cause, by the rich remains, a fresh circle of vivid green to appear, somewhat wider of course than the former one. They have also been attributed to insects. The least plausible theory is that of lightning; the most plausible that of fungi. Insects are a *consequence* of the fungi, rather than a *cause* of the circle; for where there are fungi there will be insects to devour them. Fungi are always found more or less about them. I have seen them of so large a species that, in their growth, they totally destroyed the grass beneath them, dividing the green ring into two, and

leaving one of bare rich mould between them. The origin of these circles too, which hitherto has escaped the eyes of the naturalist, but which is nothing more than a small mushroom-bed, made by the dung of cattle lying undisturbed in the grass where first deposited, till it becomes completely incorporated with the soil beneath, favours, more than all, the theory of the fungi. Every one knows that where this occurs, a tuft of rank grass springs up, in the centre of which a crop of fungi sometimes appears, and again perishes. There then is the nucleus of a fairy-ring. The next year the tuft is found to have left a green spot, of perhaps a foot and a half in diameter, which has already parted in the centre. This expansion goes on from year to year; the area of the circle is occupied by common grass, and successive crops of fungi give a vivid greenness to the ring which bounds it. That only a few tufts are converted into *fairy-rings*, may be owing to their not being sufficiently enriched to become mushroom-beds; but that all fairy-rings which exist have this origin, will be found to admit of little doubt. This, though true, is nevertheless a humiliating *exposé* of the charmed fairy-rings; but—

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy ?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven ;
We know her woof, her texture ; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings ;

Conquer all mysteries by rule and line ;
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine ;
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

KEATS.

Birds are now seen wandering about in large flocks, having completed all their summer cares, and now enjoy the range of earth and air in one long holiday, till their companies shall be thinned by gunpowder and winter weather.

This glowing month frequently presents splendid appearances in the highly electric clouds. In August, 1827, I was walking in the country early in the morning. The sky was perfectly clear till the sun rose above the horizon. The country was then gradually obscured by a thick haze, which about an hour afterwards soared steadily but rapidly aloft, leaving the landscape as clear as before, but filling the sky with an unbroken expanse of motionless cloud. I returned in the evening ; the heavens and earth exhibited a magnificent spectacle. The landscape possessed a striking lustre and clearness, and was brought, as it were, immediately to the eye by that effect of transparent vapour which often precedes thunder-storms. The vault of heaven was strewn with what are called horse-tail clouds, some white, drawn out like webbs of some light and transparent texture suddenly seized and tossed about by a giant hand, and curling up at their extremities like tempestuous and foamy billows. In the west the setting sun cast up his lines of radiating

beams to the zenith, which appeared to be answered in the east by corresponding radiations of black lines, which crossed the clouds directly into the higher heavens. These vanished with the sun. The heat of the atmosphere during this time was intolerable, and the evening terminated by a night of tremendous thunder and lightning.

Towards the end of the month symptoms of the year's decline press upon our attention. The morning and evening air has an autumnal freshness; the hedge-fruit has acquired a tinge of ruddiness; the berries of the mountain-ash have assumed their beautiful orange hue; and swallows twitter as they fly, or sit perched in a row upon a rail or the dead bough of a tree. The swift has taken its departure. That beautiful phenomenon, the white fog, is again beheld rolling its snowy billows along the valleys; the dark tops of trees emerging from it as from a flood.

Now is the season for enjoying the animated solitude of sea-side rambles. The time is also come when sportsmen may renew their healthful recreation: the season for grouse-shooting upon the moors commencing on the 12th of August, whereas partridge-shooting does not begin till the 1st of September, when the corn-lands may be expected to be cleared.

August is so termed after Augustus, as July from Julius Cæsar. The Romans were accustomed to call July and August originally Quintilis and Sextilis, or fifth and sixth, dating from the old yearly

commencement of March : September, October, November, and December, meaning the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months accordingly. Our Saxon ancestors called it, says Verstegan, *Arn-monath*, barn-month, from the filling of their barns ; *arn* meaning harvest. Some say it was called, as well as June, *Woed-monath*.

In the middle of this month, the young goldfinch broods appear ; lapwings congregate, thistle-down floats, and birds resume their spring songs. A little afterwards flies abound in windows, linnets congregate, and bulls make their shrill autumnal bellowing ; and towards the end, the beech turns yellow, the first symptoms of approaching autumn. The nuthatch chatters, and the robin's pensive note is again heard.

Hops are gathered this month. We cannot boast of our vineyards ; but we question whether Italy itself can show a more beautiful or picturesque scene than an English hop-garden in picking time. The hops, which have luxuriantly climbed to the very tops of their poles, hang on all sides their heavy heads of scaly flowers in festoons and garlands ; and the groups of pickers, seated in the open air beneath the clear lustre of an autumnal sky,—age in its contentment, and youth in its joy,—and the boys and girls who carry to them the poles covered with all their nodding honours, may match, for objects of interest, the light forms and dark eyes of Italy. Kent, Sussex, and Worcestershire, are the counties most famous for the growth of hops.

Considerable quantities, however, are cultivated in Nottinghamshire, and are known in commerce by the name of North Clay Hops. Those of Kent rank first in quality. Tusser, who wrote in 1557, gives, in his "Five Hundreth Poyntes of Good Husbandrie," the following rules for the choice of a

HOP-GROUND.

When fansie persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending sufficient of hops,
Must willingly follow of choices to choose
Such lessons approved as skilful do use.

Ground gravelleie, sandie, and mixed with claie
Is naughtie for hops, anie maner of waie ;
Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stone,
For drieness and barrenness, let it alone.

Choose soile for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well donged and wrought as a garden-plot should ;
Not far from the water, but not overflown ;
This lesson well noted is meete to be known.

The sun in the south, or else southlie and west,
Is well to the hop, as a welcomed guest ;
But wind in the north, or else northerlie east,
To the hop is as ill as a fraie in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-ground once found, as is told,
Make thereof account as of jewel of gold ;
Now dig it and leave it, the sunne for to burne,
And afterwards fence it to serve for that turne.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt ;
And, being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide, if ye drawe not too fast.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Hay-ricks are trimmed and thatched, mown fields manured, and meadows watered before corn-harvest, which sets in this month, and forms its great business. Potatoes require earthing-up. Cabbage-seed is sown, and poultry watched upon the stubbles. Honey is gathered. Old grass-lands are pared and burnt for wheat, and the ashes spread and ploughed in. In the garden, withered stems of flowers, and remains of exhausted crops, require removing, and the ground digging afresh. Bulbs are taken up, seeds gathered, and some kinds sown for the next spring.

ANGLING.

Tench spawn. All other fresh-water fish may be considered in season. From this time till late in the year, roach is taken in great quantities in the Thames and other rivers. Evening is the best time during this month for fly-fishing.

Flies, the same as in July; then the ant-fly, the fern-fly, a white hackle, a Harry-long-legs, and all the browns and duns, as in May.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

The business of incubation being now over with most birds, the migratory motions again commence; some seeking the bounteous provisions of autumn, and some their winter-quarters. The siskin, the mountain finch, and the crossbeak, are not very

regularly seen. The last comes, in a few particular summers, in large flocks, and commits great havoc in our orchards. The quail is said to remain frequently the whole year. The lapwing remains through the winter in the southern counties.

ARRIVALS.

Calidris arenaria, Sanderling, comes August, goes February. *Haunts*, Beach.

Fringilla Montifringilla, Mountain Finch, goes Feb. Mountains.

Fringilla Spinus, Siskin, goes Feb. Near London.

Larus naevius, Gray Gull, comes Aug. 4, goes April 10. Beach.

Larus argentatus, Blue Gull, or Herring, comes Aug. 4, goes April 10. Beach.

Loxia Curvirostra, Crossbeak, comes August 4, goes April 10. Orchards, *rare*.

Limosa ægocephala, Godwit, goes Feb.

Limosa rufa, Bar-tailed Godwit, goes Feb.

Squatarola cinerea, Gray Plover, comes Aug. 26, goes Dec. 1.

Streptilas interpres, Common Turnstone, goes March.

Totanus Glottis, Green-shanked Godwit, goes Feb.

Totanus fuscus, Cambridge Godwit, goes May.

Totanus striata, Purple Sandpiper, goes May.

Tringa Canutus, Knot, comes Aug. 23, goes Feb. 3.

Tringa Alpina, Purre, goes Feb.

} Beach.

DEPARTURES.

Alca Torda, Razor-bill, comes May. *Haunts*, Rocky isles.

Anthus trivialis, Field Titlark, comes May. Grassy fields.

Charadrius Morinellus, Dottrel, comes May. Heaths and mountains.

Columba Turtur, Turtle Dove, comes April. Woods in Kent, Surrey, etc.

Coturnix vulgaris, Quail, comes April. Grassy fields.

Cuculus canorus, Cuckoo, comes April. Fields generally.

Cypselus Apus, Swift, goes 15, comes April. Eaves and towers.

Emberiza Milliaria, Bunting, comes March. Grassy fields.

Fratercula arctica, Puffin, goes 15, comes April. North coasts.

Larus ridibundus, Red-legged Smew, goes 12, comes

March 4.

} Sea-shore.

Uria Troile, Foolish Guillemot, comes Oct.

Vanellus cristatus, Lapwing, comes April. Heaths and fields.

Yunx Torquilla, Wryneck, comes April. Orchards and woods.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

Class II. Order 1. Veronica incisa, Cut-leaved Speedwell. 9.

Veronica Allioni, Creeping Speedwell. 9.

Veronica pinnata, Wing-leaved Speedwell. 9.

Calceolaria rugosa, Wrinkled Slipperwort. 9.

Calceolaria integrifolia, Entire-leaved Slipperwort. 9.

III. 1. *Iris dichotoma*, Dichotomous Iris.

Commelina erecta, Upright Commeline.

IV. 1. *Scabiosa leucantha*, Snowy Scabious. 9.

Cornus Canadensis, Canadian Dogwood.

IV. 3. *Ilex cassina*, Dahoon Holly.

V. 1. *Phlox paniculata*, Panicked Lychnidea. 9.

Lobelia urens, Acrid Lobelia. 9.

Lobelia siphilitica, Blue Cardinal-flower. 10.

V. 2. *Asclepias purpureus*, Purple Swallow-wort. 9.

V. 3. *Rhus Copallinum*, Lentiscus-leaved Sumach. 9.

VI. 1. *Hemerocallis alba*, White Day-lily. 9.

Scilla autumnalis, Autumnal Squill.

VIII. 1. *Erica stricta*, Straight-branched Heath.

VIII. 3. *Polygonum scandens*, Climbing Polygonum.

Polygonum Virginicum, Virginian Polygonum.

X. 1. *Andromeda acuminata*, Acute-leaved Andromeda.

X. 2. *Saxifraga aspera*, Rough-leaved Saxifrage.

Saxifraga Hirculus, Yellow Marsh Saxifrage.

Dianthus pungens, Pungent Pink. 10.

XI. 1. *Lythrum triflorum*, Three-flowered Lythrum.

Lythrum verticillatum, Whorled Lythrum.

XII. 4. *Spiræa tomentosa*, Woolly-leaved Spiræa.

XII. 5. *Rosa bracteata*, Lord Macartney's White Rose. 9.

XIV. 1. *Dracocephalon denticulatum*, Tooth-leaved Dragon's Head.

Prunella Pennsylvanica, N. American Self-heal. 10.

XIV. 2. *Chelone glabra*, White-flowered Chelone. 10.

Chelone obliqua, Red-flowered Chelone. 10.

- Pentstemon pubescens*, American Pentstemon. 9.
Pentstemon lævigatum, Smooth-leaved Pentstemon. 9.
 XVI. 7. *Hibiscus Syriacus*, cum var. *Althæa Frutex*, with varieties. 9.
 XVII. 4. *Glycine apios*, Tuberous rooted Glycine.
 XIX. 1. *Cnicus tuberosus*, Tuberous Thistle.
Chrysocoma biflora, Two-flowered Goldilocks. 9.
Chrysocoma villosa, Hoary-leaved Goldilocks. 9.
 XIX. 2. *Baccharis halimifolia*, Groundsel-tree. 11.
Tanacetum Balsamita, Costmary.
Aster elegans cum mult. aliis. Showy Aster, with many others. 10.
Solidago elliptica, cum mult. aliis. Oval-leaved Golden-rod, with many others.
Achillea cristata, cum aliis. Slender-branched Milfoil, with others. 9.
Imula crithmifolia, Golden Samphire. 9.
 XIX. 3. *Helianthus multiflorus*, cum aliis. Perennial Sunflower, with others. 10.
Rudbeckia laciniata, Jagged-leaved Rudbeckia. 9.
Rudbeckia digitata, Narrow-leaved Rudbeckia.
Coreopsis tripteris, cum aliis. Three-leaved Coreopsis, with others. 9.
Centaurea sonchifolia, Sowthistle-leaved Centaury.
 XIX. 4. *Silphium terebinthinum*, Broad-leaved Silphium.
Polymnia Canadensis, Canada Polymnia. 10.
Iva frutescens, Shrubby Iva.
 XXI. 4. *Urtica nivea*, Snowy Nettle. 9.
 XXI. 5. *Ambrosia trifida*, Trifid-leaved Ambrosia. 9.
Ambrosia elatior, Tall Ambrosia. 9.
Ambrosia artemisiaefolia, Wormwood-leaved Ambrosia. 9.
 XXIV. 1. *Orodia sensibilis*, Sensitive Fern.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

- Class I. Order 1. Salicornia herbacea*, Common Jointed Glasswort.
Locality, muddy sea-shore. *Duration*, 9.
 III. 1. *Scirpus pauciflorus*, cum aliis. Chocolate-headed Clubrush, with others. Moors and mountains.
 III. 2. *Melica cœrulea*, Purple Melic-grass. Turfy heaths.
Spartina stricta, Twin-spiked Cord-grass. Muddy sea-shore.
Rottbollia incurvata, Sea Hard-grass. Salt-marshes.
 IV. 1. *Dipsacus pilosus*, Small Teasel. Moist shady places. 9.
Scabiosa succisa, Devil's-bit Scabious. Moist pastures. 10.

- Plantago maritima*, Sea Plantain. Sea-shore. 9.
- IV. 3. *Ruppia maritima*, Sea Ruppia. Salt-water ditches. 9.
- V. 1. *Campanula hybrida*, Corn Bell-flower. Corn-fields.
- V. 1. *Phyteuma orbiculare*, Round-headed Rampion. Chalky pastures, *rare*. 9.
- Lobelia urens*, Acrid Lobelia. Heaths, Devon. 9.
- Verbascum virgatum*, Large-flowered Mullein. Fields and waysides, *rare*.
- Erythræa pulchella*, Dwarf branched Centaury. Sandy ground near the sea.
- V. 2. *Chenopodium urbicum*, cum aliis. Upright Goosefoot, with others. Gardens and fields. 9.
- Beta maritima*, Sea Beet. Sea-coast.
- Cuscuta Europæa*, Greater Dodder. On thistles and nettles. 9.
- Cuscuta Epithymum*, Lesser Dodder. On heath and furze.
- Swertia pereunis*, Marsh Felwort. Alpine meadows.
- Gentiana Pneumonanthe*, Marsh Gentian. Moist turfy heaths. 9.
- Gentiana nivalis*, Small Alpine Gentian. Scotch mountains.
- Gentiana Amarella*, Autumnal Gentian. Limestone pastures. 10.
- Sium repens*, Creeping Water Parsnip. Meadows and ditches.
- Sison Amomum*, Hedge Honewort. Chalky banks.
- Sison segetum*, Corn Honewort. Moist fields.
- Cicuta virosa*, Water Hemlock. Ditches and ponds, *rare*.
- Crithmum maritimum*, Sea Samphire. Rocky sea-coast.
- Apium graveolens*, Wild Celery. Ditches near the sea. 9.
- Cnidium Silaus*, Meadow Pepper Saxifrage. Meadows and pastures. 9.
- VI. 1. *Juncus maritimus*, Lesser sharp Sea-rush. Salt marshes.
- Juncus biglumis*, Two-flowered Sea-rush. Bogs in the Highlands.
- Juncus obtusiflorus*, Blunt-flowered Sea-rush. Marshes.
- VI. 3. *Rumex pulcher*, Fiddle Dock. Pastures.
- Rumex maritimus*, Golden Dock. Ditches, etc. 9.
- Alisma ranunculoides*, Lesser Water-Plantain. Ditches and bogs. 9.
- X. 2. *Saxifraga Hirculus*, Golden Marsh-Saxifrage. Turfy bogs, *very rare*.
- Saponaria officinalis*, Common Soapwort. Meadows and banks. 9.
- Silene maritima*, Sea Campion. Rocks by the sea. 10.
- Sedum Telephium*, Orpine, or Live Long. Fields and banks. 9.
- XI. 1. *Lythrum hyssopifolium*, Hyssop-leaved Loosestrife. Ditches, etc. *rare*.
- XIII. 1. *Tilia parvifolia*, Small-leaved Lime-tree. Woods.

XIV. 1. *Mentha sylvestris*, cum mult. aliis. Horse Mint, with many others. Waste watery places. 9.

Galeopsis Ladanum, Red Hemp Nettle. Limestone and chalky fields. 9.

Stachys palustris, Marsh Woundwort. Watery places.

Chenopodium vulgare, Common Wild Basil. Bushy places.

XIV. 2. *Orobanche ramosa*, Branched Broom rape. Hemp-fields.

XV. 1. *Alyssum maritimum*, Sweet Alyssum. Cliffs near the sea. 9.

XV. 2. *Cardamine bellidifolia*, Daisy-leaved Lady's Smock. Alpine pastures.

XV. 2. *Sinapis muralis*, Sand Mustard. Barren sea-coast. 9.

XVII. 1. *Fumaria parviflora*, Small-flowered Fumitory. Fields, south of England. 9.

XVII. 3. *Ulex nanus*, Dwarf Furze. Dry heaths. 9.

Vicia lutea, Rough podded Yellow Vetch. Near the coast.

XIX. 1. *Sonchus arvensis*, Corn Sowthistle. Corn-fields.

Lactuca virosa, Strong-scented Lettuce. Borders of fields, etc. 9.

Apargia Taraxaci, Dandelion Hawk-bit. Scotch and Welsh mountains.

Apargia autumnalis, Autumnal Hawk-bit. Meadows and pastures.

Hieracium villosum, cum aliis. Shaggy Alpine Hawkweed, with others. Alpine rocks.

Cnicus eriophorus, Woolly-headed Plume thistle. Chalky pastures.

Cnicus tuberosus, Tuberous Plume-thistle. Wiltshire Downs.

Bidens tripartita, Three-lobed Bur-marigold. Watery places.

Chrysocoma Linosyris, Flax-leaved Goldilocks. Rocks by the sea, rare. 9.

Diotis maritima, Sea Cotton-weed. Sandy sea-coast, rare. 9.

XIX. 2. *Artemisia campestris*, Field Southernwood. Sandy heaths, rare.

Artemisia Absinthium, cum aliis. Common Wormwood, with others. Waste sandy ground.

Gnaphalium margaritaceum, cum aliis. American Cudweed, with others. Banks of rivers.

Aster Tripolium, Sea Star-wort. Sea-coast. 9.

Inula dysenterica, Common Flea-bane. Moist places.

Pyrethrum inodorum, Corn Feverfew. Cultivated Fields. 9.

Anthemis nobilis, Common Chamomile. Gravelly places. 9.

Achillea serrata, Serrated Yarrow. Derbyshire.

XIX. 3. *Centaurea Jacea*, Brown Radiant Knapweed. Moist meadows. 9.

- XX. 1. *Neottia spiralis*, Sweet Ladies' Traces. Meadows and pastures.
- XXI. 1. *Euphorbia Portlandica*, Portland Spurge. } Sea-coast. 9.
Euphorbia paralia Sea Spurge. }
- XXI. 3. *Urtica dioica*, Great Common Nettle. Hedges, etc. 10.
- XXI. 4. *Xanthium strumarium*, Broad-leaved Bat-weed. Moist ground, *rare*. 9.
- Amaranthus Blitum*, Wild Amaranth. Moist ground. 9.
- XXIII. 1. *Atriplex erecta*, Upright spear-shaped Orache. Waste ground, *rare*.
- Atriplex littoralis*, Grass-leaved Sea Orache. } On the coast. 9.
Atriplex pedunculata, Peduncled Orache. }
- XXIV. 1. *Aspidium cristatum*, Crested Shield-fern. Boggy heaths.
- Lycopodium Selaginoides*, Prickly Club-moss. Wet mountains and heaths. 9.
- Lycopodium Alpinum*, Mountain Club-moss. Stony mountains and heaths.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

- Nebria livida*. Coast of Yorkshire. To 9.
- Callistus lunatus*. Kent.
- Zabrus gibbus*. Corn-fields.
- Geotrupes sylvaticus*, Wood Dor-Beetle. Heaths.
- Ripiphorus paradoxus*. Wasp nests.
- Locusta flavipes*, Yellow-legged Locust.
- Acheta campestris*, Field Cricket. Banks. To 9.
- Colias Europome*, The Clouded Sulphur Butterfly. Meadows in the south. To 9.
- Vanessa Antiope*, The Camberwell Beauty. Willow and oaks. To 9.
- Vanessa Atalanta*, The Red Admiral. Gardens. To 9.
- Cynthia Cardui*, The Painted Lady. Heaths and woods. To 10.
- Hipparchia Blandina*, Scotch Argus. Isle of Arran and Durham.
- Thecla Betulæ*, Brown Hair-streak Butterfly. Birch woods.
- Lycæna Chryseis*, The Purple-edged Copper Butterfly. Epping and Ashdown Forests. To 9.
- Lycæna Virgaureæ*, The Middle Copper Butterfly. Isle of Ely.
- Pamphila Comma*, The Pearl Skipper. Heaths and downs. To 9.
- Porthesia auriflua*, Brown-tail Moth. Hedges.

Ripiphorus paradoxus. This curious insect is, I believe, invariably found in the nest of the common wasp, or its immediate vicinity. The female deposits her eggs in the cells of the wasp's comb, and leaves them to be fed, protected, and reared in the same manner as the young wasps. This curious proceeding is only equalled by the cuckoo, who leaves her eggs to the hedge-sparrow.

In this part of the country there are few wasp's-nests without one or more of this insect, if the cells be carefully examined.

Locusta (locusts and grasshoppers). This country is only occasionally visited by the devastating migratory locust (*Locusta migratoria*), which, with other large species of the same genus, make such tremendous havoc with every green thing in more southern latitudes. The smaller species, to the number of more than twenty, are found in this country, and towards the end of the summer months tend to enliven by their chirpings almost every heath and dry bank in the kingdom. Grasshoppers were held in higher estimation by the Egyptians and Greeks for their musical powers. Kirby and Spence contend that these were *Cicadæ*; but if we are to believe certain ancient gems in the Florentine Gallery, they were clearly of the genus *Locusta*, to which our grasshoppers belong; and this fact is confirmed by Kirby and Spence themselves, in vol. ii. page 401, where they inform us, that in Spain "people of fashion keep these animals—called there *Grillo*—in

cages, which they name Grilleria, for the sake of their song."

They add, that—"Tettigonia, F., called by the Ancient Greeks—by whom they were often kept in cages for the sake of their song—Tettix, seem to have been the favourites of every Grecian bard, from Homer and Hesiod to Anacreon and Theocritus—supposed to be perfectly harmless, and to live only upon dew; they were addressed by the most endearing epithets, and were regarded as all but divine. One bard entreats the shepherds to spare the innoxious Tettix, that nightingale of the nymphs, and to make those mischievous birds, the thrush and blackbird, their prey. 'Sweet prophet of the summer,' says Anacreon, addressing this insect, 'the Muses love thee; Phœbus himself loves thee, and has given thee a shrill song; old age does not wear thee; thou art wise, earth-born, musical, impassive, without blood; thou art almost like a god.' So attached were the Athenians to these insects, that they were accustomed to fasten golden images of them in their hair, implying, at the same time, a boast that they themselves, as well as the Cicadæ, were Terræ filii. They were regarded indeed by all as the happiest as well as the most innocent of animals—not, we will suppose, for the reason given by the saucy Rhodian Xenarchus, when he says,

'Happy the Cicadas' lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives.'

“ If the Grecian Tettix, or Cicada, had been distinguished by a harsh and deafening note, like those of some other countries, it would hardly have been an object of such affection. That it was not, is clearly proved by the connexion which was supposed to exist between it and music. Thus the sound of this insect and of the harp were called by one and the same name. A Cicada, sitting upon a harp, was a usual emblem of the science of music, which was thus accounted for:—‘ When two rival musicians, Eunomus and Ariston, were contending upon that instrument, a Cicada, flying to the former, and sitting upon his harp, supplied the place of a broken string, and so secured to him the victory.’ ”

As far as it is at present known respecting the vocal powers of the Cicadæ and the Locustæ, it appears that the whole of the foregoing quotation will more strictly apply to the latter than to the former; but if it can be clearly shown, on equal authority with these Gems, that the Grecian Tettix is the Cicada, or Tettigonia, of modern entomologists, it will follow that the Greeks were in the habit of including both families under the same appellation. See Plate 96, of Engravings of Gems from the Florentine Gallery; or a copy in the Continued Appendix to Calmet’s Dictionary of the Bible, page 77.

LAYS OF THE SEASONS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

III.

AUTUMN.

ARISE, thou child of Nature, rise !

Arouse thy slumbering spirit now !
The Autumn sheaves are on the hill,
And solemn are the woods and still,
With clustering fruits on every bough.

There's merry laughter in the field,
And harmless jest and frolic rout ;
And the last harvest-wain goes by
With its rustling load so pleasantly
To the glad and clamorous harvest shout.

There are busy gleaners in the field—
The old, whose work is never done,
And eager, laughing childish bands,
Rubbing the ears in their little hands,
And singing 'neath the autumn sun.

There are peasants in the hamlets low,
Busied among their orchard-trees,
Where the pleasant apples are red and gold,
Like token-fruits of those of old,
In the gardens of the Hesperides.

And boys are busy in the woods,
Gathering the ripe nuts, bright and brown ;—
In shady lanes the children stray
Looking for blackberries through the day,
Those berries of such old renown !

—Gray mists at morn brood o'er the earth,
Shadowy as those on northern seas :
The gossamer's filmy work is done,
Like a web by moonlight fairies spun,
And left to whiten in the breeze.

The sun bursts forth—the distant hills
Shine out, and splendid is the day—
A sombre radiance crowns each tree,
A fading glory solemnly
Hangs on each leaf in its decay ;

Go to the silent autumn woods !
There has gone forth a spirit stern ;
Its wing has waved in triumph here,
The Spring's green tender leaf is sere,
And withering hangs the summer fern.

Now to the mountains turn thine eye,—
How shine they through the burnish'd air !
The little flocks like drifts of snow,
The shepherd's sheilings gray and low,
Thou seest them in their beauty there.

—Oh to lie down in wilds apart,
Where man is seldom seen or heard ;
In still and ancient forests, where
Mows not his scythe, ploughs not his share,
With the shy deer and cooing bird !

To go, in dreaminess of mood,
O'er a lone heath, that spreads around
A solitude like a silent sea,
Where rises not a hut or tree,
The wide-embracing sky its bound !

Oh ! beautiful those wastes of heath,
Stretching for miles to lure the bee,
Where the wild-bird, on pinion strong,
Wheels round and pours his piping song,
And timid creatures wander free.

—Far sails the thistle's hoary down ;
All summer flowers have passed away—
This is the appointed time for seed,
From the forest-oak to the meanest weed,
A time of gathering and decay.

But go not to the autumn hills,
Stand not beneath the autumn trees,
If thy unchasten'd spirit brook
No warning voice, no stern rebuke,
For thy life's ceaseless vanities !

Now lift thine eyes, weak child of pride,
And lo ! behold yon branching pine,
Broad, red, and like a burning sun,
Comes up the glorious autumn moon,
God's creature, like a thing divine !

It is not, as our childhood deem'd
The nightly moon, a silver shield
Borne on some viewless warrior's breast
In battle from the east to west,
Along the blue ethereal field.

Oh high magnificence of eve !

Thus silent in thy pomp of light,
A world self-balanced thou appearest,—
An ark of fire, thou onward steerest
Thy upward, glorious course aright !

The peasant stands beside his door,
To mark thee in thy bright ascent ;
The village matron 'neath her tree,
Sits in her simple piety,
Gazing in silent wonderment.

'Tis well when aught can wake the heart
To love and faith whose trust is right !
'Tis well when the soul is not seared,
And the low whisper can be heard
That breathes through nature day and night !

SEPTEMBER.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth.

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

PSALMS civ. 14, 15.

THE last month commenced with corn-harvest, this commences with the harvest of death. On the 1st of September partridge-shooting commences. Sportsmen have been busy seeing their dogs, guns, and ammunition put in preparation. As the day has approached, the spirit of anticipation has become vivid and anxious. Many a time have they reconnoitred, till they know to a rood where every covey in the neighbourhood lies, and of what number it consists. Many a time have they planned their first day's route, and enjoyed in imagination their sport. Little has been the sleep of the last night. They have been up at the window repeatedly, to look for the first streak of dawn, and have actually taken the field ere it is half light. The dogs are as impatient as their masters; whining and fawning, and endeavouring to the best of

their ability to tempt them abroad; and now that their kennel door is thrown open, with what a bound of joy they spring forth! They cry, they howl, they plunge and gallop to and fro in the wildness of their exultation; and the best trained are for a time incapable of preserving decorum. Perhaps there are no men who follow their pursuits with such *gusto* as sportsmen. All the stimulating influence of chase and achievement, of discovery and possession, are theirs:

And oh! what a soul of delight is there
As they rush in the strength of the desert air!
In the bounding limb, in the glorying flow
Of spirits in healthful hearts that glow!

And to these we may add, the influence of the scenes into which their object carries them,

For there is transport in the chase;
And there is joyance in the sport
Of field and forest, and each place
Where the wild game-broods make resort,
The sedgy stream and bowery spring.

Perhaps to many it may appear apocryphal that the sportsman is sensible of such refined influences, but on this head I am positive. The philosophical inquirer is aware how many causes are combined in the production of our most ordinary pleasures, and, among the numerous sources of a sportsman's enjoyment, the influence of natural beauty is one of the most efficient. It may not be very apparent;

in nine cases out of ten it may even be unknown to the man himself, yet it is not the less true; the love of Nature, and the silent apprehension of her beauty, is a freely-bestowed and far-spreading gift. It lives in the least cultured heart, as the beautiful wild-flower in the unploughed heath. It lives, often a pleasant though unperceived guest. It spreads the charm of its influence when its possessor has not even a name for it; yet still it lives,—and they who cannot talk of it, yet feel it in its sweetness and its power. The sportsman seldom analyses his own feelings; he cares not to inquire into the causes of his taste and his gratification; but those causes exist in the secret of his heart, and he follows their delightful impulse with joy. Ask a sportsman if he be an admirer of nature,—he has perhaps never thought of the subject; but the moment he goes forth, he gives a practical testimony of his attachment. Whither does he go? To the free and fresh air, to the solitude of the heath and the mountain, to dells and copses, where his fine dogs plunge amid the red fern and the fading leaves, and the pheasant, the partridge, the hare, start forth in their wild beauty; where the tall, dry grass, and the autumnal tree fill the soul with their richness—to the clear and tinkling stream that stretches on alternately through the bowery brake, the obscurity of the wood, and the riant sunshine of open fields. Is it merely the possession of his game that delights him here? The enthusiasm with which he dwells on a sketch of Landseer's,

which merely pictures the same thing to his eye, is a sufficient refutation of such a notion. His every-day actions and words are denials of it. He couches down for a momentary rest on the hill-side, where the country opens before him in pictorial loveliness. He flies from the pelting shower to the hut or tree, and recounts at eve by his own fire-side, with his dogs basking on the hearth before him, his whole day's round of adventure, with every outward expression of enthusiasm, with such happy and picturesque phrases, as often make the places he speaks of rise up before you, and with an inward glow of happiness that exclaims to itself "This is life!" I know that such are his feelings, and therefore, notwithstanding that his pursuit cannot be totally exempt from the charge of cruelty, it is impossible not to sympathise with him. Yet, to my thinking, shooting is, of all field-sports, the least cruel; the brutal mind will exhibit its ferocity in every thing, and in nothing has that brutality been more evinced than in that wholesale butchery which many *gentlemen* have, of late years, thought fit to boast of in the newspapers, deeming it an honour to slaughter some hundred brace of birds in a day; but the humane and practised sportsman, led on, not by a blood-thirstiness worthy of a Cossack, nor by vanity worthy of an idiot, nor by the pleasure of seeing an unfortunate animal run gasping before the jaws of his enemies, and suffer at every step a death of fear, but by the desire of a healthful recreation, will single out his victim and destroy it

in a moment. The shooter in truth enjoys to the utmost what is here said of

THE HUNTER.

High life for a hunter ! he meets on the hill
 The new-waken'd daylight, so bright and so still;
 And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
 The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
 'Tis his on the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
 Enshrouded in mist, in which nature is lost,
 Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley and height,
 In one moment all swim in one ocean of light ;
 While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
 Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
 'Tis his, by the mouth of some cavern his seat,
 The lightning of heaven to behold at his feet,
 While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud
 To him comes in echo more awfully loud.
 When the clear depth of noontide with glittering motion
 O'erflows the lone glens, an ærial ocean ;
 When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
 Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound.
 As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close,
 'Neath a rock of the desert in dreamy repose,
 He sees in his slumbers such visions of old
 As wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told,
 O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are borne,
 And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.

WILSON.

But let us leave the sportsman for the general aspect of nature, which is now decidedly autumnal. The trees are beginning to change colour ; the orchards are affluent of pears, plums, and apples ; and the hedges are filled with the abundance of their

wild produce, crabs, black glossy clusters of privet, buckthorn, and elderberries which furnish the farmer with a cordial cup on his return from market on a winter's eve, and blackberries, reminding us of the Babes in the Wood.

Their little hands and pretty lips
With blackberries were dyed ;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

The hedgerows are also brightened with a profusion of scarlet berries of hips, haws, honeysuckles, viburnum, and bryony. The fruit of the mountain-ash, woody-nightshade, and wild-service is truly beautiful; nor are the violet-hued sloes and bullaces, or the crimson, mossy excrescences of the wild rose-tree, insignificant objects amid the autumnal splendours of the waning year.

Notwithstanding the decrease of the day, the weather of this month is, for the most part, splendidly calm; and nature, who knows the most favourable moment to display all her works, has now instructed the geometric spider to form its radiated circle on every bush, and the gossamer spider to hang its silken threads on every blade of grass. We behold innumerable filaments glittering with dew in the morning; and sometimes, such is the immense quantity of this secretion, that it may be seen floating in a profusion of tangled webs in the air, and covering our clothes, as we walk in the fields, as with cotton. These little creatures, the

gossamer spiders, it has long been known, have the faculty of throwing out several of their threads on each side, which serve them as a balloon to buoy them up into the air. With these they sail into the higher regions of the atmosphere, or return with great velocity. By recent experiments, it appears that the spider and its web are not, as it was supposed, of less specific gravity than the air, and by that means ascend. The phenomenon has been supposed to be electrical, but this is doubtful: it yet requires explanation.

There is now a brightness of the sky, and a diaphanous purity of the atmosphere, at once surprising and delightful. We remark with astonishment how perfectly and distinctly the whole of the most extensive landscape lies in varied, solemn beauty before us; while, such is the reposing stillness of nature, that not a sound disturbs the sunny solitude, save perhaps the clapping of pigeon's wings as they rise from the stubbles. The clearness of vision may partly arise from the paucity of vapour ascending from the ground at this dry season, and partly from the eye being relieved from the intensity of splendour with which it is oppressed in summer; but be it what it may, the fact has not escaped one of our most beautiful poets.

There is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been.

Now it is delightful among mountains. Mountains! how one's heart leaps at the very word! There is a charm connected with mountains so powerful; that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! how the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our heart bounds to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiring are the odours that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! how beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture!

At this season of the year the ascents of our own mountains are become most practicable. The heat of summer has dried up the moisture with which winter rains saturate the spongy turf of the hollows; and the atmosphere, clear and settled, admits of the most extensive prospects. Whoever has not ascended our mountains, knows little of the beauties of this beautiful island. Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain-flowers, the glowing moss, the richly tinted lichens at his feet; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated sod, and of the spicy shrubs; and

heard the bleat of the flock across their solitary expanses, and the wild cry of the mountain-plover, the raven, or the eagle; and seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summit; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges of every varied hue,—but all silent as images of eternity; and cast his gaze over lakes and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty;—knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

But when we let loose the imagination from even these splendid scenes, and give it free charter to range through the far more glorious ridges of continental mountains, through Alps, Apennines, or Andes, how is it possessed and absorbed by all the awful magnificence of their scenery and character! The sky-ward and inaccessible pinnacles, the

Palaces where nature thrones
Sublimity in icy halls!

the dark Alpine forests, the savage rocks and precipices, the fearful and unfathomable chasms filled with the sound of ever-precipitating waters; the cloud, the silence, the avalanche, the cavernous gloom, the terrible visitations of Heaven's con-

centrated lightning, darkness and thunder ; or the sweeter features of living, rushing streams, spicy odours of flower and shrub, fresh spirit-elating breezes sounding through the dark pine grove ; the ever-varying lights and shadows, and aërial hues ; the wide prospects, and, above all, the simple inhabitants !

We delight to think of the people of mountainous regions ; we please our imaginations with their picturesque and quiet abodes ; with their peaceful secluded lives, striking and unvarying costumes, and primitive manners.

We involuntarily give to the mountaineer heroic and elevated qualities. He lives amongst noble objects and must imbibe some of their nobility ; he lives amongst the elements of poetry, and must be poetical ; he lives where his fellow-beings are far, far separated from their kind, and surrounded by the sternness and perils of savage nature ; his social affections must therefore be proportionably concentrated, his home-ties lively and strong ; but, more than all, he lives within the barriers, the strongholds, the very last refuge which Nature herself has reared to preserve alive liberty in the earth, to preserve to man his highest hopes, his noblest emotions, his dearest treasures, his faith, his freedom, his hearth and his home. How glorious do those mountain-ridges appear when we look upon them as the unconquerable abodes of free hearts ; as the stern, heaven-built walls from which the few, the feeble, the persecuted, the despised, the helpless

child, the delicate woman, have from age to age, in their last perils, in all their weaknesses and emergencies, when power and cruelty were ready to swallow them up, looked down and beheld the million waves of despotism break at their feet:—have seen the rage of murderous armies, and tyrants, the blasting spirit of ambition, fanaticism, and crushing domination recoil from their bases in despair!—"Thanks be to God for mountains!" is often the exclamation of my heart as I trace the History of the World. From age to age, they have been the last friends of man. In a thousand extremities they have saved him. What great hearts have throbbed in their defiles from the days of Leonidas to those of Andreas Hofer! What lofty souls, what tender hearts, what poor and persecuted creatures have they sheltered in their stony bosoms from the weapons and tortures of their fellow-men!

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!

was the burning exclamation of Milton's agonized and indignant spirit, as he beheld those sacred bulwarks of freedom for once violated by the disturbing demons of the earth; and the sound of his fiery and lamenting appeal to Heaven will be echoed in every generous soul to the end of time.

Thanks be to God for mountains! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our

planet were no small advantage; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters, their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects; the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy heights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and manners of their inhabitants, the songs and legends which have awoke in them, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds; but what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain?

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts from the irruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, I am lost in an exulting admiration. Look at the bold barriers of Palestine! see how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized North by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope! behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas, locking

up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself; the geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world, and it is there too that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes has remoulded the people of Europe,—while languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it like shadows over the landscape,—the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and show us in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were; show us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them; and show us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of Freedom is found for ever.

And woods too! Pleasant is it at all times to wander in woods,

Where there's neither suit nor plea,
But only the wild creatures and many a spreading tree:

especially pleasant is it at this season,—their tem-

pered gloom, their silence, the wild cries that flit ever and anon through them, the leaves which already rustle to the tread, all is full of a thoughtful pleasantness. And then those breaks; those openings, those sudden emergings from shadow and silence to light and liberty; those unexpected comings out to the skirts of the forest, or to some wild and heathy tract in the very depth of the woodlands! How pleasant is the thought of it! I feel the fresh-blowing breeze of autumn, I scent the fresh odour of the turf which never was cultivated, I feel its elasticity beneath my tread, and rejoice as I behold on its lonely bosom a few loiterers which remain of all summer's flowery tribes; a solitary honeysuckle on some young birch; a few harebells, bright and blue as summer skies. The rich crimson flush of forest ground,

Where myriad heath-flowers congregated bloom,

is fast fading away: the fern is assuming its russet hue; docks lift their ruddy and full-seeded heads; thistles stand covered with down, like a foam, ready at the lightest breeze to float away to a thousand places; and the grass of Parnassus crowns the silent waste with its pure and classic beauty. And who that has lived or sojourned any part of his youth in the country has not some delicious remembrances connected with Nutting? For me, those dim and vast woods, whither our good schoolmaster conducted his jolly troop of boys once in the season—

those rustling boughs amongst which we rushed and plunged with the rapturous impetuosity of young deer—those clusters which tempted us to climb, or to crash down the tree that bore them, like many other ambitious mortals destroying to possess—those brown-shellers which came pattering down upon our heads—our dinner à la gipsy, and our triumphant march home with our loaded satchels, these were not merely enjoyed *one* day, they have filled us on a hundred different occasions with felicitous reflections! I love a day's excursion into the woods with a choice party with all my soul. Not as many attempt the matter when they would be exceedingly Arcadian—not a formal and formidable *Villeggiatura*, an invasion of the silent woods with gigs and post-chaises; startling the creatures of solitude with the flash of scarfs, ribbons and parasols, with their cloth as ceremoniously spread as for a city feast, their cold collations arranged by conceited livery-servants, their breaking of bottles and obstreperous merriment; but with souls familiar with the mysteries and spirit of Nature, their simple repast spread under the green boughs by fair hands, and partaken with light and merry hearts prepared to enjoy all that the freshness and beauty of the scene may pour into their bosoms, and what their own social natures will abundantly afford them. With such I have, in past years, enjoyed to perfection the luxury of a Nutting expedition, and I recur to the memory of it with double interest now that

some of the partners of my pleasure are sleeping in the dust.

Few indeed are the pleasures of rural life that can surpass the enjoyment of Nutting; and nuts are now ripe in the woods. Hops are gathered in this month, as well as in the last. Swallows now betray symptoms of their approaching departure, flying in large flocks, settling on the ground in the fields in vast numbers, whither the increasing chilliness of the air has driven the flies, or clustering on the tops of houses, or the dead boughs of trees, making a low universal sort of warble. The robin renews his note, the stone-curlew clamours at the beginning of this month, wood-owls hoot, hares congregate, and young blackbirds and thrushes may be heard in copses, essaying their first powers of song. The wood-lark now having abandoned its summer music, may yet be heard uttering its fine wild autumnal note of *lu-lu, lu-lu, lu-lu*, on the distant uplands of our southern and western counties, particularly Devon and Cornwall, and amongst the hills of South Wales.

I must not omit the great variety of fungi which flourish this month. These are of every size, shade, and hue, according to species and situation, from the slender filament of scarlet or yellow upon some decaying stump, to the bold, broad agaric of a foot in height and diameter, standing in the forest as a fitting table for King Oberon. No production of nature but is endowed with some portion of that beauty so lavishly diffused through creation; and

these humble and despised vegetables, which the clown kicks away with his foot, will certainly appear to an attentive eye not destitute of their share. In roaming the ancient wilds of Sherwood Forest in the autumn of 1827, I was particularly struck with their varying character; some broad, tabular and flecked with brown; some in the shade of trees, of a pearly whiteness; others of a brilliant rose-colour; some whose delicate surfaces were studded with dark embossments, some fashioned like a Chinese parasol, others gibbous and grotesque; the massy puff-ball, which, before it becomes dry has been known to weigh several pounds; the pestilent, scented, and ginger mushroom, for all the world the exact resemblance of a Simnel-cake. The fungi of the fine dry summer and autumn of 1834 were remarkable both for size and numbers. Mushrooms were brought to market in amazing quantities. In Clifton Grove, near Nottingham, I saw puff-balls so large that they resembled the stone balls on the gateways of old halls. I had the curiosity to measure one, and found it two feet four inches in circumference. On Salisbury plains I saw an old woman gathering what she called horse-mushrooms, to sell for catsup. They grew in fairy-rings—or ver-rings, as they are there called,—and had all the characters of true mushrooms, the thick stool, the rosy gills, and the catsup odour, but were of the size of a man's head. Similar ones in size and species I saw

growing plentifully about the Land's-End in Cornwall.

“Our Saxon ancestors,” says Verstegan, “called this month *Gerst-monath*, for that barley which that month commonly yielded was called *gerst*, the name of barley being given unto it by reason of the drinke therewith made, called *beere*, and from *beer-legh* it came to be *berligh*, and thence to *barley*. So in like manner *beereheym*, to wit, the overarching or covering of beer, came to be called *berham* and afterwards *barme*, having gotten I wot not how many names besides.”

Saffron, used in medicine and in dyeing, consisting of the pointals of the crocus, is this month gathered and prepared in large quantities, particularly at *Saffron Walden*. Apples are gathered, and cider and perry are made. Herrings pay their annual visit to England in September, and afford a rich harvest to the inhabitants of its eastern and western coasts. Towards the end of the month the nuthatch visits our orchards, particularly those which abound with nut-trees.

As this is the time at which many visit the sea-coast, the following extract from “Drummond’s First Steps to Botany,” a most excellent and interesting little work, may be fitly introduced:—“Perhaps no scene, or situation, is so intensely gratifying to the naturalist as the shore of the ocean. The productions of the latter element are

innumerable, and the majesty of the mighty waters lends an interest unknown to an inland landscape. The loneliness too of the sea-shore is much cheered by the constant changes arising from the ebb and flow of the tide, and the undulations of the water's surface, sometimes rolling like mountains, and again scarcely murmuring on the beach. As you gather there

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow,

you may feel with the poet, that there are joys in solitude, and that there are pleasures to be found in the investigation of nature of the most powerful and pleasing influence.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

But nothing can be more beautiful than a view of the bottom of the ocean, during a calm, even round our own shores, but particularly in *tropical* climates, especially when it consists alternately of beds of sand and masses of rock. The water is frequently so clear and undisturbed, that, at great depths, the minutest objects are visible ; groves of coral are seen expanding their variously-coloured clumps, some rigid and immoveable, and others waving gracefully their flexile branches. Shells of every form and hue glide slowly along the stones, or cling to the coral boughs like fruit ; crabs and

other marine animals pursue their prey in the crannies of the rocks, and sea-plants spread their limber fronds in gay and gaudy irregularity, while the most beautiful fishes are on every side sporting around.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there ;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of the upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter ;
There with a light and easy motion
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea ;
And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,
Then far below in the peaceful sea
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral-grove.

PERCIVAL.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Finishing corn-harvest and thatching ricks ; lay-

ing in winter fuel, as coals, wood, etc.; ploughing and sowing wheat upon the fallows, also after-crops of tares, clover, early peas, etc.; gathering in orchard-fruit for sale, and for cider-making, and gathering the hop-harvest, are the chief employments of this month. We have spoken of the picturesque beauty of hop-gathering in the last month; but this month, in the hop counties, presents the most general scene of hop-gathering. Throughout Kent and Sussex, long groups are every where to be seen pulling down the hop-poles covered with the bine in full flower, picking them into the bins, and conveying them away to the drying kilns. In the hollows, and on the slopes of the Kentish hills, the hop-grounds with their luxuriance of dark green hop-vines hanging from the poles in masses of pale-green flowers, their picturesque knots of gatherers, men, women, and children,—all having turned out,—their homely cottages peeping here and there, and the drying-kilns sending up, at intervals, their wreaths of thin white smoke, altogether form a most cheering and true English sight. The whole country is odorous with the aroma of hop, as it is breathed forth from the drying-kilns, and from wagons piled with towering loads of hops already on their way to the metropolis. To those who meet for the first time the almost innumerable wagon-loads of hops at this season, thronging the roads from Sussex and Kent to London, and piled up in their huge pockets to an enormous height, it is a scene which excites astonishment; and does

not fail to impress them with a vivid idea of the immense growth of this vegetable, and of its vast use in the cordial old English beverage—ale, and its more modern congener—porter. At this season, too, not only is the atmosphere perfumed with hop, but the very atmosphere of the dining and drawing room too. Hops are the grand flavour of conversation, as well as of beer. Gentlemen, ladies, clergymen, noblemen, all are growers of hops, and deeply interested in the state of the crop, and the state of the market.

Much work may be found in the garden in removing decayed plants, digging, gathering seeds, sowing and planting for next year. The gathering of nuts, acorns, blackberries, and elder-berries, finds many of the poor employment and profit; but it is to be regretted that vast quantities of hazel-nuts are annually lost in this kingdom, through the extreme jealousy of the country gentlemen, who forbid the poor to enter their woods on account of the game.

ANGLING.

Tench is not in season; bream is at its best, but must be taken early or late in the day, and in gloomy windy weather, being the shyest of fish; perch may be caught till the end of the month; and dace is best caught from this time till the end of the year. Baits as in April, also a camel brown fly.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

ARRIVALS.

Anser ferus, Bean Goose, comes Sept. goes May. *Haunts*, Fens and corn-fields.

Numenius Arquata, Sea Curlew, comes Sept. 4, goes Feb. 6. Coast in winter.

Scolopax Gallinago, Snipe, comes Sept. 1, goes March 6. Marshes.

Scolopax Gallinula, Snipe Jack, comes Sept. 10, goes March 6. Marshes and runnels.

Sula Bassana, Gannet, or Solon Goose, comes Nov. goes March. Rocky isles.

Totanus ochropus, Green Sandpiper, goes April. Sea-shore, pools, and streams.

Totanus fuscus, Cambridge Godwit, goes April. Sea-shore.

Totanus striata, Purple Sandpiper, goes April. Sea-shore.

Turdus pilaris, Fieldfare, comes Nov. goes March. Fields generally.

Turdus Iliacus, Redwing Thrush, comes Nov. goes March. Fields generally.

DEPARTURES.

Caprimulgus Europæus, Fern Owl, comes May. *Haunts*, Oak woods.

Charadrius Hiaticula, Ring Dottrel, comes April. Sea-shore.

Charadrius pluvialis, Green Plover, comes April. Heaths in summer, coasts in winter.

Curruca sylvia, Whitethroat, comes April. Hedges generally.

Curruca sylvia, Lesser Whitethroat, comes April. Hedges generally.

Curruca atricapilla, Blackcap, comes April 13. Gardens.

Curruca salicaria, Sedge Warbler, comes May. Hedges in low places.

Curruca arundinacea, Reed Warbler, comes May. Water-sides, marshes.

Curruca luscinea, Nightingale, comes April. Woods and copses.

Curruca sibillatrix, Wood Wren, comes April. Woods, tree-tops.

Curruca hortensis, Pettychaps, comes April. Shrubberies, southern counties.

- Curruca locustella*, Grasshopper Lark, comes April. Bushes and brakes.
- Emberiza Schœniclus*, Reed Sparrow, comes March. Reedy fens and streams.
- Hirundo rustica*, Swallow, comes April. Chimneys.
- Lanius Collurio*, Red-backed Shrike, comes May. Fields, southern counties.
- Muscicapa Grisola*, Spotted Flycatcher, comes May 12. About houses.
- Muscicapa atricapilla*, Pied Flycatcher, comes April. Woods.
- Motacilla flava*, Yellow Wagtail, comes April. Green Corn.
- Oidicnemus Bellonii*, Stone Curlew, comes March. Stony uplands.
- Regulus Trochilus*, Yellow Wren, comes March. Copses, thickets.
- Rugulus Hippolais*, Chiff-chaff, comes March. Copses, thickets.
- Saxicola Œnanthe*, Wheatear, comes March. Ploughed fields, heaths.
- Sterna Hirundo*, Common Tern, comes April. Sea-shore.
- Sterna minuta*, Lesser Tern, comes April. Sea-shore.
- Sterna Boysii*, Sandwich Tern, comes April. Coasts of Suffolk and Kent.
- Sterna Dugalli*, Roseate Tern, comes April. Scottish shores.
- Sterna nigra*, Black Tern, comes April. Fens, lakes, and rivers.
- Tringa pugnax*, Ruff, comes April. Fens.
- Turdus torquatus*, Ring Ousel, comes April. Mountainous parts.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

- Class III. Order 1. Crocus serotinus*, Late Crocus.
- Crocus nudiflorus*, English autumnal Crocus.
- Crocus sativus*, Garden Crocus. 10.
- V. 1. *Hedera Helix v. latifolia*, Broad-leaved Ivy. 10.
- V. 4. *Aralia spinosa*, Angelica Tree.
- VI. 1. *Lilium Carolinianum*, Carolina Lily. 10.
- Leucojum autumnale*, Autumnal Snowflake.
- VI. 3 *Colchicum autumnale*, Common Meadow Saffron.
- X. 1. *Arbutus Unedo*, cum var. Strawberry Tree, with varieties.
- XIII. 1. *Goldonia pubescens*, Loblolly Bay.
- XIX. 1. *Eupatorium altissimum*, cum aliis. Tall Eupatorium, with others. 10.
- Chrysocoma Lynosyris*, German Goldilocks. 10.
- Liatris elegans*, Hairy-cupped Liatris. 10.
- Liatris pilosa*, Pilose Liatris. 10.

- XIX. 2. *Senecio luridus*, Dingy Groundsel.
Aster dumosus, cum mult. aliis. Purple-flowered Aster, with many others. 10.
Solidago viminea, cum mult. aliis. Twiggy Golden-rod, with many others.
Chrysanthemum Indicum, Indian Purple Chrysanthemum. 11.
XIX. 3. *Helianthus altissimus*, cum aliis. Tall Sunflower, with others. 10.
Coreopsis procera, Tall Coreopsis. 10.
Coreopsis alternifolia, Alternate-leaved Coreopsis. 10.
XXII. 6. *Smilax aspera*, Rough Bindweed.
XXII. 12. *Cisampelos smilacina*, Smilax-leaved Cisampelos. 11.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

- Class I. Order 1. Salicornia radicans*, Creeping Jointed Glass-wort.
Locality, Muddy sea-shores.
Chara gracilis, Slender Shining Chara. Ponds and boggy pools.
III. 1. *Crocus sativus*, Saffron Crocus. Meadows and pastures.
V. 4. *Parnassia palustris*, Common Grass of Parnassus. Boggy places.
Duration, 10.
VI. 3. *Colchicum autumnale*, Common Meadow Saffron. Meadows and pastures. 10.
VI. 7. *Alisma repens*, Creeping Water Plantain. Lakes in North Wales. 10.
VIII. 2. *Polygonum Hydropiper*, Biting Persicaria. Wet places.
Polygonum minus, Small Creeping Persicaria. Watery places.
X. 1. *Arbutus Unedo*, Common Strawberry Tree. Lakes of Kilarney.
XIV. 1. *Mentha acutifolia*, Fragrant sharp-leaved Mint. Banks of rivers.
Mentha rubra, Tall Red Mint. Banks of rivers.
Mentha Pulegium, Penny-royal. Wet Commons.
Stachys Germanica, Downy Wound-wort. Limestone soil.
XIX. 1. *Bidens cernua*, Nodding Bur-marygold. Ditches and ponds.
XIX. 2. *Inula pulicaria*, Small Fleabane. Moist places.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH INSECTS.

- Chlenius vestitus*. *Locality*, Damp banks.
Helophorus fennicus. Pools and ditches

<i>Coccinella 12-punctata</i> , Twelve-spotted Lady-bird.	} Hedges.
<i>Coccinella 16-guttata</i> , Sixteen-spotted Lady-bird.	
<i>Proscarabæus autumnalis</i> . Margate.	
<i>Acridia viridissima</i> .	} Marshes.
<i>Acridia verrucivora</i> .	
<i>Gomphocerus rufus</i> .	
<i>Blatta Germanica</i> . Houses and warehouses.	
<i>Colias Chrysotheme</i> . Norfolk ?	
<i>Colias Edusa</i> , Clouded Yellow Butterfly. South, etc.	
<i>Acherontia Atropos</i> , Death's-head Hawk-moth.	} Gardens.
<i>Sphinx Convolvuli</i> , <i>Convolvulus</i> Hawk-moth.	

Acherontia Atropos (Death's-head Hawk-moth). This large and splendid lepidopterous insect appears to be spread throughout the country; in some parts sparingly, in others abundantly. It has several times occurred near Nottingham: and, I understand, is of frequent occurrence near Dronfield, Derbyshire.

On the Continent, where the Death's-head Hawk-moth abounds, it has been regarded by the superstitious with dread, not only on account of the figure of a death's head which is marked on its thorax, but also from the plaintive cry which it makes on being captured. Reaumur has, I think, clearly shown that this cry proceeds from the friction between the palpi and its long spiral tongue. Bees are so intimidated by this noise, that they allow it to enter their hives, and rob them of their winter stores, without resistance.

The beautiful *Sphinx Convolvuli* (*Convolvulus* Hawk-moth) has recently been captured in the vicinity of Nottingham.

OCTOBER.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended.

JEREMIAH viii. 20.

OCTOBER bears pretty much the same character in the fall of the year, as April does in the spring. The beginning of April is still wintry, the end may often lay strong claims to the name of summer; the commencement of October is frequently distinguished by the lingering of summer-warmth and summer-flowers, the end by frosts and snows. It is a month as various as April—clear skies and fogs, drought and rain, sunshine and storm, greenness and nakedness, it has them all, and often in a rapid succession. In the early part of the month the hardy yarrow and a few other flowers remain, and the meadow-saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*) and the autumnal crocus (*Crocus autumnalis*) spring up and give a last gleam of floral beauty to the year. The grass, if the weather be mild, is vividly green, and luxuriant as in spring. Fine clear days occasionally come out, affording in the perfect repose of the landscape, the blueness of the waters, and the strong shadows cast by the trees upon the sunny

ground, the highest pictorial beauty ; but they are speedily past, and rains and mists wrap the face of the earth in gloom. Yet the glooms and obscurity of autumnal fogs, however dreary to the common eye, are not unwelcome to the lover of Nature. They give an air of wildness to the most ordinary scenery ; but to mountains, to forests, to solitary sea-coasts, they add a sombre sublimity that at once soothes and excites the imagination ; and even when not pleasant themselves, they minister to our pleasures by turning the heart to our bright firesides, to the warmth and perpetual summer of home.

Orchards are now finally cleared of fruit, at least the trees, for in the cider counties they still lie in large heaps in the orchards in all their glory of gold and crimson, and many will lie there till frosty nights set in ; the frost being supposed to improve their quality by increasing the quantity of saccharine matter in them, though they are apt to become decayed by too long lying, and to injure the flavour of the cider. Gardens have lost the chief of their attractions ; farmers are busy ploughing, and getting in their wheat. Swallows generally disappear this month.

Woods.—The glory of this month, however, is the gorgeous splendour of wood-scenery. Woods have in all ages vividly impressed the human mind ; they possess a majesty and sublimity which strike and charm the eye. Their silence and obscurity affect the imagination with a meditative awe. They

soothe the spirit by their grateful seclusion, and delight it by glimpses of their wild inhabitants, by their novel cries, and by odours and beautiful phenomena peculiar to themselves. This may be more particularly applied to our own woods, woods comparatively reclaimed; but in less populous and cultivated countries they possess a far more wild and gloomy character. The abodes of banditti, of wild beasts and deadly reptiles, they truly merit the epithet of "salvage woods," which Spenser has bestowed upon them. In remote ages their fearful solitudes and ever-brooding shadows fostered superstition and peopled them with satyrs, fauns, dryads, hamadryads, and innumerable spirits of dubious natures. The same cause consecrated them to religious rites; it was from the mighty and ancient oak of Dodona that the earliest oracles of Greece were pronounced. The Syrians had their groves dedicated to Baal, and Ashtaroth the Queen of Heaven, and infected the Israelites with their idolatrous customs. In the heart of woods the Druid cut down the bough of mistletoe, and performed the horrible ceremonies of his religion. The philosophers of Greece resorted to groves, as schools the most august and befitting the delivery of their sublime precepts. In the depths of woods did anchorites seek to forget the world, and to prepare their hearts for the purity of heaven. To lovers and poets they have ever been favourite haunts; and the poets, by making them the scenes and subjects of their most beautiful fictions and descriptions,

have added to their native charms a thousand delightful associations. Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, have sanctified them to the hearts of all generations. What a world of magnificent creations comes swarming upon the memory as we wander in woods! The gallant knights and beautiful dames, the magical castles and hippogriffs of the Orlando; the enchanted forest, the Armida and Erminia of the Gerusalemma Liberata; "Fair Una with her milk-white lamb," and all the satyrs, Archimages, the fair Florimels and false Duessas of the Faery Queene; Ariel and Caliban, Jaques and his motley fool in Arden, the fairies of the Midsummer-Night's Dream, Oberon, Titania, and that pleasantest of all mischief-makers, ineffable Puck,—the noble spirits of the immortal Comus. With such company, woods are to us any thing but solitudes—they are populous and inexhaustible worlds, where creatures that mock the grasp but not the mind, a matchless phantasmagoria, flit before us; alternately make us merry with their pleasant follies, delight us with their romantic grandeur and beauty, and elevate our hearts with their sublime sentiments. What wisdom do we learn in the world that they do not teach us better? What music do we hear like that which bursts from the pipes of the universal Pan, or comes from some viewless source with the Æolian melodies of Faery-land? Whatever woods have been to all ages, to all descriptions of superior mind, to all the sages and poets of the past world,

they are to us. We have the varied whole of their sentiments, feelings, and fancies, bequeathed as an immortal legacy, and combined and concentrated for our gratification and advantage; besides the innumerable pleasures which modern art has thrown to the accumulated wealth of all antiquity. Botany has introduced us to a more intimate acquaintance with the names and characters, and with something also of the physical economy, of both "the trees of the wood" and of the smallest plants which flourish at their feet; so that wherever we cast our eyes, we behold matter for both admiration and research.

What can be more beautiful than trees? their lofty trunks, august in their simplicity, asserting to the most inexperienced eye their infinite superiority over the imitative pillars of man's pride! their graceful play of wide-spreading branches! and all the delicate and glorious machinery of buds, leaves, flowers, and fruit, that with more than magical effect burst forth, from naked and rigid twigs, with all the rich and brilliant, and unimaginably varied colours under heaven; breathing delectable odours, pure, and fresh, and animating; pouring out spices and medicinal essences; and making music, from the softest and the most melancholy undertones to the full organ-peal of the tempest. I wonder not that trees have commanded the admiration of men in all nations and periods of the world. What is the richest country without trees? What barren and monotonous spot can they not convert into a

paradise? Xerxes, in the midst of his most ambitious enterprise, stopped his vast army to contemplate the beauty of a tree. Cicero, from the throng, and exertion, and anxiety of the Forum, was accustomed, Pliny tells us, to steal forth to a grove of palm-trees, to refresh and invigorate his spirit. In the Scalpan Groves, the same author adds, Thucydides was supposed to have composed his noble histories.

“ The Greek and Roman classics, indeed, abound with expressions of admiration of trees and woods, and with customs which have originated in that admiration; but above all, as the Bible surpasses, in the splendour and majesty of its poetry, all books in the world, so is its silver and arborescent imagery the most bold and beautiful. Beneath some spreading tree are the ancient patriarchs revealed to us sitting in contemplation, or receiving the visits of angels; and what a calm and dignified picture of primeval life is presented to our imagination, at the mention of Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, between Ramah and Bethel, in Mount Ephraim, beneath the palm-tree of Deborah! The oaks of Bashan, and the cedars of Lebanon, are but other and better names for glory and power. The vine, the olive, and the fig-tree are made imperishable symbols of peace, plenty, and festivity. David in his psalms, Solomon in his songs and Proverbs, the prophets in the sublime outpourings of their awful inspiration, and

Christ in his parables—those most beautiful and perfect of all allegories—luxuriate in signs and similes drawn from the fair trees of the East.

In the earlier ages of Europe, kings were crowned, councils were held, and justice dispensed beneath the shade of some noble trees. From the shadow of an oak was Christianity first proclaimed in these realms; in a more recent day of our dear and noble country, the willows of Pope and Johnson, the mulberry of Shakspeare, and that of Milton, have associated those great names with the love of trees and of planting. Many noble works of our illustrious countrymen it would be easy to mention, that have been written, and more than one of our most distinguished living authors, who delights to compose, amid the inspiring grace and freshness and purity of trees. John Evelyn spent a considerable portion of a valuable life in endeavouring to communicate his admiration of trees and forests; and besides immediately effecting a great national service, by turning the attention of government to the importance of planting, has left a fine monument of his taste and labour. Well might this venerable and enthusiastic apostle of woods exclaim: "Here then is the true Parnassus, Castalia and the Muses; and at every call in a grove of venerable oaks, methinks I hear the answer of a hundred old Druids, and the bards of our inspired ancestors. In a word, so charmed were poets with those natural shades, that they honoured temples with the names of groves, though they had not a tree about them. In walks and

shades of trees poets have composed verses which have animated men to heroic and glorious actions. Here orators have made their panegyrics, historians their grave relations; and the profound philosophers have loved to pass their lives in repose and contemplation."

Who has walked in woods, that has not felt them become to him as superb temples, filling him with a desire

To contemplate and worship Him whose mind
Stirs in the stilly night-like solitude,
Or breathes in whispers, on the gentle wind,
Through vast cathedral groves, and leaves a calm behind.

MILLHOUSE.

And what author, ancient or modern, has not expressed his sense of their beauty, by employing them as figures of whatever is rich, flourishing, and pleasant? In spring when they are in the delicacy of their pride, in summer when they are shadowy and aromatic, in the last splendour of autumn, or when winter robs them of their foliage, but brings to light what summer has concealed, the underwork and tracery of their branches—in each and all, are trees and woods inspiring and delightful.

It is in this month, however, that woods may be pronounced most beautiful. Towards the end of it, what is called the *fading of the leaf*, but what might more fitly be termed the *kindling or tinting of the leaf*, presents a magnificent spectacle. Every species of tree, so beautifully varied in its general character

—the silver-stemmed and pensile-branched birch, the tall smooth beech, the wide spreading oak and chestnut, each develops its own florid hue of orange, red, brown, or yellow, which, mingling with the green of unchanged trees, or the darkness of the pine, presents a *tout ensemble* rich, glowing, and splendid. Yet, fine as are our woods at this season, far are they exceeded by the vast forests of America; the great variety of trees, and the greater effect of climate, conspiring to render them in decay gorgeous and beautiful beyond description.

The woods ! oh solemn are the boundless woods
Of the great Western World in *their decline*.

HEMANS.

And solemn too are our own. The dark and glossy acorns lie scattered in profusion on the ground, the richly coloured and veined horse-chestnuts glow in the midst of their rugged and spiny shells, which have burst open by their fall among the deep and well-defined circle of “broad palmy leaves,” that seem to have been shed at once. The host of birds enjoy a plentiful feast of beech-nuts in the tree-tops; and the squirrels beneath them, ruddy as the fallen leaves amongst which they rustle, and full of life and archness, are a beautiful sight.

THE GREENWOOD.

The greenwood ! the greenwood ! what bosom but allows
The gladness of the charm that dwells in thy pleasant whisper-
ing boughs !

How often in this weary world, I pine and long to flee,
And lay me down, as I was wont, under the greenwood-tree !

The greenwood ! the greenwood ! to the bold and happy boy,
Thy realm of shades is a fairy-land of wonder and of joy.
Oh, for that freshness of the heart, that pure and vivid thrill,
As he listens to the woodland cries, and wanders at his will !

The youth delights in thy leafy gloom, and thy winding walks to
rove,
When his simple thought is snared and caught in the subtle webs
of love ;
Manhood, with high and restless hope, a spirit winged with
flame,
Plans in thy bower his path to power, to affluence, and fame.

The old man loves thee, when his soul dreams of the world no
more,
But his heart is full of its gathered wealth, and he counts it o'er
and o'er ;
When his race is run, his prize is won or lost, until the bound
Of the world unknown is overthrown, and his master's hope is
crown'd.

The greenwood ! the greenwood ! oh, be it mine to lie
In the depth of thy mossy solitude, when summer fills the sky :
With pleasant sound, and scents around, a tome of ancient lore,
And a pleasant friend with me to bend and turn its pages o'er.

W. H.

The Saxons called this month *Wyn-monath*, wine-month, and *Winter-fulleth*.

The great business of Nature, with respect to the vegetable creation, at this season, is *dissemination*. Plants, having gone through the successive stages of

springing, flowering, and seeding, have, at length, brought to maturity the rudiments of a future progeny, which are now to be committed to the fostering bosom of the earth. Seeds are scattered by the hand of Nature in various manners. The winds which at this time arise, disperse far and wide many seeds which are curiously furnished with feathers, or wings, for this purpose. Hence, plants with such seeds are, of all others, the most universally to be met with; as dandelions, rag-wort, thistles, etc. Other seeds, by means of hooks, lay hold of passing animals, and are thus carried to distant places; as the bur. Many are contained in berries, which are carried about by birds. The seeds of some trees, as the maple, sycamore, etc. exactly resemble the wings of dragon-flies, being placed in pairs. Thus carefully has Nature provided for the distribution and propagation of plants.

Trees generally lose their leaves in the following succession:—walnut, mulberry, horse-chestnut, sycamore, lime, ash; then, after an interval, elm; then beech and oak; then apple and pear trees, sometimes not till the end of November; and lastly, pollard oaks and young beeches, which retain their withered leaves till pushed off by the new ones in spring.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

The gathering and housing of potatoes, carrots, beet-root, and Sweedish turnips, find much employment. There is also considerable ploughing done,

and sowing of wheat, beans, and winter-dills. Timber-trees are planted, timber felled, and fences, gates, drains, and ditches, put into repair by neat and industrious agriculturists. When fuel for winter is not already laid in, it is now done. Gardens require the removal of decaying leaves and plants. Plants in pots are taken to shelter; bulbs planted, etc.

ANGLING.

All fresh-water fish are in season. Grayling makes good sport. This is reckoned the finest month in the year for trolling. Baits as in March.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

ARRIVALS.

Anas Crecca, Teal, comes Oct. 20, goes March 6. *Haunts*, Streams and lakes.

Anser palustris, Gray Lagg—Wild goose, comes Oct. 6, goes Feb. 10, Heathy Lakes and streams.

Corvus Cornix, Royston, or Hooded Crow, comes Oct. 3, goes March 22. Downs.

Curruca provincialis, Dartford Warbler, goes Feb. About London.

Falco Æsalon, Merlin, goes Feb. Woods.

Podiceps minor, Lesser Guillemot, goes Feb. Sea-shore.

Scolopax Rusticola, Woodcock, comes Oct. Dec. goes March. Woody streams.

Spathulea clypeata, Common Shoveler, goes April. Fresh-water lakes.

DEPARTURES.

Falco Subbuteo, Hobby, comes May. *Haunts*, Woods and fields.

Hirundo urbica, Martin, comes April. Eaves.

Hirundo riparia, Sand Martin, comes April. Sandy Cliffs near water.

Otus brachyotus, Short-eared Owl, comes April. Woods and hilly countries.

Ortygometra crex, Land Rail, comes May. Meadows.

Rallus aquaticus, Water Rail, comes April 9. Sedgy waters.

Sylvia Phœnicurus, Redstart, comes April. About old walls.

Totanus Calidris, Redshank, goes Oct. 29, comes April 10. Salt marshes.

Totanus Hypoleucos, Common Sandpiper, comes April. Pebbly margins of streams.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

Class V. Order 1. Sideroxylon lycoides. Willow-leaved Ironwood. 11.

Plumbago Europæus, European Leadwort.

XIX. 2. Artemisia Japonica, Japan Southernwood. 11.

Aster salicifolius, cum aliis. Willow-leaved Aster, with others.

Solidago lævigata, Fleshy-leaved Golden rod. 11.

Solidago lanceolata, Grass-leaved Golden rod.

SELECT CALENDAR OF BRITISH BOTANY.

Class V. Order 1. Hedera Helix, Common Ivy. *Locality*, Rocks, trees, and ruins.

NOVEMBER.

With clouds he covereth the light ; and commandeth it not to shine
by the cloud that cometh betwixt.

JOB XXXVI. 32.

“AUTUMN is dark on the mountains ; gray mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead.” I commence this month with a quotation from a bard who, more than all others, abounds in that wild and sombre imagery congenial to the season. Ossian is a book to be read amid the gloomy silence, or the loud gusty winds of November. There is an ancient dwelling, in a sylvan and out-of-the-world part of the country, which I frequent about as often as there are months in the year. In the summer it is surrounded by out-of-doors delights—woods, green fields, sweet songs, and all the pleasantness of flowers, breezes, and sunshine, which tempt me to loiter among them : but in the autumnal and wintry months, I habitually cast my eyes upon a small

recess, filled with books, and, amongst them, upon Ossian; and if I remember any hours of peculiar enjoyment, I do those thus occupied. The days and feelings of my boyhood are at once brought back again. I connect the scenes and the heroes of the "Voice of Cona" in some mysterious manner with the memory of those with whom I was wont to admire them; and am snatched from a world of cold calculation and selfishness, in which we all too willingly participate, to one of glory and generosity. We are often asked wherein consists the peculiar charm of Ossian. It is in the graceful delicacy and refined affection of his female characters; the reckless bravery, lofty sentiment, and generous warmth of his warriors, and the wildness of the scenery in which they dwell. We are delighted to find his lovely and noble beings on their rude heaths, or in their rude halls, exhibiting a poetical refinement of mind far transcending the tone of modern society, with all the beautiful set-off of the simplicity of ancient manners. And then, what a pathos is in their sorrows! The harp of Ossian is truly a "harp of sorrow." It breathes perpetually of melancholy tenderness. It is the voice of age lamenting over departed glory—over beauty and strength cut down in their prime; and it comes to us from the dimness of antiquity, and from a land of hills and woods, of mists and meteors,—from the heath of mossy and gray stones, the roaring of mountain-streams, the blasted tree, the withered leaves, and the thistle's beard, that flies on

the wind of autumn. Am I told that it is merely a pleasant, modern fiction? What then? If so, it is one of the pleasantest fictions that ever were wrought; and the man who made it, one of the happiest geniuses. For years did he toil to acquire the art and the name of a poet; but in vain. His conceptions were meagre, his style monotonous and common-place; and through the multitude of verses which he has left, we look in vain for aught which might justify the manufacture of them: but, in a happy hour, he burst at once into a most original style of poetry—into a language which shows not *symptoms* of feeling, but melts and glows with it into poetic imagery; which is not scattered sparingly and painfully, but with a full, a free, and an unwearied hand. If this be true, it is wonderful; but I shall choose not to believe it true. I shall choose to think of Ossian as the ancient and veritable bard, and Macpherson as the fortunate fellow who found his scattered lays, and who perhaps added links and *amendments* (to use the word in a parliamentary sense) of his own. Whatever be the opinion of fickle fashion, it is a book pre-eminently fitted for the November fire-side: unrivalled in graphic touches which bring the character of the season before you, and serve to touch the heart with an unworldly tenderness,—a boon of no little consequence in these money-getting and artificial days. We have not the Alpine glooms and lonely majesty of Ossian's hilly land; but we are now surrounded by precisely the melancholy images in which he delights. We

are in a month of darkness, storms, and mists; of the whirling away of the withered leaves, and the introduction to complete winter. Rain, hail, and wind chase each other over the fields and amongst the woods in rapid alternations. The flowers are gone; the long grass stands amongst the woodland thickets withered, bleached and sere; the fern is red and shrivelled amongst the green gorse and broom; the plants, which waved their broad white umbels to the summer breeze, like skeleton-trophies of death, rattle their dry and hollow kexes to the autumnal winds. The brooks are brimful; the rivers, turbid and covered with masses of foam, hurry on in angry strength, or pour their waters over the champaign. Our very gardens are sad, damp, and desolate. Their floral splendours are dead; naked stems and decaying leaves have taken the place of verdure. The walks are unkempt and uninviting: and as these summer friends of ours are no longer affluent and of flourishing estate, we, of course, desert them.

The country presents, in its silence and gloom, a ghastly scene to those accustomed to towns and dissipation. To them there is something frightful in its solitude; yet, to the reflective mind it is, and has been at all times grateful. In its sternest moods, it presents solemn thoughts, and awakens solemn feelings. Great and philosophic minds have in all ages borne but one testimony to the charms of its quietude. In its profound repose the mourner seeks to indulge the passion of his grief; to it the projector of some great work in art or literature

flies to mature his labour, and, while hidden from all eyes, to achieve that which shall make his name familiar to all ears; and to the poet, what is more affluent of imaginative stimulus and precious suggestions than strolls through wood-walks, mountain-glens, and along wild sea-coasts, at this season? The universal stillness is felt through the whole soul. Every object is exaggerated, and yet recommended to the eye, through the media of gloom and mist; and while the eye, unseconded by mind, would discern nothing but dreariness, he finds something congenial to the loftiest moods of his spirit, and is often led into strains which, though solemn, are any thing but sad.

Fieldfares and redwings will be generally seen this month. Sometimes they quit their northern regions as early as October, if the season be very severe; but more frequently they make their first appearance here in this month. If the weather be mild, they will be heard, as they sit in flocks upon the trees, warbling in concert very cheerfully in the same manner as before their departure in spring. Fine days will occasionally peep out so spring-like, that the sky-larks attempt their flights, and sing merrily; but, perhaps, the very next morning shows a landscape of frost and snow.

I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded, and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the peaceful share.
I saw, far off, the weedy fallow smile

With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb ; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change,
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls the fleecy shower ; the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

COWPER.

The return of winter is pleasurable even in its severity. The first snow that comes dancing down—the first frost that rimes the hedges, variegates the windows, or shoots its fine long crystals across the smallest puddle or the widest sheet of water, bring with them the remembrance of our boyish pleasures, our slidings and skatings—our snow-ballings and snow-rolling—our snow-man making—the wonders of hoar-frosts—of nightly snow-drifts in hollow lanes—of caves and houses, scooped in the wintry heaps with much labour and delight ; and of scampering over hedge and ditch on the frozen snow, that “crunched beneath the tread,” but broke not.

The dark, wet, and wintry days, and the long dismal nights of this season, are, however, favoura-

ble to fireside enjoyments and occupations. Driven from the fields and woods, where we have found so much delight, so many objects of interest or employment, we may now sit within and hear the storm rage around, conscious that the fruits of the earth are secured, and that, like the bees in their hives, we have not let the summer escape, but have laid up stores of sweetness for the time of darkness and dearth. In large farmhouses, many useful avocations may enliven the evening fireside. In some districts, the men mend their own clothes and shoes; in others, various repairs of smaller implements, as flails, sieves, etc. are done; and it is now become a laudable custom in many superior farms to encourage reading, and other means of mental improvement, which the continual engagements of a rural labourer preclude during the summer. The promotion of this spirit is highly to be desired; no part of our working population having been so lamentably deficient in common knowledge as that of farmers' servants. Through the summer they have toiled from morning till night, and from day to day incessantly; and their only interval of rest, Sundays and winter nights, have been lost in drowsiness. The cottager may usefully, by his winter fire, construct bee-hives, nets, mole-traps, bird-cages, etc.: with any of these employments I have more sympathy than with the last, however.

Of all men who pursue rural occupations, the bird-catchers, especially the summer bird-catchers, they who do not capture birds when they have con-

gregated in winter, when they have no mates or young ones to feel the effects of their loss, and are ready for the table of the epicure,—but who take only singing birds, and take them too wherever and whenever they can, without regard to their having young, which may perish by their absence, or to that harsh change, from the full enjoyment of summer sunshine and pleasures to the captivity of the cage;—when I see their nets spread in the fields, where linnets, goldfinches, etc. resort to the seeds of grass, plantain, sow-thistles, etc., I wish them all manner of villanous ill-luck; and I never omit a favourable opportunity of deranging or destroying limed twigs when they fall in my way.

There are none of our customs which more mark our *selfishness* than that of keeping singing birds in perpetual confinement, making the pleasure of our ears their misfortune, and that sweet gift, which God has given them wherewith to make themselves happy and the country delightful, the curse of their lives. If we were contented, however, with taking and rearing young ones, which never knew the actual blessing of liberty, or of propagating them in cages or aviaries, the evil would not be so enormous. But the practice of seizing singing birds, which have always enjoyed the freedom of the earth and air, in summer when they are busy with the pleasant cares of their nests or young broods, and subjecting them to a close prison, is detestable—doubly detestable in the case of *migratory* birds. They have not merely the common love of liberty, but the instinct of

migration to struggle with; and it may be safely asserted, that out of every ten nightingales so caught, nine pine away and die. Yet the capture of nightingales is very extensively practised. The bird-catchers declare them to be the most easily taken of all birds; and scarcely can one of these glorious songsters alight in a copse or a thicket, but these kidnappers are upon it. Some of these men assure me that the female birds arrive about ten days later than the males, whose songs give notice of their retreats, on hearing which the females alight; therefore, when nightingales first appear, the bird-catchers are almost sure of taking only male-birds, which, being the singers, are the only ones they want. The nightingale, a bird which God has created to fly from land to land to crown the pleasantness of spring with the most delicious music; or a lark, which he has made to soar, in the rapture of its heart, up to Heaven's gates,—“cribbed, cabined, and confined” in a narrow cage by man, is one of the most melancholy objects on earth. Let those who have hearts for it keep them, and listen to them with what pleasure they may; for my part, while I am myself sensible of the charms of freedom, and of the delights of the summer fields, I shall continue to prefer the “wood notes wild” of liberty to a captive's wail.

DAILY WAYFARERS.—Of all the vast class of human creatures who are doomed to diurnal wear-

ness—to know the bitterness of “the labour that is done under the sun,”—there are none that I can more feelingly sympathise with than the daily wayfarers; especially at this season of shortening days, frequent storms and growing cold. I do not mean the wealthy, the lazy, and luxurious *viatores* that, in carriage, or on steed, traverse the king’s highways, in great bodily comfort, and, after a few hours’ career, alight in elegant homes or well-garnished inns, and stretching themselves at their ease, with every requisite of viand, wine, and feather-bed at command,

Think themselves great travellers,
Invincible and bold:

but I mean all those who, being of the poor, are “never to cease from the land;” and whom, whether we be seated at our table, circling our fires in social mirth, or quietly laid in our beds, we may be sure are scattered in a thousand places on our great roads, be it summer or winter, day or night, as plodding, as full of trouble, as weary, and as picturesque as ever.

Poor honest souls! their very misery, their age, their poverty, their ruggedness, their stooping figures, and ragged array, make pleasant pictures to the eye; and if not for their suffering humanity, yet for the variety they give to our journeyings, we ought to spare them a little sympathy. I must confess, that when I have been shut up in a great town for some

months, and again issuing into the country, behold the same figures, the same groups, come streaming along our principal roads, that we have encountered there through all the days of our lives, and that Bewick has depicted in his living sketches, I have a most internal satisfaction in the inexhaustible vagabonds.

There is one class of them that I freely give up, although the rogues have a spice of romance about them, the vagabonds *par excellence*,—those clever, able, and eloquent fellows, that can lose a limb or even an eye at will; sailors who never saw the sea; decayed tradesmen who never had a groat honestly acquired; men of fictitious miseries, who are most at home on the road or in the lodging-house, and who live upon the pity of the simple; for them I ask *no* pity.

Then there are those little, nomadic merchants, that from every large town diverge in all directions, and penetrate to every village and lonely house with their wares. There is the chair-bottomer, with his great sheaf of rushes on his back, who, seated on the sunny side of the farm-door, or under the shade of a tree, as the season may require, enriches the good people with news worth more than his work. There is the wandering milliner, an old woman of the true picturesque school, short, broad, plentiful in her own attire of coat, apron, and petticoats, with her strong staff in her hand, her spacious, weather-beaten face, and a great cage-like basket of open wicker-work on her back, large enough to hold herself:—and beside these, sundry bearers of shallow

baskets of tapes, braces, laces, pins, cotton-balls, and so forth. These, and occasionally the Highland drovers, with their plaids and dogs, and flocks and herds, bringing with them the wildness of their native moors, are all very well in their way—they *look* well; but they are the casual wayfarers about whom gathers the deepest interest.

Of all the melancholy spectacles which every-day life presents, what is more melancholy than the marching of a troop of recruits out of the town where they have been raised? You hear a single drum beat, a single fife play; you see a crowd collected, and another minute discovers to you some twenty or thirty boys and men of the lowest class in their common clothes, with ribands in their hats, and bundles in their hands, awkwardly commencing that march which leads to destruction. They have screwed up their resolutions to the point of the necessary calmness of aspect; they have bid good-b'ye to their friends, with whom they are ambitious of leaving the reputation of having gone off stoutly; some of their sweethearts, with red eyes, are hovering about; many of their comrades are going on a little with them; and, perhaps, some fond and heart-broken mother still clings tenaciously, but dejectedly, to the side of her son, who has cost her nothing but sorrow since he could run from her door. They proceed a mile or two; the fife and drum fall back; the last shaking of hands and shedding of tears arrives, and they are led away to their distant station. The scene is sad enough; but if we look forward,

what is the prospect? Loose lives at home, hard marches and fare abroad; death in some pestilent Indian swamp, or in the regular wholesale carnage of battle.

Yet, probably, some of these self-same youths shall tread the highways of England in various characters and stages of their career. One shall come upon you as the deserter. There he marches sullenly along between two files of his fellow-soldiers with shouldered muskets; instant death his fate if he attempt to escape; disgrace, corporal punishment, death itself, perhaps, equally certain, if he do not. He has found a soldier's life a weary one. He has cast away his oath and his service, and sought in manifold disguises, and in many a strange lurking-place, concealment from pursuit: but he has been dogged and detected; and on he goes with a heart full of sullen wrath and fearful apprehension.

Behold another and a happier! he is marching homeward on his furlough. He has fought battles and seen foreign lands since he left home, and he now goes thither with an honest vanity to boast of his sights seen and exploits done; and to set on fire a dozen young heads with a luckless ambition. Poor fellow! happy as he thinks himself, he is horribly weary and way-worn, and longs, with a most earnest longing, for the far-off town.

A third shall come home some thirty years hence, the old veteran; the hard, gray-headed, mutilated remnant of a man, with one arm, one leg, a body seamed with scars, a crown never the better for the

blows it has borne, and a pension of a few shillings a-week to get drunk upon. He goes home to discover that death has been as busy there as in the battle-field, in the Walcheren morass, or the plague-haunted garrison; and to find it, even with his pension, but weary work waiting for the grave.

But alas! for the poor creatures I am now bound to sketch. Had fortune but been tolerably moderate with them, they would never have gone ten miles from the spot in which they were born; but some sudden distress arouses them from their regular dream of existence, and they start across the country to its farthest extremity with the wildness of comets.

Look at that middle-aged, old-fashioned fellow! Do you not see the cause of his journey at once? He is a labourer; his eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen, is gone to live in the family of some relation of the squire's, forty miles off. He has just heard news that has alarmed him. His wife and he have sat in speechless grief and consternation for a space, till the good woman cried out, "John, you must up and go! you must see Mary. You must learn the whole truth. She was always a good girl, and we must not have her lost." For a moment, the very idea of the journey, and the encountering of fine folk, and clever folk, to boot, as he wisely imagines all fine folk to be, overcomes him with a weakness; but the thought of his daughter's danger returns with double power; he gets up with a groan, and prepares for his great journey. Look at his

long drab coat of a most antiquated cut! See how neatly it has been brushed! How clean he is shaven, how nicely his white cravat is tied, and with what a formal air he puts his stick to the ground! There has been a world of preparation to set him out: not even the great trouble which rests upon his mind can make him forget that he is in his Sunday clothes; and he walks on his way a creature of such simplicity that he seems far likelier to be duped himself than to prevent another being so.

Observe now this solitary woman. For ten years she has lived in the closest court of the closest alley of a great manufacturing town. Her husband, a clever mechanic, has been earning plenty of money, and plenty of children have grown around them. The good creature, in the abundance of her household affairs, has been so happy that she has almost forgotten that there is a world out of her own house. But there has come a change. Her husband's employment has failed, and he has gone forth to seek it elsewhere. For a time she hears good news; he sends her money and hopes of prosperity, though in a distant place. At length his remittances fail,—his letters cease;—she is alarmed;—she musters all her skill at penmanship and writes, but gets no reply. Her children want bread; she is reduced to the utmost distress; but, suddenly summoning all her energies, she seeks and finds employment, and manages to live. But of her husband no tidings; day and night she lives in fear and sorrow;—he must be dead, or he would certainly write. At

length, however, comes the intelligence that he has chosen a paramour, and is expending upon her the gains which should support his family. Stung to the quick, she rises up in grief and indignation. She finds some good neighbour to care for her children for a few days, and she departs—alas! on a melancholy expedition! She is utterly strange to the world—no matter; she has little money—no matter; in the greatness of her vexation she defies all other troubles and difficulties. See with what closeness and self-reservation she moves on! She greets no one,—she shuns all greetings by the way, or, if she answers them, it is only by a short, sharp nod, and she involuntarily quickens her pace. Rest, food, she seems not to require; her heart is filled with black and eager jealousies, and she shrinks even from the kindest eye, lest it look into the secret of her soul. Poor, unhappy woman! her task is a fruitless one. She may find her faithless husband, and may weep, and expostulate, and upbraid; but the heart that is once led from its home by strange charms, there is faint hope of reclaiming.

How far more enviable is the woman that I have now in my eye. I see her crossing the heath, a little broad-built woman, in an old gray cloak, beneath which she carries in her arms an infant; and a troop of others, one scarcely appearing older than another, trot after her. She has lost her husband by death, and suddenly finds herself alone, far from friends. She has spirit enough to scorn the assistance of the parish; she sets out, and trusts to

Providence. Grief certainly has made but little impression on her countenance ; and her children know nothing of it. They know not what it means to be orphans ; they know not that they are poor ; they follow their slowly-progressing mother from place to place, like playful kids ; and when she sits down in some solitary nook, they gambol before her. They enjoy the sun and air ; they are plump and ruddy ; and though they ask for nothing, their looks beg for them, and scarcely a carriage passes but money flies for them out of the window.

Not so with the last being whom I shall notice. This is a widow, old and poor. For years she has lived alone, with not a tie to the world but her anxiety for a prodigal son, whose life has long threatened to prove her death. And now that she is become thin and feeble, and expects no journey except the short one to the neighbouring churchyard, comes an epistle from her son, written by a stranger-hand, to say that he is dying in a far-distant place, and implores her pardon and blessing. Oh, maternal love ! how strong art thou, even in the very weakness of nature and the extremity of old age ! It is seventy miles off where her son now lies, but she thinks of nothing less than going to him. Not go !—not try to see him, and to comfort him, and to know exactly how his mind is at the last ! By the help of God she will, though !—and early on the following morning, her little, solitary house is shut up—door and window-shutter carefully closed ; and, with her key in her pocket,

and with her red cloak and black bonnet on, she is setting out. The neighbours come out in wondering kindness to bid her good-b'ye; but there is more offence to her in their remarks on her son than comfort in the expressions of their pity, and she moves quietly away. And that poor old creature is bound on a journey of seventy miles across the country, and without the expectation of an hour's carriage. She takes no stick in her hand, for she never used one; but, with her arms crossed under her cloak, she proceeds at the same feeble pace that she has been accustomed to move about her cottage. It seems impossible that she should ever accomplish her undertaking. My imagination beholds her as she crosses a vast moor. On and on she goes with such an almost imperceptible motion, that the very width of the moor appears itself a day's labour for her. Yet she shall go forward, day by day, and, unlike the deserted wife, she shuns no salutations; nay, to such accommodating persons as are willing to slacken their speed and lend a patient ear, she can find many things in her mother's heart to say. Her troubles, like the fire-damp, are only dangerous when they are confined,—give them air, and they will dilute themselves till they become almost innocuous. Life has long ceased to appear desirable in her eyes; and, if that her son but find acceptance with God, it is all that she desires. Nay, if she be permitted to reach him while alive, and to know that he departs with “a sure and joyful hope,” she will tread back her

weary way with a comparatively happy heart, and sit down again, for a little time, by her cottage-fire in peace and thankfulness. God be with her !

When to these we add the weary wanderers the world over ;—the shipwrecked crew, making their way through some strange land ; the solitary travellers in the savage deserts of the earth ; the worn-down remnants of discomfited armies ; the captive driven in fetters to the distant mart, or, escaped from thralldom, flying by night, and lurking by day, from the fury of his pursuers, filled with fears, and faint with famine,—we have summoned up images of earthly wo so immense, that we are constrained, with a feeling of agonized energy, to cast the care of them upon Heaven, and to grasp eagerly at the only comfortable thought, that they are all in the hand of God.

The Anglo-Saxons termed this month, says Verstegan, *Wind-monath* ; to wit, wind-month ; whereby we may see that our ancestors were made acquainted with blustering Boreas : and it was the ancient custom for shipmen then to shroud themselves at home, and to give over seafaring (notwithstanding the littleness of their used voyages) until blustering March had bidden them well to fare. They likewise, says Dr. Sayers, called it *Blot-monath*, or blood-month, on account of the abundance of cattle killed for the winter store or for sacrifices.

Moles now make their nests where they lodge

during winter, and which are ready to deposit their young in, the following spring. Salmon now begin to ascend the rivers to spawn. Bees require to be removed under shelter, and their hives to be covered with their winter coat ; pigeons also require feeding.

Many wild creatures now retire to their winter retreats. The frog sinks to the bottom of ponds and ditches, and buries itself in the mud. The lizard, the badger, the hedgehog, creep into holes in the earth, and remain torpid till spring. Bats get into old barns, caves, and deserted buildings, where, suspending themselves by the hind feet, and wrapping themselves in the membranes of their fore feet, they sleep winter away, except some unusual interval of mild weather should awake and call them out for a little while occasionally. Squirrels, rats, and field-mice shut themselves up with their winter stores : and the dormouse betakes itself to slumber.

When the hedges are bare, numbers of old birds' nests become visible : and when they are near the dogrose, they are found full of the seeds of the hips ; the field-mice being in the habit of climbing up the hedges for this fruit, and using the nests as stations where they may sit and eat.

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Threshing and wintering of cattle are resumed. Many operations of manuring, draining, levelling

ant-hills and other inequalities, irrigating, ploughing, and fencing, go on by intervals as the weather permits. Timber of all kinds, except those of which the bark is used, is felled. Gates, crates, flakes, etc. are made; and fireside occupations, making and mending baskets, bee-hives, traps for vermin, etc. fill up the long evenings. The business of the garden this month is principally in preparing manure, making all clean and neat, and defending plants from coming frosts.

ANGLING.

Trout not in season. Grayling excellent. This is rather a rare fish in England. The principal rivers for it are those of Staffordshire and Derbyshire, the Dove, the Blithe, the Wye, the Trent; in Yorkshire, some of the tributary streams of the Ribble, the Erne, the Wharf, the Derwent, and its tributary streams, particularly the Rye, the Humber; the Avon in Hampshire, and its streams in Wiltshire; the upper part of the Severn and its streams in North Wales; a few in the Wye and the Dee, and many in the Lug in Herefordshire.

Flies, as in February; but the enjoyments of the angler, like those of other out-of-doors men, may be said to be over, or to be "few and far between." They may take their post in the warm ingle, recount the exploits of the past year, and prepare their tackle for the next.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

ARRIVALS.

Anas Penelope, Widgeon, comes Nov. goes March. *Haunts*, Lakes and streams.

Anas strepera, Gadwell, goes Feb. Coast in hard winters.

Bombycilla garrula, Silk-tail, Waxen Chatterer, goes Feb. About ivy and hawthorns.

Charadrius pluvialis, Golden Plover, comes Nov. 5, goes Feb. 6. Heathy hills, coast in winter.

Clangula vulgaris, Golden-eyed Pocher, comes Nov. 29, goes Feb. 10. Shore, and fresh waters.

Columba Œnas, Stock Dove, comes Nov. 29, goes Feb. Woods, caves on sea-shore.

Nyroca ferina, Red-headed Pocher, comes Nov. 19, goes March 3. Fens.

DEPARTURES—NONE.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

Class IV. Order 2. Hamamelis Virginica, Wych Hazel.

LAYS OF THE SEASONS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

IV.

WINTER.

THERE's not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer bird hath left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine, singing now
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's silence in the harvest-field ;
And blackness in the mountain-glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day ;
And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look ;
The lonesome place is yet more dreary ;
They go not now, the young and old,
Slow wandering on by wood and wold ;
The air is damp, the winds are cold ;
And summer-paths are wet and weary.

The drooping year is in the wane,
No longer floats the thistle-down ;
The crimson heath is wan and sere ;
The sedge hangs withering by the mere,
And the broad fern is rent and brown.

The owl sits huddling by himself,
The cold has pierced his body thorough;
The patient cattle hang their head;
The deer are 'neath their winter shed;
The ruddy squirrel's in his bed,
And each small thing within its burrow.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

Oh, poverty is disconsolate!—
Its pains are many, its foes are strong:
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long!

One silent night hath pass'd, and lo!
How beautiful the earth is now!
All aspect of decay is gone,
The hills have put their vesture on,
And clothed is the forest bough.

Say not 'tis an unlovely time!
Turn to the wide, white waste thy view;
Turn to the silent hills that rise
In their cold beauty to the skies;
And to those skies intensely blue.

Silent, not sad, the scene appeareth;
And fancy, like a vagrant breeze,
Ready a-wing for flight, doth go
To the cold nothern land of snow,
Beyond the icy Orcades.

The land of ice, the land of snow,
The land that hath no summer flowers,
Where never living creature stood ;
The wild, dim, polar solitude :
How different from this land of ours !

Walk now among the forest trees,—
Saidst thou that they were stripp'd and bare ?
Each heavy bough is bending down
With snowy leaves and flowers—the crown
Which Winter regally doth wear.

'Tis well—thy summer garden ne'er
Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,
Than is this silent place of snow,
With feathery branches drooping low,
Wreathing around thee shadowy bowers !

'Tis night ! Oh now come forth to gaze
Upon the heavens, intense and bright !
Look on yon myriad worlds, and say,
Though beauty dwelleth with the day,
Is not God manifest by night ?

Thou that createdst all ! Thou fountain
Of our sun's light—who dwellest far
From man, beyond the farthest star,
Yet ever present ; who doth heed
Our spirits in their human need,
We bless thee, Father, that we *are* !

We bless thee for our inward life
For its immortal date decreeing ;
For that which comprehendeth thee,
A spark of thy divinity,
Which is the being of our being !

We bless thee for this bounteous earth ;
For its increase—for corn and wine ;
For forest-oaks, for mountain-rills,
For cattle on a thousand hills ;
We bless thee—for all good is thine !

The earth is thine, and it thou keepest,
That man may labour not in vain ;
Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the tree,
Seed-time and harvest come from thee,
The early and the latter rain !

The earth is thine—the summer earth ;
Fresh with the dews, with sunshine bright ;
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing birds and balmy flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine—the teeming earth ;
In the rich bounteous time of seed,
When man goes forth in joy to reap,
And gathers up his garner'd heap,
Against the time of storm and need.

The earth is thine—when days are dim,
And leafless stands the stately tree ;
When from the north the fierce winds blow,
When falleth fast the mantling snow ;—
The earth pertaineth still to thee !

The earth is thine—thy creature, man !
Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine ;
Darkness and light, and life and death ;
Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
Creator ! Father ! all are thine !

DECEMBER.

He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of his strength.

He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know his works.

The beasts go into dens and remain in their places.

Out of the south cometh the whirlwind; and cold out of the north.

By the breath of God frost is given; and the breadth of the waters is straitened.

JOB xxxvii. 6—10.

GAWAIN DOUGLAS, the celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld, has given the following most excellent sketch of Winter; which Warton has rendered from antiquated Scotch verse into good modern English prose. "The fern withered on the miry fallows; the brown moors assumed a barren mossy hue; banks, sides of hills, and bottoms grew white and bare; the cattle looked hoary from the dank weather; the wind made the red reed waver on the dike. From the crags, and the foreheads of the yellow rocks, hung great icicles, in length like a spear. The soil was dusky and gray, bereft of flowers, herbs, and grass. In every hold and forest, the woods were stripped of their array. Boreas blew his bugle-horn so loud, that the solitary deer withdrew to the dales; the small birds flocked to the

thick briars, shunning the tempestuous blast, and changing their loud notes to chirping; the cataracts roared, and every linden-tree whistled and brayed to the sounding of the wind. The poor labourers, wet and weary, dragged in the fen. The sheep and shepherds lurked under the hanging banks, or wild broom. Warm from the chimney-side, and refreshed with generous cheer, I stole to my bed and lay down to sleep, when I saw the moon shed through the window her twinkling glances, and wintry light; I heard the horned bird, the night-owl, shrieking horribly with crooked bill from her cavern; I heard the wild geese with screaming cries fly over the city through the silent night. I was soon lulled to sleep, till the cock, clapping his wings, crowed thrice, and the day peeped. I waked and saw the moon disappear, and heard the jackdaws cackle on the roof of the house. The cranes, prognosticating tempests, in a firm phalanx, pierced the air with voices sounding like a trumpet. The kite, perched on an old tree, fast by my chamber, cried lamentably,—a sign of the dawning day. I rose, and half opening my window, perceived the morning, livid, wan, and hoary; the air overwhelmed with vapour and cloud; the ground stiff, gray, and rough; the branches rattling; the sides of the hill looking black and hard with driving blasts; the dew-drops congealed on the stubble and rind of trees; the sharp hailstones, deadly cold, hopping on the thatch and the neighbouring causeway."

We are now placed in the midst of such wintry scenes as this. Nature is stripped of all her summer drapery. Her verdure, her foliage, her flowers have all vanished. The sky is filled with clouds and gloom, or sparkles only with frosty radiance. The earth is spongy with wet, rigid with frost, or buried in snows. The winds that in summer breathed gently over nodding blooms and undulating grass, swaying the leafy boughs with a pleasant murmur, and wafting perfumes all over the world, now hiss like serpents, or howl like wild beasts of the desert; cold, piercing and cruel. Every thing has drawn as near as possible to the centre of warmth and comfort. The farmer has driven his flocks and cattle into sheltered home inclosures, where they may receive from his provident care that food which the earth now denies them; or into the farmyard itself, where some honest Giles piles their cratches plentifully with fodder. The labourer has fled from the field to the barn, and the measured strokes of his flail are heard daily from morn till eve. It amazes us, as we walk abroad, to conceive where can have concealed themselves the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth, and waters of summer. Birds, insects, and reptiles, whither are they all gone? The birds that filled the air with their music, the rich blackbird, the loud and cheerful thrush, the linnet, lark, and goldfinch, whither have they crept? The squirrel that played his antics on the forest-tree, and all the showy and varied tribes of butterflies, moths, dra-

gon-flies, beetles, wasps, and warrior-hornets, bees, and cockchafers, whither have they fled? Some, no doubt, have lived out their little term of being, and their bodies, lately so splendid, active, and alive to a thousand instincts, feelings, and propensities, are become part and parcel of the dull and wintry soil; but the greater portion have shrunk into the hollows of trees and rocks, and into the bosom of their mother earth itself, where, with millions of seeds and roots, and buds, they live in the great treasury of Nature, ready at the call of a more auspicious season to people the world once more with beauty and delight.

As in the inferior world of creatures, so is it with man. The wealthy have vacated their country houses, and congregated in the great Babylon of pleasure and dissipation; families are collected round the social hearth, where Christmas brings his annual store of frolic and festivities; and the author, like the bee, withdrawn to his hive, revels amid the sweets of his summer gathering. It is amusing to imagine what a host of pens are at this moment in motion, in sundry places in this little island! In splendid libraries, furnished with every bodily comfort, and every literary and scientific resource, where the noble or popular author fills the sheet which the smile of the bibliopole and reader awaits, and almost anticipates; in naked and ghastly garrets, where the "poor-devil-author" scrawls, with numbed fingers and a shivering frame, what will be coldly received, and as quickly forgotten as himself;

in pleasant boudoirs, at rose-wood desks, where lady-fingers pen lady-lays; in ten thousand nooks and recesses, the pile of books is growing, under which shelves, booksellers and readers, shall groan, ere many months elapse. Another season shall come round, all these leaves, like those of the forest, shall be swept away, leaving only those of a few hardy laurels untouched. But let no one lament them, or think that all this "labour under the sun" has been vain. Literary tradesmen have been indulged in speculation; critics have been employed; and authors have enjoyed the excitement of hope, the enthusiasm of composition, the glow of fancied achievement. And all is not lost:

The following year another race supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

The heavens present one of the most prominent and splendid beauties of winter. The long and total absence of the sun's light, and the transparent purity of a frosty atmosphere, give an apparent elevation to the celestial concave, and rich depth and intensity of azure, in which the stars burn with resplendent beauty; the galaxy stretches its albescent glow athwart the northern sky, and the moon in her monthly track sails amongst the glittering constellations with a more queenly grace; sometimes without the visitation of a single cloud, and, at others, seeming to catch from their wind-winged speed an accelerated motion of her own. It is a spectacle of which the contemplative eye is never weary;

though it is one, of all others, which fills the mind with feelings of the immensity of the universe, of the tremendous power of its Creator, and of the insignificance of self. A breathing atom, a speck, even, upon the surface of a world which is itself a speck in the *universal* world, we send our imaginations forth amongst the innumerable orbs, all stupendous in magnitude, all swarming with existence, vainly striving to reach the boundaries of space, till, astonished and confounded, it recoils from the hopeless task, aching, dazzled, and humbled to the dust. What a weary sense attends the attempt of a finite being to grasp infinity! Space beyond space! space beyond space still! There is nothing for the mind to rest its wearied wing upon, and it shrinks back into its material cell, in adoration and humility. Such are the feelings and speculations which have attended the human spirit in all ages, in contemplating this magnificent spectacle. David has beautifully expressed their effect upon him; and there is a paper in the *Spectator*, Vol. viii. No. 565, which forms an admirable commentary upon his eloquent exclamation. The awful vastness of the power of the Deity, evinced in the scenes which night reveals, is sure to abase the pride of our intellect, and to shake the overgrowth of our self-love; but these influences are not without their benefit; and the beauty and beneficence equally conspicuous in every object of creation, whether a world or an atom, come to our aid, to reassure our confidence, and to

animate us with the proud prospect of an eternity of still perfecting and ennobling existence.

But the year draws to a close. I see symptoms of its speedy exit. I see holly and misletoe in the market, in every house that I visit, in every window that I pass, except in those of the Society of Friends, who, though they like old fashions, pay little regard to old customs, but treat them as the "beggarly elements" of worn-out superstitions. They are philosophically right, but poetically wrong. I see the apprentice boys going along the streets, from house to house, distributing those little annual remembrances called Christmas-bills; and my imagination follows these tyroes in trade, who now fill its lowest offices, and would think more of a slide or a mince-pie than of all the "wealth in Lunnun bank," through a few more years, and beholds them metamorphosed into grave, important, and well-to-do citizens; or, as it may chance to them, shrunk into the thin, shrivelled, and grasshopper-like beings that care and disappointment convert men into. And this awakens in me the consciousness of how little we have thought of man and his toils, and anxieties, as from day to day, and month to month, we have gone wandering over the glorious face of the earth, drinking in its peaceful pleasures; and yet what a mighty sum of events has been consummated!—what a tide of passions and affections has flowed—what lives and deaths has alternately arrived—what destinies have been fixed for ever,

while we have loitered on a violet-path, and watched the passing splendours of the Seasons. Once more our planet has completed one of those journeys in the heavens which perfect all the fruitful changes of its peopled surface, and mete out the few stages of our existence; and every day, every hour of that progress has, in all her wide lands, in all her million hearts, left traces that eternity shall behold.

Yet if we have not been burdened with man's cares, we have not forgotten him, but many a time have we thanked God for his bounties to him, and rejoiced in the fellowship of our nature. If there be a scene to stir in our souls all our thankfulness to God, and all our love for man, it is that of Nature. When we behold the beautiful progression of the Seasons—when we see how leaves and flowers burst forth and spread themselves over the earth by myriads in spring,—how summer and autumn fill the world with loveliness and fragrance, with corn and wine,—it is impossible not to feel our hearts “breathe perpetual benedictions,” to the great Founder and Provider of the world, and warm with sympathetic affection towards our own race, for whom he has thought fit to prepare all this happiness. There is no time in which I feel these sentiments more strongly than when I behold the moon rising over a solitary summer landscape. The repose of all creatures on the earth makes more sensibly felt the incessant care of Him who thus sends up “his great light to rule the night,” and to shine

softly and silently above millions of sleeping creatures, that take no thought for themselves.

Such are the thoughts which flow into the spirit of the solitary man, as he walks through the pure retreats of Nature—such have been mine as I have gone on, from day to day, building up this “Book of the Seasons;” and in the spirit of thankful happiness and “goodwill to all,” I thus bring it to an end.

The evergreen trees with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued; the different species of everlasting flowers, so pleasing an ornament to our parlours in winter, and indeed during the whole year, also attract our attention. The oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, in part retain their leaves, while all other trees are entirely denuded. The scarlet berries of the holly, and the fiery bunches of *Pyracantha* on its dark green, thorny sprays, are brightly conspicuous, and the mosses are in their pride.

December, says Verstegan, had his due appellation given him by our ancestors, in the name of *Winter-monath*; to wit, winter-month: but after the Saxons received Christianity, they then, out of devotion to the birth-time of Christ, termed it *Heligh-monath*; that is to say, holy-month. Sayers adds,

they also called it *Midwinter-monath*, *Guil-erra*, which means the former or first *guil*. *Guil*, now corrupted, *yule*, was the feast of Thor, celebrated at the winter solstice, and so called from *iol* or *ol*, which signifies "all."

RURAL OCCUPATIONS.

Except in clear, frosty weather, when manure can be carted out, all operations have concentrated themselves round home: tending and feeding sheep in their sheltered pastures, young cattle and colts in their sheds, and all the collected family of the farm-yard, horses, cows, pigs, poultry; cutting hay, chopping straw; pulling, bringing home, and slicing turnips for them, and seeing that they are well cleaned and bedded; fattening for market, and killing for store,—find abundant employment. And to all these are to be added the many operations of getting in stacks, threshing, winnowing, sacking, and carrying the corn to market.

The business of the garden this month consists, principally, in matting and defending trees and plants against the cold, and preparing the earth for spring.

ANGLING.

They who can angle at this season deserve the name of sportsmen. The excellence of the grayling at this time is, however, a temptation.

CALENDAR OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

- Class V. Order 3. Viburnum Tinus, Laurustinus. 2.*
Viburnum v. fol. variegat. Striped-leaved Laurustinus.
Viburnum v. lucidum, Shining-leaved Laurustinus.
Viburnum v. strictum, Upright Laurustinus.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS.

ARRIVALS.

- Anas acuta,* Pintailed Duck, comes Dec. goes Feb. *Haunts.* Lakes and shores.
Anser Brenta, Brent Wildgoose, comes Dec. 18, goes Feb. 3. Lakes and marshes.
Anser Erythropus, Laughing Goose, goes Feb. Northern and western coasts.
Clangula glacialis, Long-tailed Pocher, comes Dec. 20, goes Jan 14. Shores and fresh meres.
Coccothraustes vulgaris, Gross-beak, goes Jan. Rare.
Colymbus arcticus, Black-throated Diver, goes Feb. Sea-shore.
Colymbus septentrionalis, Red-throated Diver, goes Feb. Sea-shore.
Cygnus ferus, Wild Swan, goes Feb. Northern Lakes, Trent.
Emberiza nivalis, Snow-flake, goes Jan. Mountains.
Mergus Merganser, Gray-headed Goosander, comes Dec. 18, goes Feb. 14. Pools and fens.
Mergus Serrator, Orange-breasted Goosander, comes Dec. 23, goes Jan. 20. Pools and fens.
Mergus albellus, White-Nun, goes Feb. Sea-shore.
Nyroca Fuligula, Tufted Pocher, comes Dec. 15, goes Jan. 19. Shores and fresh meres.
Nyroca Marila, Scaup Duck, goes Feb. Coast in hard winters.
Oidemia nigra, Black Duck, or Diver, goes Feb. Coast in hard winters.
Oidemia fusca, Velvet Duck, goes Feb. Sea-shore.
Somateria mollissima, Eider Duck, goes Feb. Tarn Island, North-umberland.

DEPARTURE.

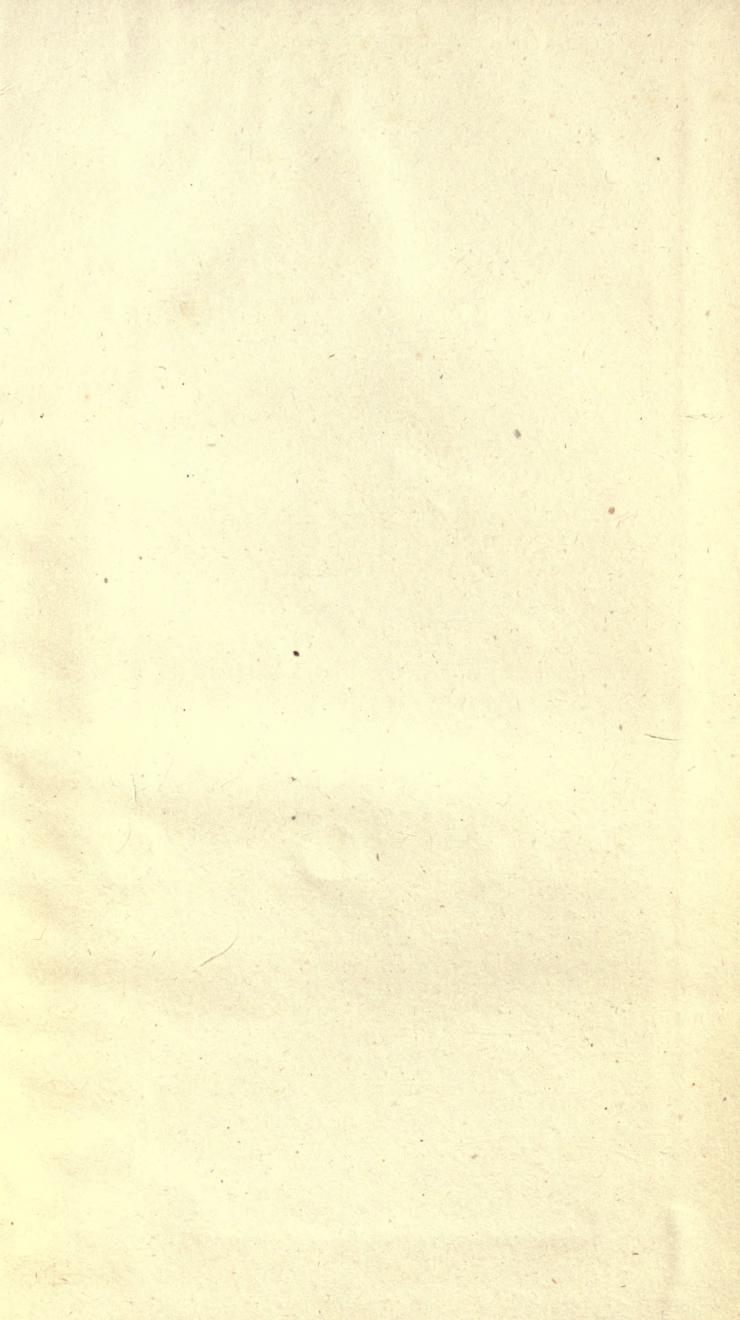
- Squatarola cinerea.* Gray Plover, goes Dec. 1. comes Aug. 26. *Haunt,* Beach.

ALL SEASONS WELCOME.

Who does not welcome Spring's sweet gentleness,
 That, like a friend long waited for in vain,
 Comes laughing in and wafts away distress,
 Sending its joy through spirit and through plain!
 Welcome is Summer in its ardent reign :
 Nor Autumn less, with his resplendent skies,
 And dropping fruits, and wealth of golden grain,
 And mists and storms, and that last pomp of dyes,
 That Beauty o'er the woods flings ever as she flies.

And welcome art thou, melancholy time,
 That now surround'st my dwelling—with the sound
 Of winds that rush in darkness—the sublime
 Roar of drear woods—hail that doth lightly bound,
 Or rains that dash, or snows that spread the ground
 With purity and stillness ;—at their call
 Bright flings the fire its fairy summer round,
 And the lamp lights the volume-trophied wall ;
 Thought is once more enthroned—the Spirit in her hall.

Welcome ! right welcome, feelings warm and rich !
 Welcome ! right welcome, ye rejoicing crowd
 Of fancies, each unto its winter niche
 That homeward flees from frost and storm-wind loud.
 Oh ! be it mine amid your circle proud
 To sit, as sits the watchman at his ease
 Within the beacon-tower—like him allowed
 Not myself only with your glow to please,
 But spread your guiding beams o'er life's tempestuous seas.



THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

Public Library

OCT 3 1942

LD 21-100m-7,'40(6936s)

667785

QH 81

H6

1842

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

